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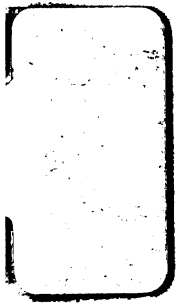

LETTERS

WRITTEN

DURING A SHORT RESIDENCE

IN

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL,

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SECOND EDITION.

BRISTOL:
PRINTED BY BIGGS AND COTTLE,
FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATERNOSTER-ROW,
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1799.

PREFACE.

In the following letters I have related what I have seen. Of the anecdotes with which they abound, there are none of which I myself doubt the authenticity. There are no disquisitions on commerce and politics; I have given facts, and the Reader may comment for himself. The book is written with scrupulous veracity; I have never in the slightest instance enlivened the narrative by deviating from plain truth.

I have represented things as they appeared to me. If any one better informed than I am should find me erroneous, I shall beg him to apply this story:

A friend of mine landed at Falmouth with a Russian who had never before been in England. They travelled together to Exeter; on the way the Russian saw a directing-post, of which the inscription was effaced. "I did not think till now (said he) that you erected Crucifixes in England." His companion rectified the error, and seeing close by it the waggon direction, "take off here," he added—"had you returned home with this mistake, you would have said not only that the English erected Crosses by the way-side, but that stones were placed telling the passenger where to take off his hat, and where it was permitted him to put it on again."

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Castro	2
Herrerias	3½
Villa Franca	3½
Carcabalos	1
Ponferrada	8
St. Miguel de las Duenas	1½
Benveveria	2½
Manzanar	3
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Villalpando	5
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Vega del Toro	2
Vega de Valdetroncos	1
Tordesillas	2
Ruada	2
Medina del Campo	2
Artequines	3
Aribalo	3
Espinosa	1½
Labajos	4
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Guadarama	2
Escurial to the right	1
Las Rosas	4
Madrid	3

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Mostoles	3
Naval Carnero	2½
Casarubios	2
Santa Cruz	3
Chrismunda	1
Maqueda	1
Santa Olalla	1
Bravo	2
Puente del Alverche	3
Talaveyra de la Reyna	1
Venta de Peralbanegas	4
Torralva	1
Calzada de Oropesa	2½
Naval Moral	4
Almaraz	3
Venta Nueva	1
Las Casas del Puerto	1½
Jarayzejo	2
Truxillo	4
Puerto de Santa Cruz	3
Miajadas	3
San Pedro	5
Merida	2
Lobon	3
Talaveyra la Real	2
Badajos	3
Elvas	3
Venda de Ponte	4½
Estremos	2
Venda do Duque	3
Arroyolos	3
Montemor	3½
Venda de Silveyras	1½
Venadas Novas	2
Venda de Pegoens	3
Atalaya	4½
Aldea Gallega	½

☞ Lisbon is separated from Aldea Gallega by the Tagus. The distance is about 12 miles.

*** The league is four English miles.

Letters

from

Spain and Portugal.

LETTER I.

CORUNA, *Sunday, Dec.* 13, 1795.

When first I went on board the Spanish Packet, the mate was employed in cutting a cross upon the side of his birth, and the sailors were feasting upon a mess of biscuit, onions, liver, and horse beans, boiled into a brown pap, which they were all pawing out of a bucket. The same taste and cleanliness of cookery were displayed in the only dinner they afforded us on the passage; and the same spirit of devotion made them, when the wind blew hard, turn in to bed and to prayers. Our voyage was

rough and unpleasant; on the fifth morning, however, the wind became favourable, and we arrived in sight of Cape Finisterre.

The coast of Galicia presented a wild and desolate prospect; a long tract of stone mountains, one rising above another, not a tree or bush upon their barren sides; and the waves breaking upon their base with such prodigious violence as to be visible many leagues distant. The sun shone over the land and half hiding it by the morning mists, gave a transitory beauty. If the eye cannot be filled by an object of vaster sublimity than the boundless ocean, when beheld from shore, neither can it ever dwell on a more delightful prospect than that of land, dimly discovered from the sea and gradually growing distinct. We passed by the little island, seven leagues from Coruña, and one of our fellow passengers who knew the country observed, on pointing it out to us, that it was only inhabited by *hares* and *rabbits*. A Swede, (who had a little before obliged me with a a lecture on the pronunciation of the English language) made a

curious blunder in his reply: "As for de vimmin," said he, "dey may be very good—but de robers I should not like at all."

We dropt anchor in the harbour at one o'clock, as hungry as Englishmen may be supposed to be after five days imprisonment in a Spanish Packet, and with that eagerness to be on shore, which no one can imagine who has never been at sea. We were not, however, permitted to land, till we had received a visit from the Cuſtom-house Officers. To receive these men in office, it was necessary that Señor Don Raimundo Aruspini should pulchrify his person: after this metamorphosis took place, we were obliged to wait, while these unmerciful visitors drank the Captain's porter, bottle after bottle, as faſt as he could supply them; and though their official business did not occupy five minutes, it was five o'clock in the evening before we were suffered to depart, and even then we were obliged to leave our baggage behind us.

Other places attract the eye of a traveller, but Coruña takes his attention by the nose. My head, still giddy from the motion of the ship is confused by the multiplicity of novel objects, —the dress of the people—the projecting roofs and balconies of the houses—the filth of the streets, so strange and so disgusting to an Englishman: but, what is most strange, is to hear a language which conveys to me only the melancholy reflection, that I am in a land of strangers.

We are at the Navio (*the Ship*) a POSADA kept by an Italian. Forgive me for using the Spanish name, that I may not commit blasphemy against all English pot-houses. Our dinner was a fowl fried in oil, and served up in an attitude not unlike that of a frog, taken suddenly with a fit of the cramp. With this we had an omelet of eggs and garlic, fried in the same execrable oil; for execrable it is in this land of olives, as the fruit is suffered to grow rancid before the juice is expressed. Our only drink was wine, not the *vino generoso* with

which Spain supplies us in England, but the meagre beverage which the labourers in the vineyard reserve for themselves.

You must perceive that I write at such opportunities as can be caught from my companions, for the room we sit in serves likewise for the bed-chamber. It is now Monday morning. Oh, the misery of the night! I have been so *flead*, that a painter would find me an excellent subject for the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew. Jacob's pillow of stone was a down cushion, compared to that which bruised my head last night; and my bed had all possible varieties of hill and vale, in whose recesses the fleas lay safe; for otherwise I should inevitably have broken their bones by rolling over them. Our apartment is indeed furnished with windows; and he who takes the trouble to examine, may convince himself that they have once been glazed. The night air is very cold, and I have only one solitary blanket, but it is a very pretty one, with red and yellow stripes. Add to this catalogue of comforts, that the cats were saying

soft things in most vile Spanish; and you may judge what refreshment I have received from sleep.

At breakfast they brought us our tea on a plate by way of cannister, and some butter of the country, which did little credit to the dairies of Galicia. This however was followed by some excellent chocolate, and I soon established a plenum in my system.

The monuments of Spanish jealousy still remain in the old houses; and the balconies of them are fronted with a lattice more thickly barred than ever was hencoop in England, But jealousy is out of fashion at present; and they tell me, an almost universal depravity of manners has succeeded. The men are a Jew-looking race; the little boys wear the monkey appendage of a tail; and I see infants with more feathers than a fantastic fine lady would wear at a ball. The women soon appear old, and then every feature settles into symmetry of ugliness. If ever Opie paints another witch, he

ought to visit Coruña. All ideas that you can form by the help of blear eyes, mahogany complexion, and shrivelled parchment, must fall infinitely short of the life.

The custom-house officers were very troublesome. They kept one of our companions five hours, unrolled every shirt, and handed a new coat round the room, that every body might look at the buttons! We brought with us a round of salted beef undressed, a cheese, and a pot of butter for our journey; and they entered these in their books, and made us pay duty for them, as though we were merchants arrived with a cargo of provisions. I had been obliged to call on the Consul in my sea-dress. If we had either of us regarded forms, this would have been very unpleasant: but I, as you well know, care little for these extraneous things, and Major Jardine is a man who attended more to the nature of my opinions, than the quality of my coat.

The carts here remind me of the ancient

war-chariots, and the men stand in them as they drive. They are drawn by two oxen, and the wheels make a most melancholy and detestable discord. The Governor of this town once ordered that they should be kept well oiled to prevent this; but the drivers presented a petition against it, stating, that the oxen liked the sound, and would not draw without it; and therefore the order was revoked. These carts are small, and I often see two oxen drawing what might be conveyed in an English wheelbarrow.

A low wall is built all along the water-side, to prevent smuggling, and a number of little forts are erected about the adjoining coast for the same purpose. This town is admirably paved; but its filth is astonishing, when, with so little trouble, it might be kept clean. In order to keep the balconies dry, the water spouts project very far; there are no vents left in the wall, and the water and the filth lie in the middle of the streets, till the sun dries, and the wind sweeps them. The market-place is very good,

and its fountain ornamented with a squab-faced figure of Fame. The fountains are well contrived; the spouts are placed so high that no person can either dirt or deface them, and they therefore fill their vessels by the medium of a long tube, shaped like a tobacco-pipe.

I apply to the language; it is very easy, and with a little assistance I can understand their poetry. This, you will say, is beginning at the wrong end: but remember, that I am obliged to attend to prose in conversation, and that "the cat will always after kind." Or, if you like a more classical allusion, you know by what artifice Achilles was discovered at the court of Lycomedes.

Tuesday Evening, Dec. 15.

LETTER II.

Tuesday Night.

I am just returned from the Spanish Comedy. The Theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season: and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a pesetta* each. In the pit are the men, each seated as in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women, for

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* 4 maravedis make 1 quarto.
8½ quartos — 1 real.
4 reales — 1 pesetta.
5 pesettas — 1 dollar, or pesso duro, value 4s. 6d.

In small sums they reckon by reales, in large ones, by dollars or doubloons. The doubloon is an imaginary coin, value three dollars.

the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid, for intruding into the female places. The boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one; "*Silencio y no fumar.*" "Silence and no smoaking." The Comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me, was "Ah!" said in a loud voice by one man, and "Oh!" replied equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a Comic Opera; the characters were represented by the most ill-looking man and woman I ever saw. My Swedish friend's island of *hares and rabbits* could not have a fitter king and queen. The man's dress was a thread-bare brown coat lined with silk, that had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty:—but his

face! Jack-ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velveret breeches; with a pair of gaters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have been made out of some blacksmith's old leathern apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed, that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half-way above it, before a little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance to the Opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors. The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-

show at an English fair; on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole œconomy of the state, by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes: a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing, is their mode of drawing up the curtain. A

man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb to part it; the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small bonnet. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean and without powder, or even appeared decent with it. I must now to supper. When a man must diet on what is disagreeable, it is some consolation to reflect that it is wholesome; and this is the case with the wine: but the bread here is half-gravel, owing to the soft nature of their grind-stones. Instead of tea, a man ought to drink Adams's solvent with his breakfast.

Wednesday.

I met one of the actors this morning, equipped, as though he had just made his descent in full dress from the gibbet. The

common apparel of the women is a black stuff cloak, that covers the head, and reaches about half way down the back: some wear it of white muslin; but black is the most common colour, and to me a very disagreeable one, as connecting the idea of dirt. The men dress in different ways; and where there is this variety, no person is remarked as singular. I walked about in my sea-suit, without being taken notice of. There is, however, a very extraordinary race of men, distinguished by a leathern jacket, in its form not unlike the ancient cuirass, the Maragatos, or carriers. These people never intermarry with the other Spaniards, but form a separate race: they cut their hair close to the head, and sometimes leave it in tufts like flowers. Their countenances express honesty, and their character corresponds to their physiognomy; for a Maragato was never known to defraud, or even to lose any thing committed to his care.

The churches here exhibit some curious specimens of Moorish architecture: but as this is

a fortified town, it is not safe to be seen with a pencil. A poor emigrant priest last year, walking just without the town gates, turned round to look at the prospect. He was observed, taken up on suspicion of a design to take plans of the fortifications, and actually sent away!

I had a delightful walk this morning with the Consul, among the rude scenery of Galicia:—little green lanes, between stony banks, and wild and rocky mountains; and although I saw neither meadows, or hedges, or trees, I was too much occupied with the new and the sublime, to regret the beautiful. There were four stone crosses in one of the lanes. I had heard of these monuments of murder, and therefore suspected what they were. Yet I felt a sudden gloom, at reading upon one of them, "Here died Lorenzo of Betanzos."

About a mile from the town, I observed a stone building on an eminence, of a singular construction. "Do you not know what it is?" said Major J. I hesitated. "If I were not in

Spain, I should have thought it a wind-mill, on the plan of that at Battersea." "You are right," replied he: "this is the only one that has yet been attempted on the peninsula, and it does not succeed. Erijaldi, who owns it, is an ingenious, enterprising man; but, instead of improving by his failure, his countrymen will be deterred by it from attempting to succeed. Marco, another inhabitant of this town, has ventured on a bolder undertaking, and hitherto with better fortune; he has established a linen manufactory, unpatronized and unassisted."

Our walk extended to the highest point of the hills about a league from Coruña. The view from hence commands the town, now seen situated on a peninsula; the harbour, the water winding into the country, and the opposite shore of Ferrol, with the hills towards Cape Ortegal; to the right, the same barren and rocky ridge of hills continues; to the left, the Bay of Biscay, and the light-house, or Tower of Hercules. The inscription near this building

is roofed, to preserve it from the weather; but they take the opportunity of sheltering cattle under the same roof, and their filth renders the inscription illegible. The tradition* is, that

* The whole tale is in the Troy Boke, Book II. Chap. 22. entitled "How Hercules founded the city of Corogne upon the tomb of Gerion."

——"When it was day, Hercules issued out of his galley, and beholding the Port, it seemed to him that a city would stand well there; and then he said, that forthwith he would make one there, and concluded to begin it. He sent to all places, where he knew any people were thereabouts, and gave to each man knowledge that he was minded to make a City there, and the first person that would come to put hand thereto, should have the government thereof. This thing was known in Galicia. Many came thither, but a woman named Corogne was the first that came; and therefore Hercules gave unto her the ruling thereof, and named it Corogne, in remembrance of the victory that he had there. Upon the body of Gerion he founded a tower, and by his art composed a lamp, burning continually day and night, without putting of any thing thereto, which burned afterwards the space of three hundred years. Moreover, upon the pinnacle or top of the tower, he made an image of copper, looking into the sea, and gave him in his hand a looking-glass having such virtue, that if it happened that any man of war on the sea came to harm the city suddenly, their army and their coming should appear in the said looking-glass; and that dured unto the time of Nebuchadonozar, who being adver-

Hercules built the tower; and placed in it a mirror, so constructed by his art magic, that all

---

tised of the property of the glass, filled his galleys with white things and green boughs and leaves, that in the looking-glass they appeared no other but a wood; whereby the Corognians, not knowing of any other thing than their glass shewed to them, did not furnish them with men of arms, as they had been accustomed to when their enemies came, and thus Nebuchadonozar took the city in a morning, destroyed the looking-glass and the lamp. When the tower was made, Hercules caused to come thither all the Maids of the country, and willed them to make a solemn feast in the remembrance of the death of Gerion.

This is originally an oriental fiction, as a similar tale is told of the Pharos at Alexandria.

Le Geographe Persien au climat 3e. parlant d'Alexandrie ou ce climat commence, dit que dans cette ville qu'Alexandre fit bâtir sur le bord de la mer Mediterranée, ce grand Prince fit construire un Phare qui passe pour être une des merveilles du monde; dont la hauteur étoit de 180 coudées, au plus haut duquel il fit placer un miroir fait par l'art talismanique, par le moyen duquel la Ville d'Alexandrie devoit toujours conserver sa grandeur et sa puissance, tant que cet ouvrage merveilleux subsisteroit.

Quelques-uns ont ecrit que les vaisseaux qui arrivoient dans ce port, se voyoient de fort loin dans ce miroir. Quoi qu'il en soit, il est fort celebré parmi les Orientaux. Les Persans appellent ce Phare, Le Miroir d'Alexandrie. Ils disent que la fortune de la Ville y étoit attachée, parceque c'etoit un Talisman. *D'Herbelot.*

vessels in that sea, at whatever distance, might be beheld in it.*

They who are not versed in the black letter classics, will be surprised to find Hercules metamorphosed into a Necromancer. I subjoin one more specimen of his art magic. "After this Hercules went to the city Salamanque, and forasmuch as it was well inhabited, he would make there a solemn study, and did make in the earth a great round hole in manner of a study, and he set therein the seven liberal sciences, with many other books. Then he made them of the country to come thither to study; but they were so rude and dull, that their wits could not comprise any cunning of science. Then, forasmuch as Hercules would depart on his voyage, and would that his study were maintained, he made an image of gold unto his likeness, which he did set up on high in the midst of his study, upon a pillar: and made so by his art, that all they that came before this image, to have declaration of any science, to all purposes and all sciences the image answered, instructed and taught the scholars with students, as if it had been Hercules in his proper person. The renown of this study was great in all the country, and this study dured after the time that St. James converted Spain unto the Christian faith."

It may be doubted whether there has ever been so good a head of a College at Salamanca, since it became a "seminary for the promulgation of sound and orthodox learning."

* Don Joseph Cornide, a member of the Royal Academy of Hiftory, has published his investigations con-

We waited on the General of Galicia, to produce our passports, and obtain permission to

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cerning the watch tower. He gives the inscription thus:

MARTI
AVG. SACR.
G. SEVIVS.
LVPVS
AR***TECTVS
AF******SIS
LVSITANVS EX V°.

He fills up the second blank by Aflaviensis, and inferring from thence that the tower could not have been built before Vespasian, because no towns were called after the Flavian name, before the Flavian family obtained the empire, conjectures it to have been the work of Trajan. In after ages it was used as a fortress; and thus the winding ascent on the outside, which was wide enough for a carriage, was destroyed. In this ruinous state it remained till towards the close of the last century, when the English and Dutch Consuls, resident in Coruña, presented a memorial to the Duque de Uceda, then Captain General of the kingdom, ſtating the benefit that would result to the port if this tower was converted into a lighthouse, and proposing to raise a fund for repaying the expences, by a duty on all their ships entering the harbour. In consequence of this, a wooden stair-case was erected within the building, and two turrets for the fires added to to the summit. Cornide supposes the following inscription, which is in his possession, to have been placed on this occasion:

travel with arms; for, without permission, no man is in this country allowed to carry the

LVPVS CONSTRVXIT EMV
LANS MIRACVLA MEMPHIS
GRADIBVS STRAVIT YLAM
LVSTRANS CACVMINE NAVES

A more complete repair was begun in the reign of Carlos III. Under the present King it has been compleated, and these inscriptions placed one over each entrance.

CAROLI III. P. AVG. P. P.
PROVIDENTIA
COLLEGIVM MERCATORVM
GALLAECIAE
NAVIGANTIVM INCOLVMITATI
REPARATIONEM
VETVSTISSIMAE AD BRIGANTIAM PHARI
D. S.
INCHOAVIT
CAROLI III OPT. MAX.
ANNO II.
ABSOLVIT.

The other is in Spanish.

REINANDO CARLOS IV.
EL CONSULADO MARITIMO
DE GALICIA
PARA SEGURIDAD DE LOS NAVEGANTES

means of self-defence. I expected dignity and *hauteur* in a Spanish Grandee, but found neither the one nor the other. His palace is a paltry place; and the portraits of the king and queen in his state-room, would be thought indifferent sign-posts in England.

I have been introduced to a poet and philosopher. The face of Akenside was not distinguished by more genius, or the dress of Diogenes by more dirt, than characterised my new acquaintance. We met at the Consul's this evening, and conversed a little in Latin; not without difficulty, so very different was our pronunciation. We talked of the literature of

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CONCLUYO A SUS EXPENSAS
EN EL ANO DE 1791.
LA REPARACION
DEL MUY ANTIGUO FARO
DE LA CORUNA
COMENZADA EN EL REINADO
Y
DE ORDEN DE
CARLOS III.

France and England, and their consequent intellectual progress. We too should have done something in literature, said he; but, crossing his hands, we are so fettered " istâ terribili inquisitione !" by that terrible inquisition. This man had been a friar; but, little liking a monastic life, he went on foot to Rome; and, by means of money, procured a dispensation from the Pope. He spends his time now in philosophizing, and writing verses. I found him a physiognomist, and our agreement in more important points was as exact as in these.

One peculiarity of this country is, that in good houses no person inhabits the ground floor. A warehouse, a shop, or more generally a stable, is under every private dwelling-house. When you ring the bell, the door is opened by a long string from above; like the " Open Sesame," in the Arabian Tales. We sat round a brazier, filled with wood embers, and occasionally revived the fire by a fan, made of thin chips, while one of the company played on the guitar; an instrument less disagreeable than

most others to one who is no lover of music, because it is not loud enough to force his attention, when he is not disposed to give it. The clocks here strike a single stroke at the half hour.

There are German shops here, where almost any thing may be procured. I could not, however, buy a silver spoon without a silver fork. There is a curiosity in the yard of our posada, which, I am told, is unique in Spain, the ruins of a temple of Cloacina, a goddess, whose offerings are thrown into the street by this barbarous people, to the great scandal of all who are accustomed to the sacred secrecy of her mysteries.

LETTER III.

Of the following strange tale, the scene is not far from Coruña. I translate it from a Spanish book* of the date 1608.

Being in Redondella, they told me, that about sixty years ago, there dwelt in that place an Astrologer so famous, and believed to be so infallible, that not only in Redondella, but in Vigo likewise, Pontevedra, and indeed through all

* This book is entitled La Silva Curiosa de Julian de Medrano, Cavallero Navarro: en que se tratan diversas cosas sotilissimas, y curiosas, muy convenientes para Damas y Cavalleros, en toda conversacion virtuosa y honesta. Paris.

Cesar Oudin, the Editor of the edition in my possession, was educated at the Court of Navarre and afterwards foreign Secretary to Henry IV. of France. He published grammars and dictionaries of the Italian and Spanish languages. I mention his name as it gives some credibility to the book.

Galicia, he was held in such estimation, as if he had been another prophet Daniel. This astrologer was called Marcolpho; and, as he was consulted by all the country round, he realized an ample maintenance, and married the daughter of a principal mariner; so beautiful, that she was distinguished by the name of the lovely Almena. They lived together with content and comfort. The fame of his beautiful wife, and his great riches, spread every where; and unfortunately reached the ears of Sempronio, the most cruel corsair that infested those seas. Tempted by such a prey, he resolved to spare no effort to obtain it. A favourable opportunity presented itself. He learnt that the inhabitants of Redondella were about to celebrate the festival of a Saint, the patron of a church, that stood about as far from the town, as an arrow can go, discharged thrice from a cross-bow: here the men feasted alone, because they belonged to a brotherhood: the women kept the festival in their houses. During the night, Sempronio arranged every thing. His spies informed him, that the men had dined in the

church, and were now amusing themselves with different sports, and the Astrologer in the midst of them, telling fortunes. Hearing this, Sempronio and his companions entered the town, stript the house of Marcolpho, carried off the chest with the gold, forced Almena into a boat, and made immediately for the vessel. The alarm was given; the men of Redondella hastened home for their arms; and Marcolpho found his home empty. He ran to the summit of a rock that overhangs the harbour; from whence he beheld the vessel carrying away his Almena. In vain did the wretched man cry out, and, tearing off his garments, fix them upon a pole, and make signals to them to return. The pirate heard not his prayers and regarded not his gestures. Frantic with despair, the miserable husband threw himself head-long from the rock; thus making a sacrifice of his body to the fishes, and of his soul to the infernal Devil. The people of Redondella grieved much for poor Marcolpho; and, as they could not bury him in holy ground, after they had found his body, they made him a sepulchre under one

of those rocks surrounded by the sea, which you cannot reach without a boat; and placed this epitaph on the rock, in very old Spanish,

Debaxo deste cachopo
  Yaze el cuerpo sepultado,
D'un adevino Astriloco,
Que fizo muerte de loco
  Pues quiso ser affogado.

Para otros fue singular,
  Mas para el non fue sesudo;
Pues no supo adevinar
Que aqui se avia d' affogar,
  Ni que avia de ser cornudo.

Su muger la linda Almena,
  Fue robada por Sempronio
Con dineros y cadena:
Su cuerpo guarda la arena,
  L'anima llevo el Demonio.

Viator no ay rogar a Deos por eu:
Quia ab inferno nulla est redemptio.
Mas roga a Deos que te de mellor ventura.

* * * * * *

Traveller! beneath this unblest rock
  The poor Marcolpho lies,
A wretched man! though skill'd to read
  The wisdom of the skies.

The stars to him their secret ways
  Of destiny made known;
Yet, though he knew his neighbour's fate,
  He dreamt not of his own.

His wife was ravish'd from him by
Sempronio, pirate evil!
His body buried in the sand,
His soul is with the Devil!

Traveller! do not pray to God for him,
Because from hell there is no redemption;
But pray to God that he may grant thee a better fate.

Thursday Night.

About two o'clock this afternoon, we left Coruña in *a coach and six.* As we sit in the carriage, our eyes are *above* the windows; which must, of course, be admirably adapted for seeing the country. Our six mules are harnessed only with ropes: the leaders and the middle pair are without reins, and the nearest reined only with ropes. The two muleteers, or more properly, the Mayoral and Zagal, either ride on a low kind of box, or walk. The mules know their names, and obey the voice of their driver with astonishing docility. Their heads are most gaily bedizened with tufts and hanging strings of blue, yellow, and purple worsted: each mule has sixteen bells; so that we travel more musically, and almost as fast, as a flying waggon. There are four reasons why these

bells should be worn, two English reasons, and two Spanish ones: they may be necessary in a dark night; and, where the roads are narrow, they give timely warning to other travellers: these are the English reasons. The Spaniards' motives for using them are, that the mules like the music; and that, as all the bells are marked with a *crucifix, the Devil cannot come within hearing of the consecrated peal.

* This has been a common superstition. "The passing bell was anciently rung for two purposes, one to bespeak the prayers of all good Christians for a soul just departing, the other to drive away the evil spirits who stood at the bed's foot and about the house, ready to seize their prey, or at least to molest and terrify the soul in its passage; but by the ringing of that bell (for Durandus informs us evil spirits are much afraid of bells) they were kept aloof, and the soul, like a hunted hare, gained the start, or had what is by sportsmen called law. Hence perhaps exclusive of the additional labour was occasioned the high price demanded for tolling the greatest bell of the church; for that being louder, the evil spirits must go further off to be clear of the sound. *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

I have seen the following lines upon this idea.

In ancient days when Superstition's sway
Bound blinded Europe in her powerful spell,
The wizard Priest enjoin'd the parting knell
Whose hallow'd sound should drive the fiend away.

The road is excellent. It is one of those works in which Despotism applies its giant force

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Then if a poor man died who could not pay,
Still slept the Priest and silent hung the bell,
And if a yeoman died his children paid
Our church to save his parting soul from hell.
And if a bishop death's dread call obey'd
Thro' all the diocese was heard the toll,
For much the pious brethren were afraid
Lest Satan should receive the good man's soul.
But when Death's levelling hand lays low the King,
For by the law of Nature Kings may die,
Then every church its needful aid must bring
And every bell must toll both loud and long,
For Satan holds that Monarchs may do wrong.

Bells, says old Thomas Fuller, are no effectual charm against lightning. The frequent firing of Abbey churches by lightning confuteth the proud motto commonly written on the bells in their steeples, wherein each bell entituled to itself a sixfold efficacy.

Funera plango, fulgura fulmina frango, sabbata pango
Excito lentos, dissipo ventos, paco cruentos.

Mens deaths I tell
By doleful knell.
Lightning and thunder
I break asunder.
On sabbath all
To church I call.
The sleepy head
I raise from bed.

to purposes of public utility. The villages we passed through were mean and dirty, and the

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The winds so fierce
I doe disperse.
Men's cruel rage
I doe asswage.

Whereas it plainly appears that these Abbey steeples, though quilted with bells almost cap-a-pee, were not of proof against the sword of God's lightning. Yea generally when the heavens in tempests did strike fire, the steeples of abbeys proved often their tynder, whose frequent burnings portended their final destruction.

Fuller's Church History of Britain.

Formerly " before bells were hung they were washed, crossed, blessed and named by the bishop. Whatever occasion some Catholics may have given for the reproach, that they attribute to bells the power of driving away demons and dispelling storms, and so on, it is certain the ancient canons of the church only ascribe this power very remotely to bells. Their meaning seems to be this. Satan fears and flees from the bells, because he knows bells summoned good people to church to pray and he dreads their prayers. It was then to prayer occasioned by the ringing of bells, and not to the bells that such good effects were at first ascribed." *History of Baptism.*

It were ungrateful to quote from Robinson and not mention him with respect and applause. Few men have professed such learning and still fewer such candour. I have seldom derived more pleasure from any biographical work than from George Dyer's Life of Robert Robinson.

The walls exhibit saints in profusion, a sculptured crucifix, and a print perhaps worth describing. The Virgin Mary forms the mast of one ship, and Christ of another, standing upon the Chapel of Loretto, which probably serves for the cabin. The Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, flies behind filling the sails, while a gentleman in a bag-wig climbs up the side of one of the vessels.

We are going to sup on our English beef. They have brought us a vinegar vessel, about the size of a porter pot; excellently contrived for these two reasons, on account of the narrowness of its neck, it is impossible ever to clean it; and being of lead, it makes the vinegar sweet, and of course poisonous.

On entering the room, we desired the boy to remove a vessel that did not scent it agreeably. So little idea had he that it was offensive, that he removed it from under the bed, only to place it in the closet.

Friday Evening.

At midnight we heard the arrival of a post from Madrid, who awoke the people of the house by cracking his whip. I cannot say he awoke me, for I, like Polonius, was at supper, not where I eat, but where I was eaten. The ingenious gentleman who communicated his discovery to the public, in the Encyclopœdia, that ninety millions of mites' eggs, amount exactly to the size of one pigeon's egg, may, if he please, calculate what quantity of blood was extracted from my body in the course of seven hours; the bed being six feet two and a half, by four feet five, and as populous as possible in that given space.

I have always associated very unpleasant ideas with that of breakfasting by candle light. We were up before five this morning. The two beds were to be packed up, and all our baggage to be replaced in the coach. Our allowance was a small and single cup of chocolate, swallowed standing and in haste. This meal is perhaps in England the most social of the day; and

I could not help remembering the time, when I was sure to meet a cheerful face, a good fire, and the Courier at breakfast. At day-break I quitted the coach. The country was more wild and more beautiful than what we had passed yesterday. In the dingle below us on the right, at the foot of a dark and barren hill, a church stood, on the banks of a winding rivulet. The furze, even at this season, is in blossom. Before us, a little to the left, was a bold and abrupt mountain; in parts, naked precipices of rock; in parts, richly varied with pines, leafless chesnut trees, and oaks that still retained their withered foliage. A stream, foaming along its rocky channel, wound at the base, intercepted from our view where the hill extended its gradual descent, and visible again beyond: a tuft of fir-trees, green even from their roots, grew on the bank. On the summit of the mountain stands a church, through whose tower the light was visible: around us were mountains, their sides covered with dark heath, and their fantastic tops richly varied with light and shade. The country is rude and rocky; the houses all

without chimnies; and the appearance of the smoke issuing through their roofs, very singular and very beautiful, as it rose slowly, tinged by the rising sun. In about three hours we began the winding ascent of Monte Salgueiro, whose summit had closed the morning prospect. By ascending directly I reached the top long before the mules. There I rested, and looked back on the watch-tower of Coruña, six leagues distant, and the Bay of Biscay. I was not, however, idle while I rested: as a proof, take these lines.

Fatigued and faint, with many a step and slow,
This lofty mountain's pathless side I climb,
Whose head, high towering o'er the waste sublime,
Bounded my distant vision. Far below
Yon docile beasts plod patient on their way,
Circling the long ascent. I pause, and now
On this smooth rock my languid limbs I lay,
And taste the grateful breeze, and from my brow
Wipe the big dews of toil. Oh—what a sweep
Of landscape lies beneath me! hills on hills,
And rock-piled plains, and vallies bosom'd deep,
And Ocean's dim immensity, that fills
The ample gaze. Yonder is that huge height
Where stands the holy convent; and below
Lies the fair glen, whose broken waters flow
Making such pleasant murmurs as delight

The lingering traveller's ear. Thus on my road
Most sweet it is to rest me, and survey
The goodly prospect of the journey'd way,
And think of all the pleasures it bestowed;
Not that the pleasant scenes are past, distrest,
But looking joyful on to that abode
Where PEACE and LOVE await me, Oh! most dear!
Even so when Age's wintry hour shall come
We shall look back on many a well-spent year,
Not grieving at the irrevocable doom
Of mortal man, or sad that the cold tomb
Must shrine our common relics; but most blest
In holy hope of our eternal home.

We proceeded two leagues further to Griteru, over a country of rocks, mountains, and swamps. The Venta* there exceeded all my conceptions of possible wretchedness. The kitchen had no light but what came through the apertures of the roof or the adjoining stable. A wood fire was in the middle, and the smoke found its way out how it could, of course the rafters and walls were covered with soot. The furniture consisted of two benches and a bed, I forbear to

* I know not the exact difference between the Posadas and the Ventas, unless it be that at the former you always find beds. We sometimes slept at a Venta, but in general they had only accommodations for the day.

say how clean. The inhabitants of the stable were a mule and a cow; of the kitchen, a miserably meagre cat, a woman, and two pigs, who were as familiar as a young lady's lap dog. I never saw a human being disfigured by such filth and squalidness as the woman; but she was anxious to accommodate us, and we were pleased by her attempt to please us. We had brought an undrest rump of beef from Coruña, and fried some stakes ourselves, and as you may suppose, after having travelled twenty miles, at the rate of three miles an hour, almost breakfastless, we found the dinner excellent. I even begin to like the wine, so soon does habit reconcile us to any thing. Florida Blanca has erected a very good house at this place, designed for a posada, but nobody will tenant it. The people here live in the same stye with their swine, and seem to have learnt their obstinacy as well as their filth.

After dinner we went to look at an arch that had struck us as we entered the village. The lane that leads to it, seems to have been paved with

stones from the ruins. We were told that the place belonged to the Conde Amiranti, and that the arch had led into the court yard in the time of the Moors. Evidently, however, it was not Moorish. The few fences they have are very unpleasant to the eye; they are made with slate stones about three feet high, placed upright.

The distance from Griteru to Bamonde is two leagues. Half the distance we went by a wretchedly rugged way, for the new road is not compleated. It is a great undertaking; a raised terrace with innumerable bridges. We saw many birch trees, and a few hedges of broom. I was reminded of the old personification of Œconomy, by seeing two boys walk by the carriage barefooted, and carry their shoes. Near Bamonde is some of the most beautiful scenery I ever beheld. There is an old bridge, of four arches, almost covered with ivy, over a broad but shallow stream, that within a few yards makes a little fall, and circles a number of islets covered with heath and broom. Near it was a small coppice of birch, and a fine single

birch tree hung over the bridge, waving its light branches. The hill on the opposite shore rises abruptly, a mass of rock and heath. About two hundred yards behind, on a gentler ascent, stands a church. The churches are simple and striking; they have no tower, but in its place a single wall, ending in a point with a crucifix; in this two bells are hung, each in a little arch, and through these openings the light is seen far off. The sheep on the hills were, as they generally are in this country, black, and therefore did not enliven the landscape, as in England; but this was well supplied by a herd of goats. It was evening when we reached the posada.

I should think Griteru the worst place in Europe, if we were not now at Bamonde. Judge how bad that place must be, where I do not wish you were with me! At none of these houses have they any windows, and if you would exclude the air, you must likewise exclude the light. There are two beds in the room, their high heads sanctified with a crucifix, which M.

observed must certainly be a monumental cross to the memory of the last traveller devoured by the bugs.

The master of the posada here is a crazy old priest, very inquisitive, and equally communicative, who looked into all our books, and brought us his breviary, and showed us that he could still read it. The woman was very anxious to know if they were at war with England. She said how sorry she should be if such a war should take place, because so many good things came from England, and particularly such beautiful muslin. And this woman, so interested lest muslin should be scarce, had scarcely rags enough to cover her.

We have warmed ourselves by dressing our own supper. The kitchen, as usual, receives its light through the stable, and is without a chimney; so you may easily guess the complexion of the timbers and the bacon-faced inhabitants. We were assembled round one of the largest fires you ever saw, with some of the

men of the village in wooden shoes, three or four children, the Mayoral and Zagal, the mad Priest, the hostess, and the pigs, who are always admitted to the fire-side in this country. So totally regardless are they of danger, that there was a large heap of dry furze within six feet of the fire, and when one of the men wanted a little light without, he seized a handful of straw, and carried it blazing through the stable. We supped again on beef-steaks, and manufactured the remainder into soup, to carry on with us. They raise good potatoes and turnips here, and have even promised us milk in the morning. They boiled some wine for us in an iron ladle. Bread is almost as dear as in England.

LETTER IV.

Saturday Evening, Dec. 19.

We were serenaded all night by the muskitoes and mules. The muskitoes always sound their trumpets when they make an attack. The bells are never taken from the mules, and the stable is always under the bed room. These muleteers are a most unaccommodating race of beings, they made us unload the coach, and load it again at the distance of fifty yards from the posada, through the mire; and when we set off this morning, they drove up to the door. We left some beef intentionally behind us, at Bamonde. The people thought it had been forgotten, and followed us to restore it. We crossed the Minio at Ravade, by a bridge of ten arches, four of which are new. The river here is a clear, deep, tranquil stream, about sixty yards wide. The road is unfinished, and the scenery except at this spot uninteresting.

We reached the city of Lugo at noon: here we are detained, for the old coach already wants repairing. The table on which I write is a large stone, with Mosaic work framed.

Lugo is surrounded by a wall, with circular towers projecting at equal distances. There is a walk on the top, without any fence on either side, in width ten feet, and where the towers project, twenty. Time has destroyed the cement. The ruins are in many parts covered with ivy, and the periwinkle is in blossom round the wall. I saw doors leading from the city *into* the walls, and many wretched hovels are built under them without, mere shells of habitations, made with stones from the ruins, and to which the wall itself serves as the back. One of the round towers projects into the passage of our posada, which winds round it. The city itself is a wretched place. Its massy walls whose ruinous state is not visible at a little distance, and the towers of the Cathedral, led me as I approached, to expect something more correspondent to the English idea of a city. The

streets are narrow, dirty, and dark; the houses high and gloomy, as they lessen the little light the narrowness of the streets allows, by the old wooden lattices of the balconies.

M. went to visit a canon of the Cathedral, with whom he had once travelled to Madrid. He resides in the Bishop's palace, a place not unlike a college, with a quadrangle, round which the priests have their apartments. So little are the ecclesiastics acquainted with the nature of the foreign heresies they detest, that the canon seriously enquired, if we had such a thing as a church in England.

The cathedral presents nothing remarkable. The two towers in the front seem to have been intended to be carried higher; but they are now roofed with slates in that execrable taste which is so common in Spain, and which I have seen exhibited upon old pigeon-houses in England. The chapel of the Virgin displayed much elegance.

While we were in the cathedral, I observed a woman at confession. Much of the depravity of this people may be attributed to the nature of their religion: they confess their crimes, wipe off the old score by absolution, and set off with light hearts and clear consciences, to begin a new one. A Catholic had robbed his confessor. "Father," said he at confession, "I have stolen some money; will you have it?" "Certainly not," replied the priest: "you must return it to the owner." "But," said he, "I have offered it to the owner, Father, and he will not receive it." "In that case," said the priest, "the money is lawfully yours;" and he gave him absolution. An Irishman confessed he had stolen some chocolate. "And what did you do with it?" asked the confessor. "Father," said he, "I made tea of it."

But a subject so serious, deserves a more serious consideration. It is urged, in favour of this practice, that weak minds may be saved by it, from that despair of salvation, which makes them abandon themselves to the prospect of an

eternity of wretchedness. Yet, surely, it is a bad way to remedy one superstitious opinion by establishing another; and if reason cannot eradicate this belief, neither can superstition; for weak minds always most easily believe what they fear. The evil introduced, too, is worse than that which it is intended to supplant. This belief of reprobation must necessarily be confined to those of gloomy tenets; and among those, to the few who are pre-disposed to it by an habitual gloom of character. But, the opinion of this forgiving power vested in the church, will, among the mob of mankind, destroy the motives to virtue, by eradicating all dread of the consequences of vice. It subjects every individual to that worst slavery of the mind, and establishes an inquisitorial power in the ecclesiastics; who, in proportion as they are esteemed for the supposed sanctity of their profession, will be found less anxious to obtain esteem by deserving it.

But absolution is always granted conditionally, on the performance of certain *duties of atone-*

ment. And what are these *duties of atonement?* A Spaniard, of whom I enquired told me, "*many Ave Marias, many Fasts, and many Alms.*" Remember, that those alms usually go to the mendicant friars, or to purchase masses for the souls in purgatory; and you will see of what service penance is in correcting vicious habits. You will hardly believe, that the absolving power of the church was maintained, not four years ago, from the pulpit of St. Mary's, at Oxford.

If a man had courage enough to make a confessor of his dearest friend, without concealing or extenuating one act of vice or indiscretion, he would probably become virtuous:

> "For if he shame to have his follies known,
> "First he would shame to act 'em."
>
> B. JONSON.

The resolution of recording in a journal every transaction, would operate as a powerful antidote against vice. From such a record, kept

and examined with minute impartiality, we should learn that most important lesson, to respect ourselves. "Nothing is to be despised, that tends to guard our purity; such little precautions preserve the greatest virtues." So he said, who, with all his faults and all his errors, deserves to be ranked among the wisest of mankind.

The mention of ROUSSEAU naturally now reminds me of his confessions. Biography has been justly esteemed the most useful of literary studies; and it is hitherto perhaps the most imperfect; for who can pry into the secret motives of another, and trace the progress of his opinions? Never was more unwearied industry displayed, than Boswell exerted in compiling the conversations of Johnson. We behold the man, we see his manners, and we hear his opinions; but we neither witness the growth of his mind, nor enter the recesses of his heart. The slow revolutions of sentiment, and the number of little incidents which all operate on character, can only be traced by the watchful eye of a self-

observer: and yet, it is only from such observations, that we can obtain an accurate knowledge of human nature. This work of Rousseau is therefore inestimable and unique; for the Journal of Lavater is what any honest Methodist preacher might have written; and, though displaying great goodness of heart, totally unworthy of the genius, fame, and physiognomy of the author. But Rousseau has said too much, he has dwelt upon his vices with a criminal minuteness, which could not possibly produce a good effect and from which much evil may result. The contemplation of vice should never be rendered familiar to the mind, lest we become reconciled to it as to the deformity of an acquaintance.

The fly
That feeds on dung is coloured thereby.

Herbert.

LETTER V.

Monday, Dec. 21.

Whatever may be the state of the human mind, the human body has certainly degenerated. We should sink under the weight of the armour our ancestors fought in, and out of one of their large and lofty rooms, I have seen a suite of apartments even spacious for their pigmy descendants. The "sons of little men," have taken possession of the world! I find no chair that has been made since the Restoration high enough for an evening nap: when I sit down to dinner, nine times out of ten I hurt my knees against the table; and I am obliged to contract myself, like one of the long victims of Procrustes, in almost every bed I sleep in! Such were the melancholy reflections of a tall man in a short bed.

The road from Lugo is very bad: in many

places it is part of an old Spanish paved road with a stone ridge in the middle. The country is better peopled and better wooded than what we have past, and we frequently saw the Minho winding beautifully below us. At St. Juan de Corbo we stopped to eat. The church-yard wall is there covered with crosses, and there is the only house I have yet seen that reminded me of an English country seat. It belongs to Don Juan de Balcasas, an Hidalgo,* or son of Somebody, for a man of obscure family is thought to be son of Nobody at all! I was sitting very comfortably at my meal, on a sunny bank, when two pigs came up to me, shaking their tails like spaniels, and licked up the crumbs, and getting between my legs, put up their snouts for more; such familiarity have they learned from education. In about two hours afterwards we reached the mountains, from whence we looked back on Lugo, four leagues distant,

* In old books the uncompounded phrase frequently occurs. "Quelquier que dixere que soy villano y mal nacido, miente mil vezes; que yo soy muy buen cavallero y *hijo de algo*. *Historia de las Guerras Civiles de Granada.*

and the hills as far again beyond. It was noon, and the sun very hot; yet the beetles were flying about as in the evening in England. The country grew more beautiful, as we advanced; I have never seen scenes more lovely. We passed one of those mills, common in this country, with a horizontal wheel. I thought its effect finer than that of a perpendicular one, perhaps from not being accustomed to it, perhaps from the simplicity of the building, and its situation. It stood in a glen below the road, a low and little hut, upon a clear mountain stream; the hill rose steep and immediately behind.

We reached Marillas to dinner; a wretched venta, where they would light no fire to dress our fowls. The room we were in was at once a hay loft, a carpenter's shop, a tailor's shop, and a saw-pit, besides serving to accommodate travellers. We had been warned in the morning to take two days bread from Lugo, so that with our English beef and our English cheese, and procuring good

water and excellent wine, our fare was very good; but, like true Trojans, we were obliged to eat our tables.

Immediately after dinner we entered upon the new road which wound upon the side of the mountains. As our day's journey was longer than usual, eight leagues and a half, owing to our halt of yesterday, we went the greater part of this stage by moonlight. A mountainous track is well adapted for moonlight by the boundedness of its scenery. We past the Puente del Corçul, a bridge over a glen connecting two mountains. It was now a scene of tranquil sublimity; but in the wet season, or after the snows dissolve, the little stream of the glen must swell into a rough and rapid torrent. I do not know the height of the bridge, but it was very great. The road is continually on the edge of a precipitous descent, and yet no wall is erected. We were five hours going the three leagues to Lugares. There is a monumental cross by the door of the posada, and the women begged us

to take all the things out of the coach, lest they should be stolen.

Our room there was of a very ancient and buggy appearance, with true alehouse pictures of St. Michael and the Virgin. I like the familiarity of the people at these places. They address us with cheerfulness, and without any of that awkward silent submission which ought never to be paid by one human being to another. How often in England have I heard a tavern waiter cursed by some fellow who would never have dared to insult him, if his situation had permitted him to resent the insult. I have observed nothing of this in Spain. The people show civility, and expect to receive it. It has been said that no man was ever a *hero* to his Valet. Admitting for a moment that the word *hero* may convey a good meaning, I deny the assertion. Great minds are conspicuous in little actions, and these fall more under the inspection of domestics than of the world. Would you know the real character of a man, observe him when he speaks to a servant; mark his manners and the tone of his voice: watch

the countenance of the servant, and you can hardly be erroneous in your judgment.

The Spanish women are certainly great admirers of muslin. They were very earnest here with M. to sell them his neckcloth. Buy, however, they could not, to beg they were ashamed, and so the next morning they stole my uncle's. Josepha took hold of my hair, asked me how I wore it in England, and advised me never to tie it or wear powder. I tell you this for two reasons, as an example that such whose tastes are not vitiated, dislike the absurd custom of plastering the head with grease, and then covering it with dust; and to shew you the familiar manners of the people.

There is an entrenchment near Lugo, and another by St. Juan de Corbo. The fences in that part are walls of granite, and the stones so large that immense labour must have been necessary to pile them. The granite rocks, in the fields, were frequently surrounded by trees, and ornamental to the landscape. I saw some shrubs growing on one, where the soil must

probably have been placed by art, for I know not how it could have accumulated.

Manuel Ximenes, our Mayoral, awoke us at three this morning, to know what o'clock it was. We set off as usual soon after five. Not far from Lugares, half way down the mountain, opposite the road, is a natural bridge of rock. The rocks here are of schist. We were three hours ascending from Lugares, and that place lies high. You know I never ride when I can walk. The clouds wetted me as they passed along. I was fatigued, and when the body is wearied, the mind is seldom cheerful. In this mood I committed a sonnet:

Another mountain yet! I thought this brow
Had surely been the summit; but they rise
Hill above hill, amid the incumbent skies,
And mock my labour. What a giddy height!
The roar of yonder stream that foams below,
Meets but at fits mine ear: ah me! my sight
Shrinks from this upward toil, and sore opprest,
Sad I bethink me of my home of rest.
Such is the lot of man. Up Life's steep road
Painful he drags, beguiling the long way
With many a vain thought on the future day,
With PEACE to sojourn in her calm abode.
Poor Fool of Hope! that hour will never come
Till TIME and CARE have led thee to the tomb.

The inhabitants of this peninsula are far advanced towards that period when all created beings shall fraternize. The muleteer sleeps by the side of his mule, the brotherly love of Sancho and Dapple may be seen in every hovel; and the horses, and the cows, and the cats, and the dogs, and the poultry, and the people, and the pigs, all inhabit the same apartment, not to mention three certain tribes of insects, for preserving of whom all travellers in Spain are but little obliged to Noah. The houses here are exactly like the representations I have seen of the huts in Kamschatka. The thatch reaches to the ground, and there is a hole left in it which serves for the inhabitants to go in and the smoke to go out. The thatch is blackened with smoke, and consequently no moss can grow there. We stopt at the village of Castro, our only halt for the day. There is only a venta there, while one of Florida Blanca's new posadas stands uninhabited the very next door. We were descending from half past nine to half past five in the evening. We left a ruined castle to our right, small indeed, but from its situation

very striking; and soon after the iron works of Herrerias. The mountains are in parts cultivated, even to their summits; at this season there is plenty of water, and there are trenches cut in the cultivated lands to preserve it. Oaks, alders, poplars, and chesnut trees, are numerous in the valleys; and we saw the first vineyards. A lovely country, a paradise of nature: but the inhabitants are kept in ignorance and poverty, by the double despotism of their Church and State. I saw a woman carrying a heavy burthen of wood on her head, which she had cut herself, and spinning as she walked along; a melancholy picture of industrious wretchedness.

The churches here have little balconies on the outside with sculls in them. It is well that we should be familiarized to the idea of death; but instead of being presented to us ghastly and terrible, it should be rendered pleasant; instead of dwelling on the decay of the body, we should be taught to contemplate the progression of the spirit.

Three people passed us with wens, and I puzzled myself in vainly attempting to account for the connection between wens and mountains. I saw a calf walk into one of the houses, pushing by a woman at the door with a coolness that marked him for one of the family. The bee-hives here are made of part of the trunk of a tree hollowed, about three feet high, and covered with a slate.

We are now at Villa Franca. Never did I see a town so beautiful as we approached; but when we entered,—Oh the elegant cleanliness of Drury Lane! There is an old palace opposite the posada, of the Duke of Alva, old and ruinous, and mean and melancholy as a parish workhouse in England. I stood for some time at the balcony, gazing at this place, where the most celebrated and most detestable of its possessors may perhaps have listened to the songs of Lope de Vega, perhaps have meditated massacres in Holland. The mournful degradation of the Dutch, as well as of the Spanish character, forcibly occurred to me, and I looked

on with, I trust, the prophetic eye of Hope, to the promised Brotherhood of Mankind, when Oppression and Commerce shall no longer render them miserable by making them vicious.

I have just heard from one of my fellow travellers, who has passed the road frequently, a melancholy tale of the daughter of the host here. She married a young man above her own rank; he died, all that he possessed died with him, and the widow, left destitute with two very young children, is returned again to the miserable poverty and labour of a posada. Very soon after her husband's death an Irishman offered to take this woman into keeping. Her only reply was, "You say you love me, Sir, and yet you can insult me by this wicked offer!"

Tuesday, before day-light.

I have seen this widow. She cannot be more than two and twenty. Her two children were by her, the one an infant, the other about two

years old, deaf and dumb; they are beautiful children, though disfigured by dirt, and in rags. Her dress was black, and bad enough for her present situation; but the manners of one accustomed to better scenes were evident. She had white stockings, and shoes whose make discovered that shaping of the foot and ancle which peculiarly distinguishes the higher class from those who work for them. There is a liquid lustre in the full black eye of the Spanish women, of which you can have no idea; her face expressed a meek resignation to wretchedness. What must that man's heart have been made of, who could have insulted this woman? But man is a Beast, and an ugly Beast, and Monboddo libels the Ouran-outangs, by suspecting them to be of the same family.

Tuesday Evening.

We have advanced only four leagues to-day, for the old coach is laid up again. I have been thinking of the poor widow, perhaps I find it more easy to express my feelings in

poetry than in prose. Is it because my ideas adapt themselves to the dress they have usually worn?

And does there then, TERESA, live a man
Whose tongue unfaltering could to such foul thoughts
Yield utterance? Tempt thee to the hireling bed!
Buy thee, TERESA, to another's arms!
Thee, sufferer! thee, forlorn and wretched one!
Ere yet upon thy husband's grave the grass
Was green! oh! is there one whose monstrous heart
Could with insulted modesty's hot blush
Make crimson the poor widow's woe-pale cheek!
Was this thing of my species? shaped in the mould
Of man? and fashioned to the outward show
All human? Did he move aloft and lift
On high his lordly face? and formed of flesh
And blood like mine, meandering thro' his veins?
I blush for human nature! and would fain
Prove kindred with the brutes. She raised to Heaven
Her dark eyes with a meek upbraiding look,
And felt more keen her loss, and dropt a tear
Of aggravated anguish. I almost
Could murmur at my lot assigned by fate,
And covet wealth, that from the bitter ills
Of want I might secure thee, and provide
Some safe asylum for thy little ones,
And from the blasting wind of Poverty
Shield their young opening reason. I would be
Even as a brother to thee, sit by thee,
And hear thee talk of days of happiness,
How fast they fled, and of the joys of Youth

And Hope, now buried in the grave of Love!
Oh I would listen to thy tale, and weep,
And pour upon Affliction's bleeding wounds
The balm of Pity. Sufferer, fare thee well!
God be thy comforter, and from a world
Of woe, release thee soon! I on my way
Journeying remember thee, and think of *her*
In distant England, grateful to that Power
Who from the dark and tempest-roaring deep
Preserved a life she renders doubly dear.

LETTER VI.

Wednesday, Dec. 23.

A young barber of Oviedo, travelling to Madrid to seek his fortune, has joined our party, and a very valuable acquisition he is. He waits on us, markets for us, assists us in cooking, shaves, bleeds, draws teeth, understands my Spanish, and has moreover one of the best physiognomies in Spain.

We found English plates every where till we reached Villa Franca. Our chocolate cups there were brought on a pewter plate, with a pewter cup fixed in the middle, to hold the earthern one. In this country we can get only white wine. The poor wear wooden shoes turned up at the toe like skaites, and with soles raised like the Devonshire clogs.

We left the new road at Carcabalos, a league from Villa Franca. Here, for the first time, I saw the mark of manorial boundaries, which would be no unmeaning emblem in France, it is a gibbet. We now entered upon a sandy, stoney plain; a little herbage grew on it, but M. tells me it is bare in summer, and swarming with immense grasshoppers. The plain is about three leagues in diameter, surrounded by high mountains, at the foot of which, over a grove of evergreen oaks, we saw the town of Ponferrada. Had I only seen Villa Franca and Ponferrada as we approached, without seeing or smelling either the streets or the inhabitants, I should have thought Spain a Paradise.

We found the posada pre-occupied by a Marquis and his retinue. A pleasant incident, for the axle-tree was damaged, and to proceed of course impossible. Luckily the Marquis departed, and here we are still detained. Opposite to our balcony is the house of some Hidalgo, with whom five ladies are just arrived

to dine in an open cart, drawn by oxen.* They wear their hair combed straight, parted on the forehead, and tied loosely in the middle behind. The simplicity of their dress and their equipage pleased me, and we looked at each other with mutual curiosity. Opposite our other balcony is a convent, and curiosity has crowded all its windows.

Day and night are we annoyed by the incessant noise of the mules; by night they are under us; we are only separated from the stable by planks laid across the beams,

"And sounds and stinks come mingled from below."

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* "I observed in this town (Piacenza) a notable piece of thriftiness used by the Gentlewomen, who make no scruple to be carried to their country-houses near the town, in coaches drawn by two cows yoaked together; these will carry the Signora a pretty round trot unto her villa, they afford her also a dish of their milk, and after collation bring her home again at night without spending a penny."

The Voyage of Italy by Richard Lassels, Gent. who travelled through Italy five times, as tutor to several of the English Nobility and Gentry. Paris, 1670.

By day the Mayoral is continually calling out to his mules: he gallops over the two first syllables of their name, and dwells upon the two last with a sound as slow and as wearying as the motion of his own carriage. "Aqui*leia*, Capit*ana*, Gall*ega*, malditas mulas!" Then he consigns them to three hundred devils, the exact number they always swear by; calls them thieves, pickpockets, and concludes the climax of vituperation by "alma de muerda," which is, being interpreted, the Soul of what the Laputan philosopher could never transmute again into bread and cheese. Sometimes he beats them furiously, and frequently flings a great stone at their heads.

They make the most beautiful counterpanes at Ponferrada that I ever saw, the threads are so disposed that the whole seems covered with fringe, or rather resembles the fleece of a Spanish sheep. The people appear very averse to a war with England. We had a good deal of conversation with a tradesman here, an intelligent man, who felt how the internal state of the country injured commerce.

There are many specimens of Moorish architecture on the houses here. Many of the spouts that project below the roof to throw off the water, are shaped like cannon. The Castle is a fine object; it is great and grotesque, and gives me a good idea of the Giants' Castles of Romance. A very remarkable pillar stands without the town, it is the place of execution.

Beef is ten quartos (about three pence) the pound. Bread five quartos. Brown bread, made of Indian corn, three quartos. The price of labour from four to six reales.

Thursday, Dec. 24.

We left Ponferrada this morning, and our newly-mended axle-tree lasted us almost three miles. The descent was steep, the road bad, and the coach crazy. Luckily we were all walking when it broke down. The Mayoral invoked the Virgin Mary to help him, and three hundred devils to carry off the coach; he however soon found it more useful to go for

human assistance; while we amused ourselves by walking backward and forward on a cold, bleak, desolate heath, with only one object in view, and that a monumental cross. In about two hours we advanced a mile to the village of St. Miguel de las Duenas. Here there is no posada, and we are therefore at the house of the Barber.

A village Barber is always a great man, particularly in Spain, where their regular surgeons probably are little less ignorant. I have been looking over our host's library, it contains a little about physic, and a great deal about the Virgin Mary. Of his medical books, I believe the only one ever heard of in England, is Dioscorides, in an old Spanish translation! What an excellent country to break a leg in. However, if our friendly host be not a good surgeon, he is certainly a good Catholic. Over his books is a print called Our Lady of Seven Sorrows; it represents the Virgin Mary pierced through by seven swords, while Christ is lying dead in her lap. To such a print you will

naturally think nothing could be affixed more suitable than the song of her Seven Good Joys. There is however under it a representation of the linen in which Joseph of Arimathea wrapped up our Saviour's body, and which retaining a miraculous likeness, is highly reverenced in these countries; not without cause, for through the merits of this Holy Napkin, or Santo Sudario, every time a certain prayer is repeated, a soul is released from Purgatory, by permission of Clement VIII. If the Pope should be in the right, you will do good by reading it; if not, you may at least gratify your curiosity.

Oracion del Santo Sudario, para levrar una Alma del Purgatorio.

Senor, haviendo nos dexado senales de su dolorosa passion sobre el santo Sudario, en el qual sacratissimo cuerpo fue sepultado por Joseph, concede nos por su miserecordia y los merecimientos de su muerte y sepultura, podemos alcansar la gloria de su triumphante Resur-

reccion. Pues vive y regna con el Padre en la unidad del Spirito santo por todos los siglos de los siglos. Amen.

The Prayer of the Holy Napkin to deliver a Soul from Purgatory.

Lord, who hast left us the marks of thy dolorous passion upon the Holy Napkin, in which thy most sacred body was buried by Joseph, grant that through thy mercy and the merits of thy death and burial, we may partake of the glory of thy triumphant Resurrection. Thou who livest with the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen.

Of the nature of our Host's theological library, you may judge by this chance specimen. A holy man, reading the Song of Solomon, came to the seventh verse of the fourth chapter. "My beloved is pure and without spot." Musing on these words, he fell into a deep sleep, and beheld the Virgin Mary, in a vision, with all her retinue of Cherubim and Seraphim.

They repeated the verse, "My beloved is pure and without spot," and a more divine voice immediately added, "etiam in conceptione," even in conception. This, says the author, is an irrefragable proof of the immaculate conception of the Mother of God!

I ought to observe that this has nothing to do with the Orthodox and Arian tenet of the Immaculate Conception. It is only to prove the Franciscan dogma, that the Virgin Mary herself was born without the stain of Original Sin.

In England the red petticoat only peeps through a covering of lawn, but here the Babylonian walks the street in full dress scarlet. In England, where O'Leary is a Popish Priest, and Geddes chooses to call himself a Catholic, I have felt myself inclined to think that the absurdities of Popery may have been exaggerated: but here, "the serious folly of Superstition stares every man of sense in the face."*

* Mary Woolstonecraft.

At the entrance of this village stands a tree, two of whose branches had the misfortune to grow somewhat in the shape of a cross. The top and the limbs were therefore lopt off, and a face carved on it, similar to what I have seen boys cut upon a turnip; this done, it is an object of devotion. Our host has been just catechising my uncle: do you believe in God? to be sure I do. And do you believe in Jesus Christ? Certainly, replied my uncle. But ask him, said his son-in-law, in a whisper loud enough to be heard, ask him if he believes in the Virgin Mary?

An Irish Priest has the following passage in his Spanish sermon. "Many reasons have been assigned for the earthquake and darkness at the crucifixion, but to me this appears the only rational cause. The Blessed Virgin, who always in humility was accustomed to look upon the ground, lifted up her eyes to the cross. Deprived of the light of her eyes, the earth trembled, and the sun hid himself, ashamed to behold superior radiance."

There is a large Nunnery near us, where we have heard the Nuns sing. The chapel grating is by no means close, and when the service was over, they came close to it, probably to gratify their own curiosity as well as ours. Some of them were handsome, and I saw none who either by their size or their countenance indicated austerity. This is a beautiful spot. The room I am in commands a tranquil and pleasing view: A little stream flows near the house; the convent lies to the right, and we look over a rich valley to the high mountains near us. Where we are to sleep I know not, for our host's daughter and her husband sleep in the kitchen, and in this, the only other room, the barber, his wife, and child!

The only face for which I have conceived any affection in Spain, is a dried pig's, in the kitchen below, and alas! this is a hopeless passion!

Christmas-day, six o'clock in the evening.

In the cold and comfortless room of a posada, having had no dinner but what we made in the

coach, fatigued, and out of spirits, a pleasant situation! I have been walking above three hours up this immense mountain, very agreeable no doubt for the goats who browze in the vallies, and the lizards and wolves who inhabit the rest of it! We slept last night in the room with the barber, his wife, and child. At midnight they all went to Cock-mass. At day-break I had the pleasure of wishing my fellow travellers a merry Christmas. Our prospect of a Christmas dinner made us laugh, for you must know that in the downfall of the coach we sustained a grievous loss. Our travelling soup had come all the way from Bamonde, slung under the carriage in a pitcher, and at every stage we had a new edition, with additions and improvements. You may smile at our loss, but when

> Faint and wearily
> The way worn traveller
> Treads the mazes to the mountain's top,

a warm dish of soup in a cold day, was a serious thing to lose. Homer says, "a good dinner is no bad thing." Our road lay through a fertile

valley till we had past the town of Benveveria, where we past by one of the best posadas on the road. We stopped at the village of Torre, a wild and delightful spot, where the wine was not unlike Burgundy. From thence we ascended the mountain to Manzanar. You can scarcely picture to yourself a scene more wild; descents sloping to the mountain glens covered with shrubs and furze, little streams crossing the road, and rocks on which the grey lizards were basking in great numbers; sometimes we looked over the hills we had ascended to the fertile vale where St. Miguel de las Duenas stands, and the heights beyond by Ponferrada; more frequently the windings of the mountains bounded our view; it was pleasant just at the close of evening, to see the lonely posada of Manzanar; a herd of goats were feeding on a green spot near the house, and I cannot tell you what comfortable feelings their sounds excited. We heard the report of a gun near the posada, and were told that the master of the house had fired it at a wolf. We have seen none of these animals, but I have observed

a piece of wolf's skin laid on the neck of all the oxen in their carts, since we entered Leon. The loneliness of the road, and the recollections the day excited, suggested the following lines. You will like them, because they simply express natural feelings.

How many a heart is happy at this hour
In England! brightly o'er the cheerful hall
Beams the heap'd hearth, and friends and kindred meet,
And the glad Mother round her festive board
Beholds her children, separated long
Amid the world's wide way, assembled now,
And at the sight Affection lightens up
With smiles, the eye that Age has long bedimm'd.
I do remember when I was a child,
How my young heart, a stranger then to Care,
With transport leapt upon this holy day,
As o'er the house, all gay with evergreens,
From friend to friend with eager speed I ran,
Bidding a merry Christmas to them all.
Those years are past: their pleasures and their pains
Are now like yonder convent-crested hill,
That bounds the distant prospect, dimly seen,
Yet pictur'd upon Memory's mystic glass,
In faint fair hues. A weary traveller now
I journey o'er the desert mountain track
Of Leon: wilds all drear and comfortless,
Where the grey lizards, in the noon-tide sun,
Sport on their rocks, and where the goatherd starts,
Roused from his midnight sleep, and shakes to hear

The wolf's loud yell, and falters as he calls
On Saints to save. Hence of the friends I think
Who now perchance remember me, and pour
The glass of votive friendship. At the name
Will not thy cheek, Beloved! wear the hue
Of Love? and in mine EDITH's eye the tear
Tremble? I will not wish thee not to weep;—
There is strange pleasure in Affection's tears—
And he who knows not what it is to wake
And weep at midnight, is an instrument
Of Nature's common work. Yes—think of me,
My EDITH! think—that travelling far away
I do beguile the long and lonely hours
With many a day-dream, picturing scenes as fair,
Of peace, and comfort, and domestic joys,
As ever to the youthful poet's eye
Creative Fancy fashion'd. Think of me,
My EDITH! absent from thee, in a land
Of strangers! and remember when thy heart
Heaves with the sigh of sorrow, what delight
Awaits the moment when the eager voice
Of welcome, shall that sorrow overpay.

Being a Bristol-man, and of course not the worse for a little smoking, I have ventured into the kitchen to warm myself among the muleteers and Maragatos, and prepare our supper. By the bye the barber's wife sold us the old cock by way of a delicate chicken. We have found that the people will over-reach us if they

can, and it is not to be wondered at. He who starves his dog makes a thief of him. Poverty is the mother of crimes. Yet we have experienced much attention and hospitality: my Uncle gave a few reales among the Carpenter's children, who was making our new axle-tree; and when we departed this morning, their mother brought us a pig's face, and a lap full of pears.

LETTER VII.

BANEZA, *Saturday, Dec.* 26.

We have passed over a bleak and desolate track of barrenness this morning, near the Cavern of Gil Blas. Never was there a more convenient place to be murdered in, and eleven monumental crosses, which I counted within three leagues, justified my opinion of its physiognomy. Here they were evidently erected, where travellers had been murdered by banditti, but it is probable that most of these monuments are for people who have fallen in private quarrels. I infer this from observing them more frequent in villages than lonely places, and from the furious passions of the Southern Europeans. The dispute that would provoke a blow from an Englishman would instigate an Italian or a Spaniard to murder.

A ridge of mountains in the Asturias lay to our left, a dreary ridge spotted with snow. When we began to descend we saw the walls and cathedral towers of Astorga in the plain below, and the plains of Castille spreading beyond like the ocean seen from an eminence.

We stopped two hours at Astorga, once the capital of the Asturias, but Oviedo holds that rank at present, and this is now a city of Leon. Here I expected to live well. Gil Blas had fared luxuriously at Astorga; we heard of a cook's shop; Manuel was appointed commissioner to examine the state of provisions, and his report was, that we might have half a turkey and a leg of mutton just dressed, for a dollar. If the Queen's birth-day may be put off six months, why might not we keep Christmas-day on the twenty-sixth of December, and dine orthodoxly on Turkey? When these dainties arrived—for the poor bird, Vitellius would have

" Made the wicked master cook
" In boiling oil to stand;"

and for the mutton, I vehemently suspect it to have been the leg of some little ugly bandy-legged tough-sinewed turnspit.

The streets of Astorga are paved in ridges; the castle and the cathedral are well worthy the traveller's observation, the one for its antiquity, the other for its beauty. Over the castle gate-way are the figures of a warrior and lion fighting, and escutcheons, supported each by a man and woman in the dress of the times: these should be preserved by the hand of the engraver before they share the same fate as the rest of the building.

The sight of a ruined castle in England, though calling up some melancholy reflections, still reminds us of the improvements of society. God be thanked that the pride of chivalry is extinguished for ever! it is sad to behold

The desart ivy clasp the joyless hearth;

but it is pleasant to remember that the Feudal Tyranny is mellowed down, and that though

England incurs all the guilt of war, she feels very few of its horrors. In Spain society is not improved, the halls of Hospitality are desolate, but the haunts of Superstition are multiplying. They are building a new convent by the ruins of the Castle of Astorga.

I saw families actually living in holes dug in the Castle wall. *Almost* I regret the Moors: for what has this country gained by their expulsion? A tolerant and cleanly superstition has been exchanged for the filth and ferocity of Monks, and the dogma of Mary's immaculate conception has taken place of the divine legation of Mahommed. To say that the Courts of Cordova and Granada exhibited more splendor than that of Madrid, were only to shew them superior in what is of little worth; but when were the arts so fostered? when were the the people so industrious and so happy?

There is a curious Roman piece of bas-relievo in the Cloisters lately dug up. Our posada has glass windows, the first that we have seen,

and we procured an excellent wine called Peralta, in flavor not unlike mountain, but superior. This is the only place where we have been able to obtain any thing better than the common country wine since we left Coruña, except at Lugo, where we found some Malaga.

The view of Astorga, as we left it, was singular. It has no suburbs, the walls though somewhat ruinous, still surround it, and just without the gate is the *alameda*, or grove of poplar trees, usually planted as a public walk near the towns in this country.

We proceeded four leagues over a plain to Baneza. Here is the best house we have yet found. They have got us a rabbit, and five partridges. On entering this town, as likewise at Astorga, a man came to examine our baggage; a mode of taking a pesetta without the disgrace of begging, or the danger of robbing.

Sunday, December 27.

Beneza is an old and ugly town with piazzas under its houses. A cross was suspended from the front of the posada there, like an English sign, and near it a sun in the same manner, underwritten the house of the sun. They brought us a bill here, and it was very extravagant. Six reales for the rabbits and onions, twenty four for the partridges, two for the candles, and the rest in the same proportion. In Spain however no traveller can be imposed upon, if he chooses to prevent it, by calling for a board with the just price of every article, which, by order of the Government, is kept in every posada. Our road was very bad; it lay over a fertile and populous plain for three leagues, till we reached the Puente de Bisana. On either side of us lay towns thickly scattered, all of which had once been fortified. Lapwings, storks, and wild ducks, are in abundance here: he who travels with a gun in this part of the country, never need want provisions. At the bridge of Bisana is a posada miserably furnished with two beds and one solitary chair! Here I

saw a man whose breeches were of white sheep skin, and his gaiters of black with the wool outwards. From hence to Benevente are three leagues and a half of good road, a thing of no small consequence here, for you cannot calculate your time by the length of the way, without taking the state of the road into consideration. To the right of the Puente de Bisana, we saw a range of caverns dug out of a hill: I fanced them to be the dens of the persecuted natives, Suevi or Goths, and my imagination peopled them with banditti: on enquiry we learnt they were wine vaults. The cellars near Benevente are hollowed in the earth, and the earth from the cavity forms a mound above them, in which the entrance appears like the chimney of a subterraneous dwelling. We passed through a village completely in ruins, the houses and churches were of mud, the walls only remained, and there was not a single inhabitant.

We arrived at Benevente too late to see the inside of the Castle. M. however had formerly

visited it, and I copy his account. "We entered by a gradual ascent which led to a cloister or colonnade of four sides, that looked down into a court where once had been a fountain. We were hence conducted through a Moorish gateway of three simicircular arches, to a large room decorated with bearings, &c. This opened into a gallery of about fifty paces long and twelve wide, ornamented in the most elegant Moorish taste. The front is supported by jasper pillars; the pavement consists of tiles coloured and painted with the escalop or scollop shell of St. Iago. In the recesses of the wall are Arabic decorations and inscriptions. From hence is an extensive prospect over the fertile vallies of Leon, watered by the Marez and the Ezla. From the wall of the stair-case an arm in armour supports a lamp. The roof of the chapel represents Stalactydes. In the armory are old muskets, where the trigger brought the match round to the pan." The castle belongs to the Duke of Ossuna. Benevente must be a place of considerable trade, for when M. was last here he counted above fifty carts in the market place, chiefly laden with grain.

In the corner of this room are placed two trestles: four planks are laid across these, and support a straw-stuffed mattress of immense thickness: over this is another as disproportionately thin, and this is my bed. The seat of my chair is as high as the table I write upon. A lamp hangs upon the door. Above us are bare timbers; for as yet I have seen no cielings in Spain. The floor is tiled. Such are the comfortable accommodations we meet with after travelling from the rising to the setting sun. We have however a brazier here, the first I have seen since our departure from Coruña. Of the people, extreme filth and deplorable ignorance are the most prominent characteristics; yet there is a civility in the peasantry which Englishmen do not possess, and I feel a pleasure when the passenger accosts me with the usual benediction, "God be with you."

There is a mud wall round the town. Here I first saw people dancing in the streets with castanets. Our landlady told us there was an

English merchant in the house, his name Don Francisco, and this proved to be a German pedlar, with a ring on every finger. Some of the churches here are fine specimens of early Saxon architecture. In the church wall are two crosses, composed of human sculls with thigh bones for the pedestal, fixed on a black ground.

The river Ezla, where we past it a little below Benevente, is a clear deep tranquil stream. I drank of its water, and found it excellent. A stream of little note, yet should it be dear to the Poet, for it is consecrated by the genius of George of Montemayor. I must give you a specimen of the poetry of his Diana. After a year's absence Sireno returns to his mistress on the banks of the Ezla, and finds her married. In this state he lays him down on the shore, and addresses these lines to a lock of her hair.

CABELLOS, quanta mudança
He visto despues que os vi,
Y quam mal parescey ay
Essa color de esperança.
Bien pensava yo cabellos,
(Aunque con algun temor)
Que no fuera otro pastor
Digno de ver se cabe ellos.

Ay cabellos, quantos dias
La mi Diana mirava,
Si os trayo, o si os dexava,
Y otras cien mil niñerias;
Y quantas vezes llorando
(Ay lagrimas engañosas)
Pedia celos de cosas
De que yo estava burlando.

Los ojos que me matavan,
Dezi dorados cabellos,
Que culpa tuve en creelles.
Pues ellos me asseguravan?
No vistes vos que algun dia,
Mil lagrimas derramava,
Hasta que yo le jurava,
Que sus palabras creya?

Quien vio tanta hermosura
En tan mudable subjecto?
Y en amador tan perfecto,
Quien vio tanta desventura?
O cabellos no os correys,
Por venir de ado venistes,
Viendo me como me vistes
En ver me como me veys.

Sobre el arena sentada
De aquel rio la vi yo
Do con el dedo escrivio,
Antes muerta que mudada.
Mira el Amor lo que ordena,
Que os viene hazer creer,
Cosas dichas por muger
Y escriptas en el arena.

* AH me! thou Relic of that faithless fair!
Sad changes have I suffered since that day
When, in this valley, from her long loose hair
I bore thee, Relic of my Love! away.
Well did I then believe DIANA's truth,
For soon true Love each jealous care represses;
And fondly thought that never other youth
Should wanton with the Maiden's unbound tresses.

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* The first stanza of the original, alludes to a Spanish peculiarity. The hair of Diana was kept in green silk.

Sad changes have I suffered since that day,
When here reclining on this grassy slope,
I bore thee, Relic of my Love! away,
And faded are thy tints, green hue of Hope!

The love-language of colours is given at large in the following extract from the "Historia de las Guerras civiles de Granada."

"Mudava trages y vestidos conforme la passion que sentia. Unas vezes vestia negro solo, otras vezes negro y pardo, otras de morado

Here on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side,
My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,
She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,
With all the baby playfulness of love.
Here the false Maid, with many an artful tear,
Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,
And vow'd and wept, till Hope had ceas'd to fear,
Ah me! beguiling like a child her lover.

Witness thou how that fondest falsest fair
Has sigh'd and wept on Ezla's shelter'd shore,
And vow'd eternal truth, and made me swear,
My heart no jealousy should harbour more.
Ah! tell me! could I but believe those eyes?
Those lovely eyes with tears my cheek bedewing,
When the mute eloquence of tears and sighs
I felt, and trusted, and embraced my ruin.

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y blanco por mostrar su fe; lo pardo y negro por mostrar su trabajo. Otras vezes vestia azul mostrando divisa de rabiosos celos, otras de verde por significar su esperanza; otras vezes de amarillo por mostrar desconfianza, y el dia que hablava con su Zayda se ponia de encarnado y blanco, senal de alegria y contento."

"Zayde altered his dress according to the emotions he felt. Sometimes he wore black alone, sometimes black and grey. At other times he was in purple and white to shew his constancy, or black and grey, to express his grief; sometimes in blue, denoting that he was tormented by jealousy; sometimes in green, to signify hope; sometimes he was in yellow, to show doubt; and on the day on which he spoke to Zayda, he clad himself in red and white, to express his joy and satisfaction."

The annexed poem, by Agustin de Salazar y Torres, is upon the same subject.

So false and yet so fair! so fair a mien
  Veiling so false a mind who ever knew?
So true and yet so wretched! who has seen
  A man like me, so wretched and so true?
Fly from me on the wind, for you have seen
  How kind she was, how lov'd by her you knew me
Fly, fly vain witness what I once have been,
  Nor dare, all wretched as I am, to view me!"

One evening on the river's pleasant strand,
  The Maid too well beloved sat with me,
And with her finger traced upon the sand,
  "Death for DIANA—not Inconstancy!"
And LOVE beheld us from his secret stand,
  And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me,
To see me trust a writing traced in sand,
  To see me credit what a woman told me!

Escrive à una Dama le significacion de los colores.

SEGUIDILLAS.

Soberana hermosura,
cuyos luzeros
solo han sido imitados
de vuestro espejo.

Cierto Coro de Ninfas,
que son los Astros,
que por la quenta viven
de vuestros rayos;

Porque segun se sabe
de las Esferas,
el Sol parte sus luzes
con las Estrellas.

Un coro, en fin, de Gracias,
pues oy es cierto
conocer, que las Gracias
sirven à Venus.

Oy mudando de estilo,
contra Palacio,
se dexan los chapines,
por los zapatos.

Con colores distintos
su Amor componen,
que oy Amor, aunque ciego,
juzga colores.

Es el azul y blanco
fee con firmeza;
que no tienen los zelos
color tan bella.

Dominio signica
color pagizo,
y aun amor, porque en todo
tiene dominio.

Es el color de fuego
llama, y firmeza,
que es incendio en la fragua
de cierta Herrera.

Siguese el verde al fuego,
que es pena alegre,
para que entre lo roxo
busquen lo verde.

Es encarnado y blanco
triunfo en lo bello,
y en vos el que era triunfo
sera trofeo.

El verdegal señala
dolor amando,
con que no ay mas remedio,
que hazerle lazos.

Es rendimiento firme
la cinta blanca;
mucho es. que una colonia
retrate una alma.

Poder, amor, y honra
es el dorada,
y todo en vuestros rizos
puede alcancarlo.

Mas aunque todos digan
dichas y premios,
al color que vos agrada
solo me atengo.

The LOVE-LANGUAGE of COLOURS.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms
All other charms surpass,
Whose lustre nought can imitate,
Except your looking-glass;

A choir of Nymphs, the Planets they
Who live but by your light,
For well we know the Sun imparts
The borrowed rays of night;

A choir of Graces they, for sure
That title they obtain,
If they are Graces who attend
In Cytherea's train;

These Nymphs by various colours now,
Their various feelings tell,
For Cupid, tho' the boy be blind
Can judge of colours well.

For faith and constancy they blend
With white the azure blue,
To show the tyranny of power
Alone the straw's pale hue.

A constant and an ardent love
In fiery tints is seen,
And hope that makes affection sweet,
Displays itself in green.

The mingled red and white display
A love triumphant there,
The copper's cankerous verdure speaks
Love, envy and despair.

A faithful and devoted heart,
The girdle's circling white,
And thus a simple ribband speaks
A woman's heart aright.

The hue of burnish'd gold so bright,
That emulates the flame,
The gay and gorgeous emblem shines,
Of power and love and fame.

O Sovereign beauty, you whose charms
To all superiour shine,
Whatever colour pleases you,
That colour shall be mine.

LETTER VIII.

TORDESILLAS, *Tuesday, Dec.* 29.

As we were about to depart from Benevente, we found the Mayoral, and his man Julian furiously enraged; the landlord entreating, and Manuel with his baggage in his hand supplicating the angry Muleteers. It was sometime before we could ascertain the cause of the disturbance, at last we learnt that the Mayoral and his man had ordered a black pudding for their breakfast, and that while they were else where employed, Manuel had eat it. Manuel confessed the eating, proffered the price of the pudding, and pleaded that he had done it for a joke. Nothing however could pacify the Muleteers, the joke was too practical, they threw his bundle into the street, and swore he should not ride a step farther. We now began to feel interested in the business, for Mambrino

was our right hand, and a Professor of Languages would have been less useful to me. We interceded, but the offended Spaniards were implacable; we insisted that he should proceed, and they peremptorily refused to carry him or his bundle; we argued that we had hired the coach, and might load it how we pleased, they replied that the coach was let to carry us and our baggage only. What could be done? we went to the Corregidor, he was in bed, and we were told he would not rise till ten o'clock. We had no time for delay: it was already seven, and we resolved upon slower measures. Hitherto we had given the Muleteers their provisions, now they should purchase their own or forgive Manuel. Poor Manuel trudges by the coach bearing the burthen of his offence on his shoulders in the shape of a bundle which contained his clothes, his barber's stock in trade, and a book of surgery, all his worldly goods. The day was very hot, bitterly did he repent of the black pudding and complain to me that it was, *mucho trabajo*, great trouble. However after dinner we had the satisfaction

to see his bundle behind the coach, and by the evening, though he was still condemned to walk, their anger had relaxed enough to converse with him, and this morning Manuel was re-seated behind the coach.

The course of the Ezla, on this side of Benevente, has altered much since the bridge was built. It now stands sideways to the current; the stream is strong, and the bridge in ruins. After an execrable stage of five leagues, we reached Vallalpando to dinner, whose mud walls magnified through a mist, appeared to us like the yet respectable remains of a large fortification. Here we bought two turkies for a dollar. It is a poor and miserable town, and the hostess of our posada was a complete personification of Famine. They build here with very thin bricks and make the layer of mortar of the same width; there is a new church here built of mud. To Villar de Frades are four leagues farther, by as good a road as may be expected, when it lies over ploughed fields and swamps. Our room is gayly ornamented with German prints of all

the Virtues, and the four quarters of the globe. Here is likewise a wax figure of St. Christopher, in a glass case. Man is naturally delighted with the wonderful. A story of a giant or a ghost delights our infancy, and Valentine and Orson, and the Seven Champions of Chriſtendom, are among the first books that engage the attention of our opening reason. Perhaps this disposition in the Spaniards may be discovered in their most popular legends. That of St. Christopher is of the old romantic kind. Saint Iago and Saint Michael are their favourite saints, because the one fought on horseback against the Moors, and the other defeated the Old Dragon in a single combat. Perhaps their singular attachment to the doctrine of the Virgin Mary's purity may be traced to the same source.

We left Villar de Frades at day-break, and have been till six in the evening travelling only five leagues. At Vega del Toro we passed a palace of the Duke of Lirias. We dined at Vega de Valedetroncos. Here the kitchen

exhibited to us the novelty of a good chimney. The floor of our room was rubbed over, or rather brown-washed with clay. There was a print of the Virgin Mary in a tree, with the Sun upon her head, and the Moon under her feet. A printed paper was hung up stating that this thesis had been defended at Salamanca, and approved of by that University in 1794.—"No sins are so atrocious that the Church cannot forgive them!"

Here we ventured upon a sausage, and a precious mixture it was of garlic and anniseed; literally nothing else, and this fried in their rancid oil! We are now at Tordesillas, where we have found a good posada, good rooms, good wine, a brazier, and civility. Before it reaches this place, the road is paved, but this suddenly ends, and the carriage goes down a step, somewhat more than a foot deep.

It was here that Joanna, when her dotage had ripened into madness, for so many years watched by the corpse of her husband. It was here too

Padilla triumphed, and we have perhaps this day trod over the ground where this Martyr of Freedom suffered. With Padilla expired the liberties of Spain: her despotism, terrible and destructive under Charles and Philip, is now become as despicable abroad for its imbecility, as it is detestable for its pernicious effects at home. We may hope that in a more enlightened age some new Padilla may arise with better fortune and with more enlarged views; then, and not till then, will Spain assume her ancient rank in Europe, and perhaps some inscription like the following may mark the spot where JUAN DE PADILLA died the death of a traitor:

Traveller! if thou dost bow the supple knee
Before Oppression's footstool, hie thee hence!
This ground is holy: here PADILLA died,
MARTYR of FREEDOM. But if thou shouldst love
Her glorious cause, stand here, and thank thy God
That thou dost view the pestilent pomp of power
With indignation, that thine honest heart,
Feeling a brother's pity for mankind,
Rebels against oppression. Not unheard
Nor unavailing shall the prayer of praise
Ascend; for loftiest feelings in thy soul
Shall rise of thine own nature, such as prompt

each other: there is often no distinction of words, and the skill of the carver and painter is exerted in expressing as many letters by as few lines as possible; thus the three letters D E L are written by an E, with the semicircular half of the D applied to its perpendicular line; the letter M expresses MU, because two of its lines form a V, and if to its last perpendicular you add the half of an R, the cypher then denotes the first syllable of MURCIA.

This town* is free from all imposts, and the

* Colmenar says, "this town should be celebrated among Philosophers, because it was here that a Spanish physician, called Gomesius Pereira, dared in the middle of the sixteenth century, to publish a book, on which he had employed the labour of thirty years, and in which he proved that beasts are nothing but machines."

Of this early Materialist, Moreri gives the following account:—"George Gomez Pereira, a Spanish physician, who lived in the sixteenth century, was born at Medina del Campo; he was the first author who durst assert that beasts are only machines, and do not act from reflection." *N'ont point de sentiment.*—This doctrine he advanced in 1554, in a book which had cost him the labour of thirty

inhabitants have a right of nominating to all offices civil and ecclesiastic, neither the King

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years, and which he entitled Antoniana Margarita, to do honour to the names of his father and mother. He was soon sharply attacked by Miguel de Palacio, a theologian of Salamanca, whom he as sharply answered; but he formed no sect, and his opinion soon died away. It is pretended that Descartes adopted this opinion from the Spanish physician; others deny the charge, and say that that philosopher, who read little, had never heard Pereira or his work mentioned: he likewise attacked the original matter of Aristotle, and the opinion of Galen concerning the nature of fevers, in his Antoniana Margarita. In 1558 he published another work in folio, entitled, Nova veraque medicina Christiana ratione comprobata."

Bayle says that Arriaga, one of the most subtle scholastics in the seventh century, attacked Pereira. For, he argued, as his doctrine denied the Original Matter of Aristotle, it would not permit him to reverence (venerer) the ashes and reliques of Saints, for after their death, none of the matter that belonged to them would remain.

The Antoniana Margarita was twice printed in folio. At Medina del Campo 1554, and at Franckfort 1610. It was a very rare book in Bayle's time.

The Reader, I hope, will pardon me for throwing away so many lines upon a man who wasted thirty years on so ridiculous a subject.

Buffon has, with incomparable absurdity, attempted to

or the Pope interfering. The town is, if possible, more offensively filthy than any we have yet seen. The mire in the streets is green with age. They build here with unburnt bricks.

We are now three leagues from Medina del Campo, at Artequines, a little village with a good posada, three days journey from Madrid.

Thursday, Dec. 31.

On the road this morning I saw a horse's tail tied up with red ribbands; the tails of the mules and asses are often whimsically decorated. I have seen them generally sheared close the greater part of their length, with a tuft left at the end, and the hair on their rumps cut into stars, flowers, or whatever shape best pleased the owner. I have heard of one lady who died her lap-dog pink, but know not whether pink dogs were the fashion, or if it was only her

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account for the œconomy of bees, upon Pereria's principles. *Je me convainquis, que si quelquefois les savans ont moins de prejugés que les autres hommes, ils tiennent, en revanche, encore plus fortement a ceux qu'ils ont.*—J. J. Rousseau.

own peculiar taste. We passed through Arebalo, a pleasantly situated town, where there are royal granaries, and proceeded to Espinosa, where we dined at one of the worst houses on the road. Here the Host abused his wife for only asking three and a half reales each for pigeons!

To acquire a barren knowledge and gratify a vain curiosity, should neither be the object of travellers, or of those who read their accounts; we should observe foreign customs that we may improve our own;* so says Father Lafitau: and if my acquirements are to be the comment on this serious text, I must frankly own that the only possible practical knowledge I have yet learnt, is to confirm P.'s theory of the *eatability* of cats, by the custom of this country. In the kitchen at Espinosa, M. remarked to me in

* Ce n'est pas en effet une vaine curiosite et une connoissance sterile que doivent se proposer les Voyageurs qui donnent des relations au Public, & ceux qui aiment a lire. On ne doit etudier les mœurs que pour former les mœurs." *P. Lafitau sur Mœurs Sauvages.*

Spanish, that the cat was a very large one, and Mambrino immediately inquired if we eat cats in England. As you may suppose, an exclamation of surprise was the answer; why, said Mambrino, the night you were at Villa Franca we had one for supper that weighed seven pounds.

We entered upon the new road before we reached the village of Labajos. Here we have received the pleasant intelligence that the Royal Family are going to Seville, and that the Portugueze Court are to meet them on the frontiers.

You will wonder what difference their movements can possibly make to us, for in England, if his Majesty passes you on the road, you say, "There goes the King," and there's an end of it; but here, when the Court think proper to move, all carriages, carts, mules, horses and asses are immediately *embargoed*. Thank God, in an Englishman's Dictionary you can find no explanation of that word.

Know then, that during this *embargo*, all conveyances may be seized for the King's use, at a fixed price, which price is below the common charge; and if any of the King's Court, or the King's cooks, or the King's scullions, want a carriage, and were to find us upon the road, they might take our's, and leave us with our baggage in the high way; at a time when we could procure no vehicle, no beast, no house room, and even no food; for the multitudes that follow the King fill all the houses, and devour all the provisions.

Friday, Jan. 1, 1796.

After travelling four leagues in a fog, we once more behold the Sun! the mists could not have hidden from us a more uninteresting country than the plains of Castile that we have past; the prospect is now comparatively beautiful; evergreen oaks thickly scattered over the rising ground, bounded by the Guadarama mountains. We proceeded through the little town of Villa Castin, five leagues to the Funda San Rafael, a royal hotel: I do not disgrace the word by

applying it to this house; it is situated where the road from Madrid divides on the right to San Ildefonso, Segovia and Valladolid, on the left to Coruña. As this house is so near the Escurial, and on the road to San Ildefonso, it is of course frequented by the first people, and I do not imagine that they can find their own palaces more comfortable. We even saw an English grate in one of the rooms. Here we had an excellent bottle of Peralta, of which wine I shall always think it my duty to make honourable mention. The bottle cost twelve reales; we called for another, but were told that there was only one more bottle in the house, which the Landlord kept for his own drinking, as it was very good.

The hills were now well wooded with pines, and we beheld the clouds sweeping below us. On the summit is a monument: I got upon the pedestal to read the inscription, which was somewhat defaced, when two men on mules came up, the one of whom pulled me down, and turning round his mule attempted to seize

me. I was talking to them in my Spanish, and making my meaning more intelligible by the posture of my walking stick, when the carriage appeared at the winding of the road, my Uncle and M. came up, and the fellows immediately rode off. All I could understand from them was, that the one called himself an Overseer of the Roads, and wanted to know what I got upon the pedestal for; but had this been true, he would not have attempted to seize me, nor would they have departed when my companions approached.

We now peaceably made out the inscription.

FERDINANDVS VI PATER PATRIÆ
SVPERATIS MONTIBVS
VIAM VTRIQVE CASTELLÆ FECIT
ANNO SAL: 1749.
REGNI SVI. IV.

The clouds which were passing over us hid the metropolis, which would otherwise have been visible at the distance of eight leagues. As we descended we saw two caravans, who had pitched their waggons for the night on the side of the mountain, and were like Scythians seated

round their fire. From the Funda San Rafael to the village of Guadarama, is two leagues. Here we sent Mambrino to look for provisions, and he informed us that as it was a fast day he could not buy rabbits openly; but he would bring them home under his cloak! they are very dear, ten reales the couple.

Saturday.

The landlord at Guadarama attempted to impose upon us, and charge five reales for each bed; but on my Uncle's insisting that he should put his name to the bill, he took the usual price. We departed very early. The country is well wooded with the prickly oak, and stoney like Galicia, though the stones are in general smaller and less grotesquely piled. The Escurial was on the right; we met several carriages of the ugliest shapes going there, and among them many sulkies drawn by three mules abreast. As we advanced the country grew less beautiful; the Guadarama lost its inequalities in distance, and we saw the towers of Madrid. The posadas on the road were occupied, so we

turned a little out of it, and dined at Aribaca: here they took us for Frenchmen from our trowsers; said they were common in Madrid, and added that the French made the whole world conform to them.

At Aribaca I saw the laws to which all innkeepers are subject. By one they are obliged to give a daily account to some magistrate of what persons have been in their posada, their names, their conduct, and their conversation. By another, if any man of suspicious appearance walks by the posada, they must inform a magistrate of it, on pain of being made answerable for any mischief he may do!

Here is a print of the crucifixion, as vilely executed as the common alehouse ornaments in England. But the subject is the nailing Christ to the cross, and I do not know that that moment has ever been chosen for a picture; surely it is a subject worthy of the most sublime abilities.

We were now only five miles from the great city. The approach to Madrid is very beautiful. The number of towers, the bridge of Segovia, and the palace, give it an appearance of grandeur, which there are no suburbs to destroy, and a fine poplar-planted walk by the river, adds an agreeable variety to the scene. A few scattered and miserable hovels, about a mile or mile and half from the walls, lie immediately in view of the palace, so wretched that some of them are only covered with old blankets and old mats. His Majesty might have more pleasant objects in view, but I know of none that can convey to him such useful meditations.

The most singular and novel appearance to me was that of innumerable women kneeling side by side to wash in the Manzanares, the banks of which for about two miles were covered with linen. It seemed as though all the inhabitants of Madrid had, like us, just concluded a long journey, and that there had been a general foul-cloathes-bag delivery.

We are at the Cruz de Malta, a perfect Paradise, after travelling seventeen days in Spain. To be sure, four planks laid across two iron trustles, are not quite so elegant as an English four-post bedstead, but they are easily kept clean, and to that consideration every other should be sacrificed. At tea they brought us the milk boiling in a tea-pot.

My Uncle has offered to take Manuel on to Lisbon as a servant; but Manuel is ambitious of being a barber, and wishes to try his fortune in the shaving line at Madrid. His professional pride was not a little gratified when one of the fraternity took us in at St. Miguel de las Duenas; and as he left the house he asked me with an air of triumph, if we had any such Barbers as that Señor in England!

LETTER IX.

Madrid, Jan. 6, 1796.

On Monday we were at the Spanish Comedy. There is a stationary table fixed where the door is on the English stage, and (what is a stranger peculiarity) no money is paid going in, but a man comes round and collects it between the acts. Between every act is a kind of operatical farce, a piece of low and gross buffoonery, which constantly gives the lie to their motto—"representing a variety of actions we recommend virtue to the people:" it is a large and inelegant theatre, presenting to the eye only a mass of tarnished gilding. So badly was it lighted that to see the company was impossible. One of the actresses, whose hair was long and curling, wore it combed naturally, without any kind of bandage, and I have seldom seen any head dress so becoming. The representation began at half past four, and was over at eight.

I have heard a curious specimen of wit from a Spanish comedy. During the absence of a physician, his servants prescribe. A patient has been eating too much *hare*; and they order him to take *greyhound broth*.

Concerning the City and its buildings, the manners of the people, their Tertullas and their Cortejo system, you will find enough in twenty different authors. What pleases me most is to see the city entirely without suburbs: it is surrounded by a wall, and the moment you get without the gates, the prospect before presents nothing that can possibly remind you of the vicinity of a metropolis. The walking is very unpleasant, as the streets are not paved: the general fault of the streets is their narrowness. In one of them it was with difficulty I kept myself so near the wall as to escape being crushed by a carriage; a friend of M. had a button on his breast torn off by a carriage in the same place: accidents must have been frequent here, for it is called, The narrow Street of Dangers. *La Calle angusta de los periglos.*

This very unpleasant defect is observable in all the towns we have passed through. It is easily accounted for. All these towns were originally fortified, and houses were crowded together for security within the walls. As the houses are generally high, this likewise keeps them cool, by excluding the sun; and a Spaniard will not think this convenience over balanced by the preventing a free circulation of air. The senses of a foreigner are immediately offended by dirt and darkness; but the Spaniard does not dislike the one, and he connects the idea of coolness with the other. From the charge of dirt, however, Madrid must now be acquitted, and the grand street, the Calle de Alcala, is one of the finest in Europe. The Prado (the public walk) crosses it at the bottom, and it is terminated by an avenue of trees, with one of the city gates at the end.

Of Spanish beauty I have heard much, and say little. There is indeed a liquid lustre in the full black eye, that most powerfully expresses languid tenderness. But it is in this

expression only that very dark eyes are beautiful: you do not distinguish the pupil from the surrounding part, and of course lose all the beauty of its dilation and contraction. The dress both of men and women is altogether inelegant. The old Spanish dress was more convenient and very graceful. They wrap the great cloaks that are now in fashion in such a manner as to cover the lower half of the face; it was on this account that the law was enacted that interdicts round hats; for as their great hats would hide the other half, every person would walk the streets as in a mask.

We are now in private lodgings, for which we pay twenty-four reales a day. The rooms are painted in the theatrical taste of the country, and would be cheerful if we had but a fireplace. You will hardly believe that, though this place is very cold in winter, the Spanish landlords will not suffer a chimney to be built in their houses! They have a proverb to express the calmness and keenness of the air.—"The wind will not blow out a candle, but it

will kill a man." I have heard that persons who incautiously exposed themselves to the wind before they were completely dressed, have been deprived of the use of their limbs.

This is an unpleasant town; the necessaries of life are extravagantly dear; and the comforts are not to be procured. I hear from one who must be well acquainted with the people, that "there is neither friendship, affection, or virtue among them!" A woman of rank, during the absence of her husband, has been living at the hotel with another man! and yet she is received into every company. I ought to add she is not a Spaniard, but in England adultery meets the infamy it deserves.

All our early impressions tend to prejudice us in favour of Spain. The first novels that we read fill us with high ideas of the grandeur and the dignity of the national character, and in perusing their actions in the new world, we almost fancy them a different race from the rest of mankind, as well from the splendor of their

exploits, as from the cruelties that sullied them. A little observation soon destroys this favourable prepossession; a great and total alteration in their existing establishments must take place before the dignity of the Spanish character can be restored.

In the middle ages the superiority of the Nobles was not merely titular and external. Learning was known only in the cloister; but in all accomplishments, in all courtesies, and in all feats of arms, from habit and fashion the Aristocracy possessed a real advantage. The pride of ancestry was productive of good: want of opportunity might prevent the heir of an illustrious house from displaying the same heroism that his ancestors had displayed in the cause of their country, but it was disgraceful to degenerate in magnificent hospitality, and in the encouragement of whatever arts existed.*

* The history of Spain affords one remarkable proof that a long genealogy may be good for something, if the fact may be credited. When the Moorish king was asked why he raised the seige of Xeres (1285) so precipitately, for

The ancient Nobility of Spain were placed in circumstances peculiarly adapted to form an elevation and haughtiness of character; like the gallant Welsh, they had been driven among their mountains by the invaders, but their efforts were more fortunate, and they recovered their country. They who have struggled without success in the cause of independance deserve the applause of Posterity, and, to the honour of human nature, Posterity has always bestowed it; but the self applause of the successful is not very remote from arrogance, and this arrogance,

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fear of King Sancho, he replied, I was the first who enthroned the family and race of Barrameda, and honoured it with the royal title and dignity: my enemy derives his descent from more than forty kings, whose memory has, great force, and in the combat would place fear and dread in me, but to him would supply confidence and strength, if we should come to battle. "Yo fui el primero que entronicè y honrè la familia y linage de Barrameda con titulo y magestad real; mi enemigo trae descendencia de mas de quarenta Reyes, cuya memoria tiene gran fuerza, y en el combate a mi pusiera temor y espanto, à el diera atrevimiento y esfuerzo si llegaramos a las manos."

Mariana.

uniting with the natural reserve of the Spaniards, produced the characteristic haughtiness of their grandees.

This characteristic exists no longer, and you may form some idea of what the Grandees now are by a circumstance which happened only this week. A Swiss officer in the English service has been for some time resident at Madrid. It was told him that the Marquis of S***, at whose house he was a frequent visitor, had said of him in public, that he was a spy of the English ministry, and that no person ought to associate with him. The officer in company with the friend who had informed him, called upon the Marquis, who received him with his usual civility, and expressed his joy at seeing him. The Swiss charged him with what he had said. He denied it, and substituted other expressions.—It is true, said he, I may have said that as you were in the English service, you must of course be in the English interest. "Were those the expressions the Marquis made use of," said the officer to his informer. The

informer repeated what he had heard the Marquis say, and the officer immediately called the Marquis a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward, and beat him. The house was immediately in an uproar; the doors were fastened, and the servants came up with their knives. The Swiss, however, placed his back to the wall, drew his sword, and compelled them to open the doors. The news soon got abroad, and the Marquis has been put under arrest, by order of the Court, to prevent any serious consequences.

We dined the same day at the Ambassador's, in company with the Swiss, and went to the opera afterwards. My Uncle, who is very well acquainted with the manners of these countries, observed three men dogging us from the house. They followed us a long way, but left us at last after looking very earnestly at us. They might have made a disagreeable mistake on the occasion. The officer remained in Madrid three days, and appeared every where in public; he then very prudently decamped.

The King set off on Monday last; his retinue on this journey consists of seven thousand persons! and so vain is his Most Catholic Majesty of this parade, that he has actually had a list of his attendants printed on a paper larger than any map or chart you ever saw, and given to all the Grandees in favour. We were in hopes of securing a carriage through the Marquis Yrandas's interest. This nobleman during the war was in disgrace, but when pacific principles gained the ascendancy at Court, he was recalled from a kind of banishment at his country seat, and sent to negotiate the peace, which was afterwards concluded by Yriarte, a brother of the poet, since dead. The intelligence he gives us is very unfavourable to men who are in haste. The Court will not be less than fifteen days on the road with us; no interest can secure us a carriage; and if we can get one to set out, it will probably be taken from us on the way by some of their retinue; and there is no accommodation at the posados, for, independant of the common attendants, six hundred people of rank were obliged to lie in the open air the first night;

selves, the King fancied his antagonist did not exert all his force: and as his pride was hurt, insisted upon it in such a manner that the Frenchman was obliged to be in earnest, and brought him to the ground. The King immediately struck him in the face.

Mambrino's account of the cat-eating is confirmed: I was playing with one last night, and the lady told me she was obliged to confine her in the house lest the neighbours should steal and eat it.

LETTER X.

MADRID, *Jan.* 10.

A Duke of Medina Celi formerly murdered a man, and as the Court would not or could not execute so powerful a noble, they obliged the family to dress their pages in black stockings, and always to have a gallows standing before their palace door. The late King permitted them to remove the gallows, but the black stockings still remain, a singular badge of ignominy.

The noble collection of pictures at the palace here, gave me high delight. Poetry and Painting are closely allied, but I am heterodox as to the Trinity of the arts, and reject the co-equality of Music.

While we were at the palace, the King sent home a cart load of horns to ornament it. A

singular ornament, when the shameless conduct of his wife is the topic of general censure. Malespini, the Circumnavigator, (whose honorable boast is that he has done no evil on his voyage) has been imprisoned about six weeks on suspicion of being concerned in a French book exposing the private life of the Queen. What must that woman be who is detested for her depravity in a metropolis where the Cortejo system is so universal? About two years ago the washerwomen of Madrid were possessed with a spirit of sedition, and they insulted her Majesty in the streets.—"You are wasting your money upon your finery and your gallants —while we are in want of bread!"

"Bold is the task when subjects grown too wise,
"Instruct a monarch where his error lies."

The ringleaders were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The Queen however has never entered Madrid since, and the inhabitants are very apprehensive that upon this journey they may fix their Court elsewhere. When it is said that this metropolis is in the centre of the peninsula, all its advantages are enumerated;

except when swollen by the mountain snows, the Manzanares is so shallow that if a cockle should attempt to navigate it, he must inevitably run aground. In summer the heat is intolerable, in winter the cold is very severe; for the soil round the city produces nitre in great abundance, and the Guadarama mountains are covered with snow; so that you have the agreeable alternative of being starved for want of a fire, or suffocated by the fumes of charcoal.

The floors here are all covered with matting, and the matting is prodigiously populous in fleas.

We had but a bad specimen of the Spanish Academicians. On our visit to one we found him in bed about twelve o'clock, and he told us he always lay in bed to transact business! I contented myself with listening to the conversation, and attempted not to join in it: he observed that I could not speak Spanish, and, that I might understand him, *attempted* to repeat

it in Latin—non possit—*parlare*. In the evening he accompanied us to the Museum, and displayed as much knowledge in sculpture and mineralogy as he had exhibited in Latin; he even pointed out a large mass of gold as being in its native state, that had the King's stamp upon it.

The Museum is wretchedly managed. Collections of natural history ought certainly to be open to all, who can make any use of them; but here, on certain days every week, the doors are thrown open, and it becomes a raree-show for all the mob of Madrid! This renders it very unpleasant to the decent part of the company; for we were fearful of leaving something behind us, and still more fearful of taking something away.

In this Museum is the skeleton of a nondescript animal, which appears larger than the elephant.* The bones are of an extraordinary

* I find that a description of this skeleton, with an annexed plate, is in the Monthly Magazine for September, 1796.

thickness, even disproportionate to its size; it was dug up a few years back at Buenos Ayres.

Monday, 11*th*.

Last night I was at a Fiesta de Novillos, a Bullock fight, at which about fifteen thousand persons were assembled, many of them women, and indeed more women of apparent rank than I had seen either at the theatre or the opera. In this very rational recreation, the bullocks are only teased, and as their horns are tipped, the men only get bruised. A bullock was led into the area, and the Heroes amused themselves by provoking him, then running away and leaping over the boundary. But the two principal heroes were each of them in a basket which came up to his shoulders, this he could lift up from the ground, and move along in it towards the bull, then he sticks a dart in the bull, and pops down in the basket which the beast knocks down, to the infinite delight of fifteen thousand spectators! Once he tossed the man in the basket, and once he put his horns in at one end and drove him out at

the other. When one bull was done with, some tame cattle were driven in, and he followed them out. Four were thus successively teazed, but a more barbarous sport followed. A wild boar was turned in to be baited. Most of the dogs were afraid to attack so formidable an enemy, and the few who had courage or folly enough were dreadfully mangled by his tusks. His boarship remained unhurt, and after maiming every dog who attacked him, was suffered to go to his den. The remainder of the entertainment consisted in turning in bullocks one at a time among the mob. They provoked the beast, and the beast bruised them; and I was glad to see that the advantage lay on the side of the most respectable brute.

What hope is there of a nation where such are the fashionable and popular amusements?

The national theatres are always crowded, but the Italian opera is very thinly attended. It is a disgrace to Europe that this absurd and abominable amusement should so generally be

encouraged; the existence of it depends upon a horrible mutilation of the human species, and whoever frequents an opera-house encourages the crime.

All the children here have their hair tied. The waistcoats are generally laced before instead of being fastened with buttons. In many parts of the country the sleeves of the coat lace on, and there are two openings left, one at the elbow and one at the bend of the arm within. We have frequently seen undressed skins used as sandals. In Leon the soles of the shoes are wood, and the *upper leathers* made of *hemp*.

Literature is reviving in Spain; the translation of Sallust, by the King's brother, made it fashionable. New editions have been published of their best poets, and the false taste that succeeded to that æra is now generally decried. I saw at Coruña a translation of Adam Smith on the Wealth of Nations. What mutilations it may have undergone I know not, but surely no mutilation can prevent such a work from

producing good in Spain. A translation of Miss Lee's Recess is advertised. Works of this nature generate a taste for reading, and till this taste becomes general, it is in vain to expect any beneficial effects from literature.

The Spaniards are most obstinately attached to their old customs. I heard of two men who left a manufactory at Guadalaxara because the Proprietor of it chose to introduce wheel-barrows. "No," they said, "they were Spaniards, and it was only fit for beasts to draw carriages!" Nor can the most evident improvements prevail upon them to deviate from their usual method. In most of the rooms here the lower half of the wall is paved with tiles like the English fire-places. An Englishman had some of these which formed a picture, but required to be ground at the edges; this the Spanish workmen would not do, "No," they said, it was "*muy impertinente*," very impertinent!

I met with an Englishman yesterday who has

been travelling in the mercantile line through Navarre and Biscay. He told me that he had found it prudent to pass as a Frenchman in those provinces: under that character he received every kindness of hospitality, whereas in his own he would have been insulted, and perhaps personally injured. The case is widely different in Galicia and Leon; but as my informer appeared to know nothing more of French principles than the common topics of abuse, I could not suspect him of having hastily adopted an opinion which he might wish to be true.*

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* On my return to England I had an American for a fellow passenger, who was in Bilboa, when the French took possession of it. Before that event happened, the shops were shut, and provisions very scarce; within six hours after the tricolor flag was hoisted, the shops were all opened, and the markets overflowing. The French soldiers were in general very young; they were compleatly angry with the Spaniards for continually running away—"Curse the fellows," they cried, "we have been hunting them these six weeks, and can never get sight of them." They behaved with great regularity. The gentleman who gave me this information lost some spoons in the first confusion; this was casually mentioned, and in a few hours the spoons were brought back.

If Carlos III. and his successor have neither of them possessed much of the wisdom of Solomon, they have shewn something like his magnificence in their public buildings. The greatest parts of the gates and fountains of this city, which are numerous and very handsome, bear their names. Why is not the elemental costume attended to in fountains? River-Gods and Tritons are in character, and even a Dolphin, ugly as it is, appropriate: but when you see a stream running out of a bear's mouth, what idea can it possibly convey but that the poor beast is labouring under the perpetual operation of Ipecacuanha? A very superb Museum is building in the Prado, and the King has sent an Englishman to South America to gather fossils for it, and specimens of minerology.

In the cloisters of the new Franciscan Convent is a very fine series of pictures, that represent the whole history of St. Francis, from his cradle to his tomb. A draftsman was employed in copying them while we were there; they deserve to be engraved, both for the real merit of the

pieces, and the nature of their subjects. It was somewhat curious to see human genius employed in perpetuating human absurdity.

To-morrow morning we leave Madrid; the Court has now preceded us ten days; they have eat every thing before them, and we ought to wait for a new generation of fowls and turkies. A journey in Spain is never an agreeable undertaking to look on to; but however we begin to know the value of bad beds and bad provisions, when we are in danger of getting none. His Majesty travels fast: three of his guards have been killed, and four seriously hurt, by galloping before his coach. They suffered less during the war.

I must not forget to give you a curious proof of Spanish ingenuity. There is a fire-place in one of the apartments of the English Ambassador: he had ordered the chimney to be swept, and coming into the room found three masons, with pick-axes, &c. preparing to make a hole in the wall!

Manuel goes on with us to Lisbon. He was taken upon trial by a barber, and kept for three days to hard shaving; at the end of which the man told him he might do very well for Oviedo, but he did not shave in the Madrid fashion! and sent him away without giving him a single maravedi for his labour!

LETTER XI.

Wednesday, Jan. 13.

At eight o'clock yesterday morning we made our escape from Madrid, and repassed the bridge of Segovia. We travel in a calessa with two mules; a carriage of the same kind, though more elegant in name and less so in appearance than an English buggey. Our larder consists of a large undressed loin of pork, two hams, and a quieso de puerco, or pork cheese, which is tolerable brawn. As we follow the Royal Family so close, we were in expectation of excellent roads, but though the roads were smoothed for them, the multitudes of their retinue have made them infinitely worse than they were before. Two leagues and a half from Madrid is Mostoles. Here we took a cold dinner, and I visited the church, which Dutens speaks of as remarkably elegant. It well repaid my visit; but the most remarkable

things there were four mirrors, each with a figure of some heathen deity ground on it. I thought Diana and Mercury odd personages to be pictured in a Catholic chapel.

We crossed a little stream called the Guadarama, by a wooden bridge which had no *Gardefou* till they erected one when his Majesty was expected to pass that way. We past through the town of Naval-carnero, and then turning out of the main road to avoid the returning retinue, concluded our day's journey of seven leagues and a half at the little village of Valmojado. The country is very uninteresting, and though well cultivated, thinly peopled. By Naval-carnero is the first olive-yard I have yet seen. The fruit is still on the trees. My nose, though of considerable valour, and now disciplined by a month's residence in Spain, is yet unable to endure the approximation of Joze Serrano, our calassero, who exhales essence of garlic hot from every pore.

The house at Valmojado is very miserable; they

had neither a cloth to wipe our hands, or a blanket to cover us. The woman appeared at least seventy. She told us she was but eight and forty, but added that she had had much trouble in her time.

We travelled two leagues this morning over a well cultivated country, without seeing either tree or house; we then past through a grove of the prickly oaks so universal in this country, and soon afterwards left the two little towns of Santa Cruz and Chrismunda close on the left. The olive plantations at Santa Cruz and the houses among them, made a lively contrast to the dreary track we left behind us; here was a stone cistern for the inhabitants to wash their linen in, supplied from the fountain. On our right lay a noble range of lofty mountains white with snow, the country below them was well wooded and extremely beautiful. We reached Maqueda at one o'clock, five leagues distant from Valmojado, which we did not leave before seven. We travel perhaps somewhat faster now than in our coach and six,

Here are the remains of a large castle, and from the eminence on which it stands is a wide prospect over an extensive plain well planted with olives and evergreen oaks. A little brook runs below the castle hill, and there is a very fine Convent about a mile distant.

Leaving this town we saw a pillar on a little hill to the right. I went up to it, and found only a round pillar of brick without any inscription. The mountains to the right and the olive trees all over the plain, made the road very pleasing, and it was more lively than usual, for they are now gathering in the olives. We passed through Santa Olalla, and made our halt for the night at the village of Bravo, after a journey of eight leagues.

We are now going to sit down to pork chops and fried onions, a pretty cool supper! but supper is our grand meal. A cup of chocolate by lamp-light is but a comfortless breakfast, and in the middle of the day we make our halt as short as possible; in order to get in early

in the evening. The want of vegetables is a serious evil. Our food is very heating, and this with the fatigue of travelling occasions a feverish thirst at night.

We are obliged to superintend the cooking ourselves, or these people would scorch the meat to a cinder. Some person asked Mambrino at Madrid, how we lived upon the road? He replied, "Very well, but the Cavaliers eat their meat almost raw."

Thursday 14, *Venta de Peralbanegas.*

We had gone nearly a mile from Bravo this morning, when the man of the house overtook us with my coat, which had been left behind. There is something very pleasant in meeting such a proof of honesty, for when we have been much accustomed to the ways of mankind, we are surprized at it as at a novelty. The road is bad and over a barren heath, from whence we descended into a large plain, and beheld the towers of Talaveyra de la Reyna, two leagues

distant. On the way we crossed the Puente del Alverca, a very long bridge, once of stone, though the greater part is now of wood; the remains of two buried arches are on the bank. We met a mule here whose hair on the rump was cut into the shape of a spread eagle.

This city was the birth-place of Mariana the historian; and it was here that Maria of Portugal disgraced a character otherwise excellent by the murder of Leonora de Guzman, the mistress of her dead husband Alfonso XI. To me it is remarkable on another account: it is the only provincial town, except Coruña, where I have seen a bookseller's shop.

I was curious enough to measure at what height from the ground they had hung their looking glasses here: it was nine feet, and as all that I have yet seen are hung equally high, we may acquit the Spanish women of vanity. In a church porch here is a large picture of St.

Christopher,* carrying Christ over the water, and a Bishop is waiting to receive him on the

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* There was a man of stature bigge, and bigge withall in minde,
For serve he would, yet one than whom he greater none might find.
He, hearing that the Emperor was in the world most great,
Came to his Court, was entertaynd, and serving him at meate,
It chanced the Divell was nam'd, whereat the Emperor him blest;
Whereas until he knew the cause, the Pagan would not rest.
But when he heard his Lord to fear the Divell his ghostly foe,
He left his service, and to seek and serve the Divell did goe:
Of Heaven or Hell, God or the Divell, he earst nor heard nor carde,
Alone he sought to serve the same that would by none be darde.
He met (who soone is met) the Divell, was entertaynd, they walke,
Till coming to a Crosse, the Divell did fearfully it balke:
The Servant, musing, questioned his Master of his feare,
One Christ, quoth he, with dread I mind when does a Crosse appeare.
Then serve thyself, the Gyant said, that Christ to serve I'll seeke:
For him he askt a Hermit, who advised him to be meeke;
By which, by Faith, & Workes of Alms would sought-for Christ be found,
And how and where to practise these he gave directions sound.
Then he that skorned his service late to greatest Potentates,
Even at a common ferry now to carry all awaites;
Thus doing long, as with a Child he over once did waide,
Under his loade midway he faints, from sinking hardly staide,
Admiring how, and asking who, was answered of the Childe,
As on his shoulders Christ he bore, by being humbly milde,
So through humilitie his soul to Christ was reconcilde.
And of his Carriage Christo-fer should thenceforth be his name.

WILLIAM WARNER.

They who did not know this curious legend of St. Christopher may be amused with it; they who knew it before were not perhaps acquainted with the manner of an old

bank. This legend reminds me of what I heard of the present King of Spain at Madrid; like

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Poet highly celebrated in his time. Warner, however, has not given the whole of the history.

St. Christopher was of the linage of Cananites, great of stature, and terrible of countenance, being twelve cubits long. The Poet has also omitted the staff with which he is always painted, by which he sustained himself in the water, bearing over all manner of people without ceasing. Now it followed on a time as he slept in his lodge, he heard the voyce of a child which called him, and said, Christopher come out, and bear me over the water; then he arose and went out, but found no body. Now when he was come againe into his lodge, he heard the same voyce crying unto him as before, at the which he runs out, but findes nobody. Againe the third time being called, he comes forth and there found a childe by the river side, which prayed him to beare him over the water. Then Christoper lifted the childe on his shoulders, and tooke his staffe and entered the water, and the water arose, and swelled up more and more, and the child grew heavier and heavier, and ever as he went further the water swelled up higher, insomuch that Christopher was in danger of drowning; but when he came over, quoth he, thou childe thou hast put me in great perill, and weighest almost as heavie as if I had carried all the world upon my backe. Quoth the childe, thou hast borne all the world upon thy back, and him that created it. I am he in this world whom thou seekest to serve, and for thy better assurance thereof, set thy staffe in the ground, and by to-morrow it shall bud and bring forth fruit; and he did so, and found

the Emperor in the story, whenever he hears the Devil mentioned, he is so terrified that he crosses himself and says his prayers.

There are many ruins about Talaveyra; we past one arch so high that a house of the common size, which was built in it, reached only three parts up. The country is highly cultivated about this town. We saw chestnuts and poplars, the first since we left the metropolis. They had cork stools at the posada, and told us the cork grew very near.

In five hours we reached this Venta de Peralbanegas, an execrable place, where our room serves as a passage to an inner one, unluckily occupied by a large party, who will certainly "murder sleep" to night. They are now at

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it accordingly, his staffe bearing flowers and dates, and being thus converted and beleeving himself, he converted thousands, and amongst many other passages of his life was at last beheaded, and his blood there split, cured those that were blind.

A Helpe to Discovrse, 1648.

supper, and actually all eating out of the frying-pan!

We set off early, and passing through a wood of ever-green oaks, beheld the town and Castle of Oropesa, on an eminence to the left. A league before us lay the little town of Torralva, half hid by olive plantations, and the snowy mountains bounded a vast and fertile plain on our right. Oropesa, with its castle, came full in view as we left Torralva; the castle belongs to the Duke of Alva. A little beyond, half way up the continued hill is Lagartina, and at some distance another small town, both surrounded with olive trees. There are stone enclosures here, the country is well cultivated, and the luxuriant appearance of the corn indicates a strong soil. From the road which now ran in a strait direction, we beheld the church of La Calzada de Oropesa, the only building of the town then visible, and apparently situated in a grove of olives; as we approached three churches appeared, and the few houses among the trees. To-day has been as hot as fine June

weather in England, to my great alarm, lest the Enemy whom I most dread, should come out of their winter quarters and begin the campaign.

We dined at La Calzada de Oropesa. Of the two women at the posada, the one has the most deformed feet I ever saw, and goes barefoot; the other appears to have lost the ball of one eye by an accident, and the socket is half empty and raw-red; yet has this horrible figure a large beauty spot. The women and children are generally barefoot, which we have not observed before.

Naval Moral is four leagues distant. The first part over a barren heath, as wearying to the eye as the roads in Cornwall; the latter through a country well wooded with ever-green oaks, and as we drew near this place, well-watered with small streams; on the left are stony hills with trees and stone enclosures. Here the scene was very beautiful. The snowy mountains were now faintly tinged by the evening sun,

and we looked over the scattered trees to the tower that marked our place of rest. In Dutens this place is called *Valparadiso*, the Vale of Paradise.

* * * * *

Twelve months afterwards I wrote the following lines from the recollections of this days journey.

RETROSPECTIVE MUSINGS,

WRITTEN

JANUARY 15, 1797.

SPAIN! still my mind delights to picture forth
Thy scenes that I shall see no more, for there
Most pleasant were my wanderings. Memory's eye
Still loves to trace the gentle Minho's course,
And catch its winding waters gleaming bright
Amid the broken distance. I review
Leon's wild wastes and heights precipitous,
Seen with strange feelings of delight and dread
As the slow mules along the perilous brink
Passed patient; and Galicia's giant rocks
And mountains clustered with the fruitful pines,
Whose heads, dark-foliaged when all else was dim,
Rose o'er the distant eminence distinct,
Cresting the evening sky. The rain falls thick,
And damp and heavy is the unwholesome air;
I by the cheerful hearth remember Spain,
And tread with Fancy once again the ways

Where, twelve months since, I travelled on, and thought
Of England, and of all my heart held dear,
And wish'd *this* day were come. The mists of morn,
I well remember, hovered o'er the heath,
When with the earliest dawn of day we left
The solitary Venta. Soon the Sun
Rose in his glory: scattered by the breeze
The thin mists roll'd away, and now emerged
We saw where Oropesa's castled hill
Towered in the dim light dark: and now we past
Torralva's quiet huts, and on our way
Paus'd frequent, and look'd back, and gazed around,
Then journeyed on, and paused, and gazed again.
It was a goodly scene. The stately pile
Of Oropesa now with all its towers
Shone in the sun-beam; half way up the hill,
Embowered in olives, like the abode of Peace,
Lay Lagartina; and the cool fresh gale
Bending the young corn on the gradual slope,
Play'd o'er its varying verdure. I beheld
A Convent near, and my heart thought that they
Who did inhabit there were holy men,
For, as they look'd around them, all they saw
Was very good.

But, when the eve came on,
How did the lovely landscape fill my heart!
The near ascent arose with little rocks
Varied, and trees: the vale was wooded well
With oaks now cheerful in their wintry leaves,
And ancient cork-trees thro' their wrinkled barks
Bursting, and the rich olive * underneath

* The olive has the remarkable property of fertilizing the soil it grows on.

Whose blessed shade the green herb greener grows
And fuller is the harvest: many a stream
That from the neighbouring hill descended clear
Wound vocal thro' the valley: the church tower
Marking the haven near of that day's toil,
Rose o'er the wood. But still the charmed eye
Dwelt lingering o'er Plasencia's fertile plain,
And loved to mark the bordering mountain's snow,
Pale purpled as the evening dim decayed.
The murmurs of the goat-herds scattered flock
Died on the quiet air, and sailing slow
The heavy stork sought on the church-tower top
His * fancy-hallowed nest. Oh pleasant scenes!
With deep delight I saw you, yet my heart
Sunk in me as the frequent thonght would rise
That here was none to love me. Often still
I think of you, and Memory's mystic power
Bids me re-live the past; and I have traced
The fleeting visions ere her mystic power
Wax weak, and on the feeble eye of Age
The faint-form'd scenes decay. Befits me now
Fix on Futurity the steady ken,
And tread with steady step the onward road.

* * * * * *

They have erected as gay an arch here as the taste of the inhabitants could devise, and their purses afford, with "*Viva Carlos* IV. *y su real familia,*" on the one side, and on the other

* The stork is held sacred in Spain.

"*Naval Moral* 1796." This is the first symptom of loyalty we have yet seen. We have heard murmurs enough, for the King's journey has impoverished the country. The measure of barley which sold for seventeen quartos before he set out, is now at twenty-four!

There are no candles in this country. A piece of cane cut with holes through it, is suspended from the roof, and from one of these holes the lamp is hung by a hook. We have seen no bolster since we left England, and alas! we have now bade adieu to the land of blankets!

I observe crosses of white lime daubed upon the houses in the neighbouring towns, and stars painted, such as boys ornament their kites with. All the asses I meet have their noses tied up in a loose net to prevent them from gnawing their saddles. Coarse nets are used behind the carriage to hold the luggage.

The pepper of all this country is red. Apollyon

could not find a better kind of nutmeg for a cool-tankard of aqua-fortis.

Garcilasso de la Vega tells us:

Siempre de nueva leche en el verano,
Y en el invierno abundo! en mi majada
La manteca y el queso esta sobrado.

———I have new milk
In summer and in winter, and my cot
Is well supplied with butter and with cheese.

I wish we had been fortunate enough to meet this gentleman on our journey!

LETTER XII.

Saturday, Jan. 16.

We entered into conversation with a countryman this morning, in a forest of ever-green oaks and cork-trees. He told us it belonged to the Friars of the Escurial; "but (said he) the people here have not ground enough for their cattle; it would be much better to give the Friars land near their own convent, and divide this among the poor in the neighbourhood." These Monks suffer the countrymen to feed their swine here, paying forty-two reales for each pig's run of two months. This is to eat what acorns fall, for they are not allowed to beat down any, however the pigs get fat by the bargain as well as the friars. The income of this estate is 200,000 reales, 2250 pounds sterling. They strip the cork-trees every third year: the trees are in general very old; we measured one that was supported by props and found the girth thirty feet.

The wild boars who inhabit this forest, and the tame swine who are admitted there to board and lodging, have not injured it: even the Monks appear to respect its age and beauty, and satisfied with regularly stripping the bark, suffer the old trees to remain venerably picturesque. But we are now following the Court closely, and never did I witness a more melancholy scene of devastation! His Most Catholic Majesty travels like the King of the Gypsies: his retinue strip the country, without paying for any thing, sleep in the woods, and burn down the trees. We found many of them yet burning: the hollow of a fine old cork-tree served as a fire-place. The neighbouring trees were destroyed for fuel, and were a brisk wind even now to spring up, the forest might be in flames. Mules, and horses, and asses lie dead along the road, and though they do not cry aloud in our ears against the barbarity of thus destroying them by excessive fatigue, yet they address themselves strongly to another sense. The King is fond of inscriptions. Not a ditch along the road has been bridged without an

inscription beginning, "*Reinando Carlos* IV." I feel very much inclined to indulge in a placard upon one of the mutilated old trees. His Majesty's travelling exploits would have furnished an excellent inscription for such a monument of his journey.

Every house which the King has ever honoured by his presence, is distinguished by a chain hung over the door.

Leaving the forest we entered upon a swampy plain, where, as Dutens says, the road became truly detestable. It is a stage of three hours and a half to Almaraz, a singular little town, where the houses seem built for pigmies and the church for Patagonians. Less than a league distant runs the Tagus, crossed by a noble bridge of two arches. On the bridge are the remains of a house; all we can read of the inscription told us it was made by the city of Plasencia,* under Charles V. We are now at

* Ponz gives the inscription and dimensions of the bridge. "Esta puente hizo la ciudad de Plasencia ano de 1552.

the Venta Nueva, within a quarter of a mile of the bridge, one of our mules is ill, and here we are detained.

This is a very large house with very vile accommodations. The covered space through which we enter, where the Calessa stands, and where the Carriers sleep among their baggage, is seventy feet by twenty-five. My bedstead is supported by sticks from which the bark has never been stripped. The beds are bad, and the Court have dirted all their linen. Here is a print of St. Iago on horseback, most apostolically cleaving down a Turk.

The King is at Merida to-day, within three days journey. Our Calassero says, he had rather return to Madrid than be embargoed,

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Reynando en Espana la Magestad Cesarea de Carlos V. Emperador. Fue maestro Pedro de Uria."

One arch is 150½ wide, and 69 in height; the other 119.66. The bridge is 580 feet long, and some little more than 25 wide. Like most of the Spanish bridges this is perfectly flat.

and wishes to take us two-days journey round. The only bye-way however must be by the paths among the mountains that the smugglers use, where the carriage would probably be broken. Of the two evils embargoing is the least, and we must take our chance.

Sunday, 17th.

Soon after quitting Venta Nueva, we ascended the mountain of Miraveti, an ascent as Clerk says, long, and winding, and difficult, but now no longer dangerous. On the other side lay a wooded wild, and we then entered upon a new kind of road: it lay through a wilderness of broom and heath, and gum cistus, that gave a rich balsamic scent in the heat of the sun. The stage to Jarayzejo is three leagues, something more than four hours journey. The hostess here told us that the expences of the King's retinue at her house, amounted to above a thousand reales, of which she had not received one: The poor woman cried as she told us. His Majesty and his retinue have burnt the trees, cut up the roads, dirted the linen, and devoured the provision. If there had been any

game laws in Spain we must have been starved; but luckily game is plenty, and as his Majesty could not destroy this at an hour's notice, we are in no want. They sold us at this place two rabbits, a hare, and four partridges for a dollar. The violets are in blossom now, and the sun so hot that we met a man riding without coat or waistcoat, his shirt open, and his sleeves tucked up, a cool undress for January.

The Altar of the Sacrament (*Ara de Santissimo Sacramento*) valued at sixty reales, is to be let by auction here. Jarayzejo is a very small town, and its appearance very singular. You enter the main street which will barely permit a carriage to pass. There are the ruins of a large mansion-house, from which the capital of a pillar varying from Ionic is used as a seat in the posada kitchen. Truxillo is visible on an eminence five leagues distant, from the hill behind the town.

We set off before two, and soon reached what in Clarke's time was a very dangerous pass of

a mountain: now the descent is made less and perfectly safe. Hence we beheld the opposite hill very well wooded, and a river running between. The bridge we crossed is a very singular one of nine arches; three first and then a buttress sloping so gradually as to be left open to the bridge, and form a road to a little island in the stream. In the forest is a palace belonging to the Marquis de Conquista, and we saw a species of bird very numerous which we had never seen before: it is about the size of a blackbird, the head black, the breast buff, and the other parts grey, with a long tail.

"We see the things we aim at, as travellers do towns in hilly countries; we judge them near, at the eye's end, because we see not the valleys and the brooks that interpose." The circuitous approach to Truxillo reminded me of Owen Feltham's simile. We reached the town about seven, it must have been once a place of considerable strength: Julius Cæsar is said to have built the castle; and Francisco Pizarro was

born here. Few towns have been polluted by the presence of two such eminent and execrable villains.

Our fathers have left us a rich inheritance, they have left us their experience; it has been accumulating from the creation of the world, and every day adds to the mass of knowledge. The voice of Reason speaks to us from the sepulchre of Ages, and bids us make their errors our wisdom. But the book of history is placed on the shelf of the student, and he is left to make those inferences in his study which should be forced upon the eyes of the public. Every spot that has been consecrated by a good action, or rendered notorious by being the scene of villainy should be marked out, that the traveller reflecting on the past, might learn a lesson for the future. Not a church in England has been white-washed, in which the Churchwarden of the year has not inscribed his name; not an old woman has left twenty shillings for a sermon, and half a crown for the clerk, without being registered among the

parish benefactors: yet there is no column in Smithfield where so many good men endured martyrdom for their religion, and where the King and the Subject might alike be instructed by the life and the murder of Wat Tyler.

The birth-place of Pizarro suggested these thoughts, and though the Spaniards have erected no monument to render the memory of this villain useful, you who follow me there shall see what I would wish to have engraved on marble.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN

AT

TRUXILLO.

Pizarro here was born: a greater name
The list of Glory boasts not. Toil and Want,
And Danger, never from his course deterred
This daring soldier: many a fight he won,
He slaughtered thousands, he subdued a rich
And ample realm; such were PIZARRO's deeds,
And Wealth, and Power, and Fame were his rewards
Among mankind. There is another World.
Oh Reader! if you earn your daily bread
By daily labour, if your lot be low,
And hard and wretched, thank the gracious GOD
Who made you, that you are not such as he!

This part of the country is very much infested by banditti. A friend of Ponz counted twenty-eight monumental crosses within a sling's throw, on the Puerto de Serrana, between Plasencia and Truxillo. It was on this road that they carried off some treasure of the King last year, some of this party, however, were taken, and now the soldiery keep the roads clear.

Plasencia, which lies not far to our right, was the memorable retreat where Charles V. after living like a rogue, retired to die like a fool.*

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* Cesar Oudin has preserved a curious epitaph on this Emperor:

Hic jacet intus
Carolus Quintus;
Vos qui transitis per ibi
Orate pro sibi,
Et si estis mille
Orate pro ille,
Et dicite bis aut ter
Ave Maria & Pater-noster.

Among the Poems of the Conde de Villamediana, Juan de Tarsis is the following Sonnet on the retirement of Charles.

The inhabitants say that the fertility of the country round Plasencia has been greatly dimi-

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Cæsar, despues que a la Francesa gente
Quebranto la cerviz nunca domada,
Y de la gran Germania rebelada
Vitorioso triunfo gloriosamente,
Y despues que las armas del Oriente
Deshizo como el Sol niebla cerrada,
El sacro cetro, y la invencible espada
Entrego al hijo con serena frente,
Y como el fuerte Alcides, estando
Purgado el mundo de mil monstruos fieros
Y del fuego qual fenix se alzo a buelo;
Tal el animo heroico despreciando
Reinos brevos por reynos verdaderos,
Vencedor de si mismo, bolo al cielo.

When the great Charles had quelled the Gallic pride,
That never conqueror knew till he arose,
And in the German fields, then blood-bedied,
Victorious triumphed o'er his rebel foes,
When he the eastern force had scattered wide,
Like morning mists before the rising Lord
Of day; he gave contented to his son
The sacred sceptre and resistless sword;
And with calm courage, and so self-subdued
As when Alcides, all his labours done
And Earth delivered from her monster brood,
Lay phœnix-like amid the flames, he view'd
Earth's fleeting powers and crowns with just disdain,
And left the world for Heaven's eternal reign.

nished since the great earthquake in 1755. Ponz relates a curious tale of one of the inhabitants, which I will give you with his own introduction.

" Father Luis de la Cerda, in the sixth book of his commentaries on Virgil, adds the following account to his note upon " *Ausus se credere Cœlo.*" " A certain Spaniard had fled to the church asylum at Plasencia, as usual, for fear of the secular power. When he wished to depart, he fitted wings to his shoulders, and from the topmost tower trusting himself to the air, fled over the whole city, and fell far from the walls, wearied with the agitation of his frame. The place of his fall is now shown, and the eyes of all the Plasencians who beheld the man are witnesses of the fact."

" This account was printed and published in 1610, and it is related as a well known fact, which could not have happened long ago, for the Author appeals to ocular testimony. It is not probable that the penetrating judgment of

Father Luis de la Cerda could have been deceived by a fable, and the tradition is still common in Plasencia, although with some little difference in the mode of relating it.

" An old man of sufficient authority, who had collected many ancient papers, told me that this Plasencian Dedalus, in order to make his escape, determined on two things. To eat little that he might grow light, and that all his food should be birds, which he had brought to him with their feathers on: he then weighed the body of the bird without its plumes, and afterwards the feathers, and comparing the weight of the hen, the partridge, &c. with that of the feathers, he calculated that four ounces of feathers were necessary to support two pounds of flesh: from this calculation he discovered what weight of feathers were sufficient to support him in the air, and fixing them with a certain cement to his feet, his head, his arms, and all the extremities of his body, he took two wings in his hands as it were to row with: thus fledged he committed himself to the air, and after passing

over the city, fell headlong and was dashed to pieces.

" They who recorded this tale do not relate in what year it happened, what this new bird was called, or in what nest he was hatched."

The* country round about Plasencia is described by the Spanish poets, and by their poetical historians, as the Elysian fields of the ancients; and certain it is that this spot, like almost all other spots in similar situations, is remarkable for its fertility, its varied ground, and its romantic and beautiful scenery. Mountains, covered with snow during the greatest part of the year, rise to the North and North-West of it, and shelter it from the coldest and most tempestuous winds that prevail in this climate. They give it the aspect the most favourable for vegetation, and

* For the remaining part of this letter I am obliged to a friend, of whose knowledge of these countries I wish I could more frequently have availed myself.

at the same time furnish it with an abundance of water, and a continual supply of fresh soil: circumstances these which render this favoured little district so infinitely beyond the extensive plains of Castile and Leon in point of fertility. For those plains, though consisting in many parts of a soil naturally very rich, are scarcely capable of cultivation, being from continued rains a perfect slough in winter, and from a want of springs entirely parched up in summer. Travellers in general attribute to the indolence of the Spaniards and Portugueze that neglect of cultivation apparent throughout their respective countries, which is probably the effect of this natural cause. In every place situated like the district of Plasencia, the land is as highly improved as perhaps in any other part of Europe; witness the luxuriant state of Valencia in Spain, Colares, Cintra, and the environs of Setuval in Portugal.

A few leagues above Plasencia, near the highest part of that immense chain of mountains which run through Portugal, and precisely where they

send off the branch which divides the two Castiles, is a valley three or four miles in length, tremendously deep, and so narrow that it is not wider, a very few parts of it excepted, than the stream which runs through it, and gives it the name of Batuecas. The sun scarcely visits it in winter, and the only place by which it is accessible is where the stream has worked its way out; in every other part it is closed in by rocks. Where the rains and winter torrents have worn their course from the sides to the bottom of this glen or valley, frequent chasms are seen, not unlike those which are said to be so fatal to the Chamois hunters in Switzerland. Caves and caverns are in every part formed either by the detached fragments of the mountain, or by the rains washing away the earth from beneath, and leaving the rocks in their original position; and these are found placed in such a variety, and frequently in such regularity of forms, that they appear at a distance the works of art. They are in general rectangular, as perpendicular as the walls of a house, and sometimes so abruptly broken on the summit

as to resemble buildings in ruins. One in particular has its towers, its turrets, its buttresses, its arches, its portal, and every circumstance that can impose on you the idea of a Castle, which from its inaccessible situation you must conclude to have been erected there by enchantment. It bears the name of the Sepulchre of Don Sebastian.

Immediately below this castle in the air, and opposite to it, is situated a convent of Carmelite friars, the sole inhabitants of the place. When this convent was founded, the valley, or as it is called, the Desart of Batuecas, was said to be possessed by a people who were heathens, magicians, and spoke a language which none but themselves could understand. The fact is, this secluded spot afforded such a secure retreat for birds and beasts of prey, and all kind of venomous reptiles, and was so infested by them, that the cattle, sheep and goats, of the neighbouring villages were sure to become a prey to some or other of them, whenever by the carelessness of their keepers they were suffered to stray near it.

These fellows to screen themselves, invented these stories, which were no sooner made known than generally received and believed. When the public attention was directed to this part of Spain by the retreat of Charles V. and these stories came to be circulated beyond the district where they were invented, the Carmelites, judging it would impress the world with a high idea of the sanctity of their order if they purged this detested spot, ventured to establish themselves in it,* and to attack the magicians in these their strong holds. As it was their interest however, and as political reasons afterwards made it necessary, that the stories of devils, witches, apparitions and enchantments should still be believed, they were never called in queſtion till a hundred years ‡ afterwards. And indeed they were notwithstanding so far credited, that Feyjoo, to whom the Ladies are so much obliged, was induced even in the present century to take up his pen and ridicule the absurdity of them.

* In 1599.

‡ By P. Thomas Gonzales Manuel of Alberca. 1693.

I think I have discovered in this dismal spot, the place where the unfortunate Sebaſtian was confined and finished his days.

The name given to the rock in front of the Convent, the stories calculated to deter people from viſiting the place, invented in Philip II's. reign, and not contradicted till a hundred years afterwards, the time* of founding the convent, the appearance of D. Sebastian† at Venice, and his consequent imprisonment in Spain, all tend to prove it.

The only circumstance which tends to destroy this hypothesis is, the improbability that the Spaniards should chuse to confine him so near his own kingdom. But this perhaps may be obviated by the difficulty of access, and consequently the difficulty of escape. The entrance, or pass of the desert, was easily guarded, and the approach to the convent is to this day secured

* 1599. † 1598.

by the river, inclosures, gates, every thing that still gives it the air of a prison; add to this that the frontier towns of Portugal, not only in the neighbourhood, but throughout the kingdom, were more strictly watched and better guarded than any other.

Should this conjecture be true, it will appear not a little extraordinary that two such personages as Charles V. and D. Sebastian should have inhabited places so near to each other, and almost at the same period of time, which few people, either before or since, have ever thought it worth their while to visit.

Could I fully persuade myself that D. Sebastian lived here, that secluded from the world for a number of years, and those solely spent in acts of devotion, he might have become so far reconciled to his fate, as to give up every idea of reclaiming his rights, partly from the impossibility of succeeding in the attempt, and partly from principles of religion and humanity. I could easily believe an anecdote given by a

very grave historian, on the authority of John IV. to be strictly and literally true. At least the circumstances I have mentioned, and the vicinity of Villa-Viçosa and Batuecas conspire to render it extremely probable.

John IV. told his favourite the Duke of Cadaval, that when he was a lad, (he was born in 1604) his father, D. Theodosius 2d. Duke of Braganza, had a custom frequently of shutting himself up in a private apartment of his palace at Villa Viçosa, and giving strict orders not to be disturbed by any person, or on any pretence whatever. That once he had the curiosity to peep through the key-hole or crevice of the door, in order to discover what his father upon those occasions could be doing, and to his great surprize, he observed him kneeling, whilst a venerable looking old man was sitting before him. "If," says the historian, "the unfortunate Sebastian escaped from battle, which is not very improbable, this must have been he, conferring with the Duke about the recovery of Portugal; if he did not, this must have been

some saint, that by divine permission, was suffered to visit him." Which alternative is the most credible?

This fact related by John IV. the Duke of Cadaval communicated to Caet. de Sousa, and it was published by him in his Hist. Geneal. da Caza Real. Vol. 6, p. 554. It happened when Sebastian, if he were alive, must have been about seventy years of age, and consequently in figure and appearance, must have very much resembled the person here described.

LETTER XIII.

Monday, Jan. 18.

At Truxillo we once more saw English plates; but we could procure no kind of provision there, not even an egg—the Court had demolished all. The common earthern pitchers are better turned, and apparently of better materials than any I have seen in England. The town formed a fine object as we looked back upon it; the ruins of many outworks are visible; the ground is rocky, and broom grows among the stones luxuriantly in blossom. It soon became swampy, and presented to the eye as drear a prospect as the roads in Cornwall. We passed by the mountain of Santa Cruz, which we had seen yesterday ten leagues distant from the Puerto de Mireveti. It is the boldest mass I ever saw of abrupt rocks interspersed with cultivated spots and olive yards; at the bottom is a village with a convent.

As we entered the village Puerto de Santa Cruz, where we dined, the people came round us to know if we were the Cavaliers come to pay the King's debts. Here we bought a very favourite, and indeed a very excellent dish of the Spaniards; it is lean pork highly seasoned with garlic, and steeped in red wine. The entrance to the inclosures here is by a doorway in the wall covered with a large stone and half filled up with stones. So fond are these people of ornaments that an old woman here who would make Sycorax lovely by comparison, is decorated with ear-rings and a necklace.

The storks* build their nests on almost all the

* Saavedra has chosen this for his 25th emblem. "The stork (he says) defends her nest by building it upon the tower of a church, and her young are secured by the holiness of the place. The Prince who shall build his monarchy upon the triangular stone of the church, will establish it firm and secure." He exults in the piety of the Kings of Spain, who have founded more than seventy thousand churches in that kingdom; for King James I. of Arragon alone built a thousand, all dedicated to the immaculate Virgin Mary, for which he was rewarded in his life with the conquests that he made, and the victories

churches. This bird is held sacred here, and no Spaniard will molest it. It is pleasant to find one prejudice on the side of humanity!

If the King of Spain have one solitary spark of sense or humanity, he must be seriously grieved to behold the wretched state of his dominions. Fancy cannot conceive a more delightful climate. Here is wine to gladden the heart of man, corn to support him, and oil to make him of a cheerful countenance. When the Moors possessed Estremadura this whole province was like a well-cultivated garden; at present the population, as given by Ponz, is only one hundred thousand inhabitants, though the province is two hundred miles in length, and a hundred and sixty wide. As a cause for this melancholy depopulation he says, that the pestilence of

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that he gained, fighting thirty-three battles, and being victorious in all. These edifices were religious colonies not less powerful than armies with their spiritual weapons, for artillery makes not so great a breach as prayer.

Idea de un Principe & Politico Christiana; representada en cien empresas, por Don *Diego de Saavedra Faxardo.*

1348 destroyed two-thirds of the people of Spain, in consequence vast tracts of land were left uncultivated, and thus a slovenly and Tartar-like system of pasturage* was introduced. This extravagant system is still pursued on account of its effect, real or supposed, in rendering the wool fine. Count Florida Blanca has in one of his publications ably shown the

* "By laying of lands used in tilth to pasture, six maine inconveniences do daily increase. 1. Idleness, which is the ground and beginning of all mischiefs. 2. Depopulation and decay of townes; for where in some townes two hundred persons were occupied, and lived by their lawful labours, by converting of tillage into pasture, there have beene maintained but two or three heardsmen; and where men have been accounted sheepe of God's pasture, now become sheepe men of these pastures. 3. Husbandry, which is one of the greatest commodities of the realme, is decayed. 4. Churches are destroyed, and the service of God neglected by diminution of church livings, as by decay of tythes, &c. 5. Injury and wrong is done to patrons and God's ministers. And 6. the defence of the land against forraine enemies is enfeebled and impaired, the bodies of husbandmen being more strong and able, and patient of cold, heat and hunger, than of any other.

The two consequents that follow of these inconveniencies, are, first, the displeasure of Almighty God, and secondly, the subversion of the polity and good government of the realm. *Coke.*

folly of producing wool at such expence for foreign manufactories, instead of the coarser kind fit for their own.

We travel leagues without seeing a village, and when we find one, it consists of such sties as are fit only for the pig part of the family. As for the towns it is not possible to give an Englishman ideas of their extreme poverty and wretchedness. You may conceive the state of the kingdom by this circumstance, we have now travelled six hundred miles without ever seeing one new house or one single one.

It is the policy of the Court here and in Portugal, to lead the nobility into expences, and thus, by making them needy, to render them dependant on the Crown for places and pensions. Thus is this order of men, an order seldom too zealous in the cause of reformation, completely secured. The clergy * are the

* Autant que le pouvoir du Clergé est dangereux dans une Republique, autant est-il convenable dans une Monarchie; sur tout dans celles qui vont au Despotisme. On en seroient l'Espagne & le Portugal depuis la perte de leurs

sworn enemies of all innovation: they among them who believe what they profess must be narrow-minded bigots, and they who profess what they do not believe must be bad men; the one cannot instruct, and the other will not. They must be vicious because they are condemned to celibacy, for it is criminal in

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Loix, sans ce pouvoir que arrête seul la Puissance arbitraire? barriere toujours bonne lorsqu'il n'y en a point d'autre: car comme le Despotisme cause a la nature humaine des maux effroyables, le mal même qui le limite est un bien.

Montesquieu.

This is not true. On the contrary, it is the power of the Clergy that has occasioned the most atrocious cruelties, and the most impolitic measures in Spain and Portugal, and which still continues to keep them enslaved. The expulsion of the Moriscoes, and the proscription of the Jews originated in the influence of the Priesthood. To the effects of the Inquisition the worst parts of their national character may be traced. "By this tribunal (says Robinson) a visible change was wrought in the temper of the people, and reserve, distrust, and jealousy became the distinguishing characteristics of a Spaniard. It perpetuated and confirmed the reign of ignorance and superstition. It inflamed the rage of religious bigotry, and by the cruel spectacles to which, in the execution of its decrees, it familiarized the people, it nourished in them that ferocious spirit, which, in the Netherlands and America they manifested by deeds that have fixed an everlasting reproach on the Spanish character." *Ecclesiastical Researches.*

them to indulge human affections, and if they do not indulge them, all the milk of human kindness in their hearts will turn sour. Where is Reformation to begin? All ranks are abandoned here, because all ranks are ignorant. But before every man can be virtuous and happy, the Tree of Knowledge must grow in every man's garden.

"I laugh at systems (says our friend P. H.) when I consider how long the pulpit has existed to teach duty, and the gallows to enforce it, and then see the enormous mass of wickedness which the one never glances at and the other cannot punish;" and the wisest way is to laugh at them: it is folly to grieve for what we cannot amend, and as for amending the world, Society is an Ass that will kick the man who attempts to ease it of its burthen.

Tuesday 19.

We slept at Miajadas last night; the King has a palace there, and we visited the ruins of a castle and of a noble church. The town is

three leagues from the Puerto de Santa Cruz. The first part over a barren and stony country, then thinly planted with prickly oaks, and corn growing between the trees, now of the most grateful verdure. About half way is a bridge over a little rivulet; at the one end is an ascent of above an hundred yards by a raised road; at the other so abrupt a turn as literally to form a right angle; so excellently are things contrived in Spain: had the bridge been built about a quarter of a mile higher up, the ascent and turn might have been avoided, and the road shortened. The country about Miajadas is uncultivated, and from the hill above the town we looked over a large and swampy plain bounded by mountains. Here as usual we were entertained with complaints of the Court. The girl told us that the King's train had broken five glasses there in one evening. "And did they pay for them?" "Pay for them! the cursed gang! not a maravedi."—The room we were in was arched like a cellar, and we descended two steps to enter it: it was so damp that I concluded any vermin that had acci-

dentally dropt there must have caught cold and died of an asthma. I was lamentably mistaken.

We have been seven hours travelling twenty miles this morning, over a rich but uncultivated country. We past only a solitary post-house, by which we saw the first orange trees, and in the wood adjoining saw for the first time myrtle. We have suffered to-day for Manuel's ungovernable appetite; our hashed hare was swinging under the calessa, ready to be warmed for dinner; we could procure no cork to stop the pitcher it was in, and had therefore cut a small loaf of bread to answer the purpose. On the road Manuel eat the cork, and when the dinner hour arrived, we found the splashing of the road had spoilt our stew, at least for English palates, for Manuel has no prejudices of this kind. We dined at San Pedro, a poor and miserable village: the room was roofed with canes, and the glasses hung on a cane slit at proper distances, and suspended in the room. The hostess there had just made some puffs, and begged me to eat one with so much real

civility, that had they been the vilest composition of Spanish filth, I could not have refused; it was only paste seasoned with anis. She has a daughter about twelve years of age, a beautiful girl with a placid and melancholy countenance that seems to deserve a better fate.

We went one league over a thinly wooded track, and then leaving the village of Truxillano on the right, proceeded one league farther over an open and cultivated country to Merida. About two hundred yards before the town is an aqueduct; we passed under it, and immediately under another arch of an ancient ruin. What we could see of the town by moonlight made us regret our so late arrival. The King is at Badajos, only nine leagues distant. His retinue have not yet left Merida, and we were very fortunate in getting a room here, wretched as it is.

I wish some sudden business would recall the King immediately to Madrid, that he might find what kind of roads his subjects were

obliged to travel, every bone in his body would ache before he got half way. They were levelled for his journey, and every person obliged to whitewash the front of his house, that his Majesty might witness the cleanliness of his subjects.

The cultivation of this country is very slovenly. They leave the broom standing, and sow corn round it.

We had a woodcock for supper, which we trussed ourselves. This did not satisfy the old woman of the house; to our utter disappointment she brought up the poor bird sprawling, told us we had forgot to cut off the rump and draw it, and then poked her finger in to shew us how clean the inside was.

During his Majesty's stay at Merida he killed innumerable patridges, six wolves, and a wild cat.

Wednesday 20.

We crossed the Guadiana by a very long bridge;* there is a castle on the bank, and the ruins of some works in a little island. The

* I transcribe the inscription on the bridge from Ponz. "Tecum sum, et flumina non operient te. Isaiæ XLIII. Deo mundi Architecto sapientis. et Christo Jesus restauratori efficaciss. ac Pontifici æterno, tuæq. Eulalia Virgo, & Martyr sanctissima tutelæ, Emerita Augus. Pontem a vetustate et fluminis injuriis, labe, fæditate, diruptionibus vindicatum, et in pristinum splendorem ampliatis operibus restitutum, dicat commendat. Ex autoritate et providentia Philippi III. Hispaniar. Regis Catholici, piissimi atque invictiss. D. N. Clementiss. Joann. Thomas Fabarius Vc. e militia sacra S. Jacobi. Commendatarius Huelmi præfecit, Emerita opus curavit, probavit. an MDCX e pecunia collata ab urbibus oppidisque intra lapidem C. C.

On the left side of the tablet;

Por mandado y comision de la Magestad Catolica de D. Phelipe III. Rey de Espana y de las Indias, N. S. D. Juan Thomas Fabaro Comendador de Huelamo de la orden de Santiago y Gobernador de Merida reparo con acrecentamiento de firmeza y hermosura esta puente, que estaba en la mayor parte arruinada, y rota por su antiguedad y por les crecientes del rio, ano de MDCX. Hizose esta obra a costa de la ciudad de Merida, y contribucion de las demas ciudades y lugares que estan dentro de cincuenta leguas.

Ponz says the marble cannot be believed, for it is easily

road for three leagues lay over an uninteresting plain, though fertile and well-peopled. We then kept under a range of hills for another league, and beheld the river watering the plain till we ascended to this miserable village Lobon: a small ruin, on a broken and rocky hill, and the church situate among olive trees, were the only buildings visible as we approached. Here I was curious enough to measure the chairs and the tables, which have for some days been equally low. The back of the chair is two feet eight, the height of the table two feet one.

The Marquis de Conquista passed us on the

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seen that not a sixth part of the bridge was repaired.

Merida, Emerita Augusta, was once the capital of Lusitania, and a Metropolitan city. It was built by Augustus as a colony for the soldiers who had served him well against the Cantabrians, Asturians, and Lusitanians. A. U. C. 726. AC. 28. St. Eulalia, a child of twelve years of age, the pupil of Donatus, a Priest, was martyred here in company with St. Julian and six men, by Calpurnian, Lieutenant of Dacien. Prudentius has celebrated her, and given a long and lively picture of her torments in a hymn.

road, escorting the Camaressa of the Queen to the Court, a beautiful woman who had been detained by indisposition at his seat near Truxillo. Two men rode by the coach singing to her as she went along. This made the road cheerful and agreeable, but alas! we suffered for it at night!

Descended from Lobon we skirted the plain for two leagues to Talaveruela, a large and miserable place. Here the Marquis had pre-occupied the house, and we could only procure a most deplorable room, with a hole above the roof to admit light as if up a chimney. It was long before we could procure chairs or table. Here we dressed ourselves to pass the Courts and Custom-houses to morrow, and a most curious scene did our dressing-room exhibit: it was not possible to procure a looking-glass to shave by! They spread beds for us on mats upon the floor. The roof was of cane, and the rats runnng over it in the night shook down the dirt on our heads. I lay awake the whole night killing the muskitoes as they settled on my face, while the in-

habitants of the bed entertained themselves so merrily at my expence, that Sangrado himself would have been satisfied with the bleeding I underwent.

We travelled two leagues over a flat and unpleasant country, which, Colmenar says, is sometimes so infested by grasshoppers that the King is obliged to send a body of men to burn them. Badajos, the frontier town, then appeared at the distance of a league, with its fort; and three leagues beyond, the Portuguese town of Elvas, and fort La Lippe. A regiment of cavalry is encamped under the walls: the men indeed are in tents, but the horses have no shelter; and the rains are daily expected. At every gate of the fortifications we were examined, and delay to us was not only unpleasant but dangerous, lest the calessa should be embargoed. We drove to the Custom-house, and if ever I were to write a mock heroic descent to the infernal regions, I would not forget to make the adventurer pass through one of these agreeable establishments. There is a heavy and oppressive duty laid on

money here; a traveller will of course carry as little Spanish gold into Portugal as possible, for it is of no use to him on the road, and he will lose thirty per cent. by the exchange; even the necessary expences are not allowed. The town is full of horses and carriages, for which there is no shelter. We drove through the town immediately, and left the place by a very fine bridge over the Guadiana.

About a league beyond runs a rivulet that separates the two kingdoms. The royal tent of Portugal is pitched on the bank, and a wooden bridge built for the meeting exactly where carriages used to ford the stream. But vulgar wheels must not profane the bridge which shall be trod by the hoofs of their sacred Majesties horses! and we were obliged to pass the water where it was so deep as to wet our baggage.

Here all was gaiety, and glad to have escaped from Spain, we partook of the gaiety of the scene. Booths were erected: the courtiers passing from one town to the other, and crowds

from both thronging to see the royal tent. Yet even here when the two Courts are about to meet on such very uncommon terms of friendship, the national prejudices are evident. Manuel bought some oranges for us, he was within ten yards of Spain, and you may conceive his astonishment when they abused him for being a Spaniard.

Our hurry at Badajos allowed us no time to dine: here we fell to our brawn and bread and cheese, with the comfortable feeling of being near home. My uncle entered into conversation with a Portugueze officer who wished himself a general that he might have the pleasure of giving no quarter to the French: "Cruel dogs, said he, to make war upon the Church! Look at this bridge, he cried, each nation built half, but I need not tell you which half the Portugueze built: they do every thing well! so strong, so durable! it will last for ever! As for the Spanish part (and he lifted up his eyebrows as he spoke) the first rain will sweep it away*!" The

* And in reality the first rains swept away both parts.

Spaniards are not inferior in rhodomontade and national prejudices; one of them after passing through the tent, which contains a suite of eight handsome rooms, beside the bed chambers, turned round with a sneer, "We have better apartments for the pigs in Spain!" No passion makes a man a liar so easily as Vanity.

The day darkened as we approached Elvas, and evidently betokened a wet night. We knew how crowded the town must be, and thought with no comfortable anticipation on the difficulty of obtaining a lodging for the night. The approach to Elvas is by an ascent between plantations of olives, almond trees in blossom, and orange trees laden with fruit. The Iris blossomed on the banks. We were examined at the gates, and passed a second time through the Purgatory of the Custom-house. Here my uncle left me to open the baggage, and in a short time returned with the Colonel of one of the Portugueze regiments, an Englishman.

LETTER XIV.

Friday, Jan. 22.

Colonel M. procured us a room in the house where he himself lodged, and we enjoyed the novelty of tea and toast and butter. Some of the Portugueze nobility dropped in in the evening. The conversation turned upon the Spanish Court, and it was remarked that the Queen of Spain had her Cortejo with her. Yes, it was replied, and a certain noble family accompanies the Court, because you know the King cannot do without a wife.

The night was very tempestuous; the doors and windows were like Mr. Shandy's, and clattered with the wind. We breakfasted early, and left Elvas in a wet morning. Fort La Lippe, which is deemed impregnable, lies on a high hill, to the North. We passed under a very fine aqueduct of four rows of arches. The country is beautifully varied, but we were

obliged to let down the apron of the calessa, and could only walk between the storms. Villa Vizosa, the royal seat of Braganza, lay to the left. In five hours and a half we reached the Venta de Ponte; on the way I saw a hedge, and a curious one, for it was made of the gum cestus placed with the roots upwards! The different state of the two countries was soon visible. We frequently saw single farm houses, and past a Quinta, or gentleman's house, the garden of which was planted in clumps in the English style.

At the Venta de Ponte was a friar about eighteen years of age, one of the finest young men I ever saw. He enquired if we were Frenchmen, and on our answer said, "Ah! I like the English." "Would you not have said the same if we had been French?" said my companion. "Yes," he replied, "I like the French very well, but I hate the Spaniards;" and turning round to Manuel, he asked him what countryman he was: Manuel began to answer, but the friar stopt him, "Enough! by the sound of the guitar we know what instrument it is."

"You are eating meat," said he; "I must fast to-day—not because the Scripture tells me to, but because the Church commands me." "You live very well in your convent?" He shook his head. "I am much more comfortable at home." He was on a visit to his friends, and had stopt here after a morning walk.

We got a wood-pigeon, a rabbit, and a hare at this place, with some birds unknown in England. The priest of the parish shot them, and sent them to the Venta to sell; and if his fraternity were never worse employed, I should have little objection to the establishment.

If Anaximander had travelled the two leagues from this place to Estremos, he would have thought pounding in a mortar comfortable by comparison. The best apartment here is occupied, and we are in a lumber room, where an old chest serves us as a table. There is a picture here of a sick man in bed, and the Virgin in the air praying for him. The inscription says that our Lady saved the life of Antonio Sardinho, in 1761.

Saturday 23.

When at morn, the muleteer,
With early call, announces day,
Sorrowing that early call I hear
That scares the visions of delight away.
For dear to me the silent hour
When SLEEP exerts its wizard power;
For busy FANCY then let free,
Borne on the wings of HOPE, my EDITH flies to thee.

When the slant sun-beams crest
The mountains shadowy breast;
When on the upland slope
Shines the green myrtle wet with morning dew,
And lovely as the youthful dreams of HOPE,
The dim-seen landscape opens on the view;
I gaze around with raptur'd eyes
On Nature's charms where no illusion lies,
And drop the joy and memory-mingled tear,
And sigh to think that EDITH is not here!

At the cool hour of Even,
When all is calm and still,
And o'er the western hill
A richer radiance robes the mellowed heaven;
Absorb'd in darkness thence,
When slowly fades in night,
The dim-decaying light,
Like the bright day-dreams of BENEVOLENCE!
Fatigued, and sad, and slow,
Along my lonely way I go,
And muse upon the distant day,
And sigh, remembering EDITH far away.

When late arriving at our inn of rest,
Whose roof exposed to many a winter sky,
Half shelters from the wind the shiv'ring guest;
By the pale lamp's dreary gloom
I mark the miserable room,
And gaze with angry eye
On the hard lot of honest Poverty,
And sickening at the monster brood
Who fill with wretchedness a world so good,
Wish, sepulchred in some secluded glen,
To dwell with PEACE and EDITH, far from men.

The fortifications of Estremos are out of repair, and the whole town bears the marks of decay. The contemplation of a fallen country is very melancholy; it is seldom that either individuals or nations become wiser from misfortune. The head ache of the morning does not prevent the drunkard from intoxicating himself at night: the experience of ages has not yet prevented the governors of mankind from pursuing their usual career of folly and guilt.

The day has been wet, and we travelled with our dead lights *down* the three leagues to Venda do Duque. In this part of the country there is very fine timber; and we were surprised to find a chimney in the sitting room here. The

people make use of a hollow cane instead of a bellows. The stools and the cradle are of cork. The Portugueze spits are very small, with four legs at the handle; the other end rests upon some piece of fuel while the meat roasts; the spit is of course stationary, and when one side of the meat is done, the other is turned to the fire.

On the road to Arroyolos we crossed two of those streams that so frequently delay or endanger the traveller in these countries: they are fordable the greater part of the year, but after a heavy rain, collecting the water from the hills, they become impassable. The Prince of Brazil has stationed ferry boats here for his messengers, during his stay at Villa Vizosa.

The Portugueze Estalagems are perhaps better than the Spanish Posadas. The beds here, instead of being made on bedsteads,* are placed

* This is common throughout Portugal, the beds are sometimes placed on bedsteads, sometimes on these platforms.

on a kind of stair or platform raised about eight inches from the floor. We have seen no candles since we left Madrid, but the lamps improve as we approach Lisbon. Here it has three branches as usual; an eye-screen projects before two of them, and a little extinguisher, a pointed instrument to raise the wick, a small pincers to prune it, and a bucket to deposit the snuff in, all of brass, are suspended by brazen chains between the branches.

Sunday 24.

We dined at the town of Montemor. Here I saw a funeral; the body was carried on a bier without a coffin, under a canopy. There are three sisters at the Estalagem here, whose appearance and manners are very different from any we have seen before. Isidora indeed, would have justified Don Quixote's mistake. I am no believer in the system of Helvetius, that all persons are born with equal mental capabilities. The man who sits down in his study and never turns his eyes from his book to look upon mankind, may theorize very

subtly upon the subject; but whoever has lived with children, and paid any attention to the developement of their dispositions, will form a conclusion widely different. The brain is the organ of thought: we have nothing to do with metaphysical jargon, or the absurd question, what is it that thinks, which never can be solved: it is from actual experiment we conclude that the brain is the organ of thought; now it is as ridiculous to say, that every brain is organized precisely the same, as it would be to assert that the ear of every person can ascertain sounds with equal precision, or to deny the existence of blind men, and short-sighted ones, and people who squint.

Here we witnessed the whole process of dressing Joze's rabbit. The spit was placed either above, below, by the side of, or in the fire: to know when it was done they cracked the joints; then they laid it by till it cooled, then tore it piecemeal with their fingers, and fried it with onions, and garlic, and oil.

Sunday Evening.

I have received another proof this evening, that travelling in these countries is not like Mr. James Douglas's new method of cutting for the stone, *speedy, safe, and agreeable.**

We left Montemor after dinner merrily, in expectation of reaching Aldea Gallega to-morrow night. It was a bad sign to stop half an hour while the Calassero tied the spokes together; however we might certainly have safely reached the end of the stage with care. Joze, as usual, left the beasts to their own guidance, and the grey mule, as usual, chose a dry path for himself; this path unluckily lay down the bank, and the crazy wheel gave way. The old gentleman who had very quietly suffered the mule to do this mischief, now threw his hat upon the ground, and was guilty of heresy, in asserting the mule had a soul, that he might commit blasphemy by assigning it over to the everlasting care of three hundred devils. Alas! we were upon a wide heath,

* The motto to this book is *Cito, tutè, jucundè.*

and not one solitary imp appeared to help us. Here my uncle and I passed no very agreeable tete-a-tete from five till seven, in a dark cloudy evening, till the Calassero returned with two men and a cart-wheel, with which we contrived to go back two miles to the Venda de Silveyras, the most filthy and miserable hovel to which our ill-fortune has yet conducted us.

The country near Montemor is beautiful, with all variety of hill, and dale, and water. Here we saw enclosures and hedges, where the laurestina grew and blossomed luxuriantly. We crossed a stream on the road, so deep and so rapid that Joze desired us to pass by the stones at the fall.

Monday, Jan. 25.

At Venda de Silveyras as usual we met no blanket; and as they were likewise without sheets, we of course lay down in our cloaths. Never did I behold so horrible a woman as the hostess there; her face in its happiest moments expressed sullen and brutal ferocity; when roused into anger, which happened upon every slight

occaſion (for evil tempers take fire like rotten wood) it was that of a fury or a fiend. When we asked what was to pay, this woman enumerated the articles to her husband, " they had pepper, ſhe began—" they had salt—they had onions." Here we began our proteſt—" no onions." " They had pepper," said she again,—" they had salt—they had the room—they had beds :" " Without ſheets or blankets" we added, " and they had oil."

For the two last days we have been amused by seeing a countryman driving an obſtinate horse in a carro de mato ; if the horse chóse to stand still, all the driver's efforts could not make him advance ; he would rear, and plunge, and kick, and go back—any movement but the right one : This man we found at Ventas Silveyras, and leaving his horse with our carriage, we laid our baggage on the carro de mato, and proceeded with the mules on this new conveyance.

A carro de mato, is the ſhafts and wheels of a Portugueze chaise, when the body of the chaise

is taken off and the shafts connected by a netting which supports the load. In this agreeable conveyance we set out for Ventas Novas: we enquired the distance, and the man told us it was a *mouthful*, but as this mouthful was in the English phrase a good bit, we found the motion too hard to endure, and proceeded on foot through the wet. The way was through a wilderness of ever-green shrubs and aromatic herbs; the myrtle grew in abundance. We were three hours advancing two leagues, for the rains have broken up the roads.

There is a royal palace at Ventas Novas, or hunting seat, new and well built, but in bad repair; here, for the first time, I saw fences of aloes which grow to ten or twelve feet in height, and would be impregnable to the boldest fox-hunter. Here the Calassero chuses to pass the night on account of the weather; for it rains heavily, and the old woman of the eſtalagem has promised him a fine day to-morrow because the cat's skin looks bright.

As we sat by the kitchen fire this evening, a Portugueze chose to entertain us by relating his history. "I was on board a ship when I was young" said he, "but I quarrelled with another boy; he struck me with a stick, and I stabbed him with a penknife, and ran away." The man related this with the most perfect coolness. A great black-bearded fellow made our beds here, the ugliest hound I ever saw by way of a chamber-maid.

Wednesday, 27.

We started very early yesterday. The country is flat and sandy, and well-wooded with pines. About a mile from Ventas Novas is a stone cross on a stone pedestal, with a long inscription; but as all inscriptions in these countries are perfect enigmas, I could only make out that several persons travelling from Lisbon had been murdered there, and the usual conclusion; "Passenger, for the love of God, pray for their souls." We dined at Venda de Pegoens, and proceeded five leagues farther to Aldea Gallega, which we entered in triumph on the carro mato, at five in the evening, with a hare hanging at the shafts,

an appendage that in your land of liberty might have procured a traveller lodgings at the county jail.

A little before we reached Aldea Gallega is the church of Nossa Senhora da Atalaya, where we passed a Romeria. When a foolish man or woman, or any one of their children is sick, the sick person, or the parent, makes a vow, in case of recovery, to return thanks to the Virgin, or whatever Saint has been *called in* upon the occasion, at some church, and the more distant the church, the more meritorious is the pilgrimage, or Romeria. All their neighbours who are bigotted or idle enough to accompany them join the procession, and they collect the rabble from every village that they pass; for the expences of the whole train are paid by the person who makes the vow. The one we passed consisted of eight covered carts full, and above an hundred men, women, and children, on horseback, on mule-back, on ass-back, and on foot. Whenever they approached a town or village, they announced their arrival by letting off rock-

ets. Bag-pipes and drums preceded them, and men and women, half undressed, danced before them along the road. Most of the men were drunk, and many of the women had brought little infants upon this absurd and licentious expedition.

The image of our Lady of Atalaya was found on the top of a tree, which said tree from that time has distilled a balsam of miraculous medicinal powers. In September the negroes have a fete at this place which is continued for several days.

We were fortunate enough to procure a boat immediately; and after a rough and unpleasant passage of two hours landed at Lisbon. I rejoiced at finding myself upon Terra Firma, and at five o'clock in the morning I was awakened by an earthquake!

LETTER XV.

Saturday, Jan. 30.

On my passage I was tossed about by the winds and waves, on the road I suffered much for want of fire, and I arrived at Lisbon just in time to hear the house crack over my head in an earthquake. This is the seventh shock that has been felt since the first of November. They had a smart shock on the 17th of this month, but the Connoisseurs in earthquakes * say, that this

* I transcribe the following note from the Divine Legation of Moses, because if the fact be true, (and it does not appear improbable,) it is possible to predict these convulsions of the earth, and of course their most fatal effects may be prevented.

"Pythagoras's popular account of earthquakes was, that they were occasioned by a synod of Ghosts assembled under ground; but Jamblichus informs us that he sometimes predicted earthquakes by the taste of well-water."

Pliny the Elder says, L. 2. C. 83. "Futuro terræmotu est in puteis turbidior aqua." And Paul Dudley, Esq. in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 437. P. 72, speaking

last, though of shorter duration, was the most dangerous, for this was the perpendicular shake, whereas the other was the undulatory motion. One person whom I heard of leapt out of bed, and ran immediately to the stable to ride off. Another, more considerately, put out a light that was burning in his room, because, said he, the fire does more mischief than the earthquake.

As this shock happened ten days after the last, and precisely at the same hour, there is a man who has gone about prophesying a severer one at the same hour ten days hence. The fellow has been very properly imprisoned. Several families have left Lisbon, without considering

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of an Earthquake in New England, says, "A neighbour of mine that has a well thirty-six feet deep, about three days before the earthquake, was surprized to find his water, that used to be very sweet and limpid, stink to that degree that they could make no use of it, nor scarce bear the house when it was brought in; and thinking some carrion was got into the well, he searched the bottom, but found it clear and good, though the colour of the water was turned wheyish, or pale. In about seven days after the earthquake, the water began to mend, and in three days more returned to its former sweetness and color.

the greater the number of slight shocks, the less reason is there to apprehend a violent one.

A German was invited by an English family here to take *pot luck* for dinner. He would eat no roast beef, no turkey, all the dishes passed him untouched. "I do vait for dat excellent pote loock," said he. You are in great danger of meeting with pot-luck if you walk these streets by night. Danae was less alarmed than I am at the golden shower, when I

> "Hear nightly dashed into the perilous street,
> "The frequent urn."

This sound, even if you escape extreme unction, announces another danger. There are an astonishing number of dogs here who belong to nobody, and annoy every body: these animals fortunately devour great part of what is discharged from the windows, and no sooner do they hear the fall than they run towards it from all quarters, and will nearly throw down the person who is unluckily in their way. The rats, who live among the old ruins, come to partake the ban-

, for these animals live together on the most

ly terms. Many of these dogs have their

ears erect, and some are without hair, perhaps of the Turkish breed.

The filth of this city is indeed astonishing; every thing is thrown into the street, and all the refuse of the kitchen, and dead animals are exposed to these scorching suns. I believe these Portugueze would throw one another out, and "leave the dead to bury the dead," if it were not the interest of the priests to prevent them.

In wet weather the streets of Lisbon are very agreeable: if you walk under the houses you are drenched by the water-spouts; if you attempt the middle, there is a torrent; would you go between the two, there is the dunghill. When it rains hard some of the streets are like rivers: I have seen the water rushing down the Rua San Bento more than three feet deep. While the stream does not yet fill up the way, some of the more considerate people make a kind of bridge over it, by placing a plank on two blocks or barrels; and at the most frequented crossings

the Gallegos or Galicians, who are the porters of the place, stand to carry people across; but sometimes this is impossible, the tide rushes with such force that no person can stem it. Carriages have been overturned by it in the Rua de San Bento, which collects the rain from several hills, and it is not long since a woman was drowned * there.

Monday, Feb. 1.

The meeting of the two Courts on the frontiers gives rise to a thousand conjectures. No one attributes it to any private wish the King of Spain might have to see his daughter, or the

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* A similar accident happened at the "downgoing of the way from St. John's Church upon Walbrook, unto the river of Thames. Whereby the water in the channel there hath such a swift course, that in the year 1554, on the fourth of September, after a very strong shower of rain, a lad of the age of eighteen years, minding to have leapt over the channel, was taken by the feet, and born down by the violence of that narrow stream, and carried towards the Thames with such a violent swiftness, as no man could rescue or stay him, till he came against a cart-wheel that stood in the water gate, before which time he was drowned and stark dead.

Stow.

Prince of Brazil, her husband; for it is very rarely that friendship or affection will lead a Monarch so far from home. The general opinion suspects a design on the part of Spain, to engage this country in a league with France, and this is the most probable reason that can be assigned. The French Minister is at Badajos.

At Vendas Novas we heard of a singular case of injustice occasioned by the embargo. A Carrier was employed to convey the cloaths of the Spanish Ambassador to Elvas, and paid beforehand. On the road a Juiz* de Fora embargoed his mules, and the Ambassador on this grand occasion was without cloaths. He wrote to Lisbon to complain of the Carrier, and the poor fellow is now in prison.

A courier was drowned last week in one of the streams that cross the road by Villa Vizosa. The Prince of Brazil was about to pass the same water a few hours before the accident happened,

*The civil Magistrate of the place. The Justice of Peace.

but his coachman refused to venture. Had he, or any Fidalgo of his suite been drowned, a bridge would have been built. As it is only a courier, they will content themselves with placing a wooden cross as a monument of the past, instead of preventing the danger of the future.

LETTER XVI.

The sight of a Monastery or a Monk always fills me with mingled emotions of pity and disgust: foul and filthy men without accomplishments, or virtues, or affections, it is yet the system they are subject to that has made them what they are, and the more they are adapted to their circumstances, the more they are to be pitied, for the deeper is their degradation.

The monastic life is not however wholly without its allurements. The indolent who is content to vegetate through existence without experiencing more pleasure or more pain than vegetables probably feel, the bigot whose mind is rendered dark and sullen by the dread of a gloomy and severe God, and the man who is wearied and disgusted with mankind because he knows them, will alike love the tranquillity of

the Convent; for tranquillity is all they ask, and this the Convent can bestow. If there is nothing to rouse to rapture, there is nothing to excite anguish, and as man has made this world, they will probably be rendered happier by the negation of both.

I abhor the order, the vices they practise, and the evils they produce; yet if we coolly examine the history of the greater part of them, we should find them objects of compassion. Are they debauched? Alas! God wisely gave us passions, and it is Society that has made the indulgence of them vicious. Are their opinions different from what they so solemnly profess? are they heretics—infidels—frequently Atheists? Between perjury and martyrdom there is no medium here.

Our professions are usually chosen for us, and our educations regulated accordingly, at an age when it is not possible that we can decide wisely for ourselves: when that arrives, if our principles militate against the choice, what course

must we pursue? It is dangerous when we set out on the voyage of life in an ill-provisioned vessel, to reject the aid of the pilot, and seize the helm ourselves.

. . . . . .

It is in vain to talk of what is right and just; the calls of hunger are more importunate than the remonstrances of Conscience: there is no fortress that Famine cannot overcome. It is in vain to talk of the evil produced by Hypocrisy; of its effects on the head and the heart of him who professes what he does not believe. The head and the heart! Alas! there is another part of civilized man to which he must attend, of which the respectable Savage, and the more respectable Oran-Outang are happily ignorant,—his pocket. Man must live, and that "not by bread alone."

It is the interest only of their children that parents consult, by the fatal error that considers interest and happiness as the same. To this every thing is sacrificed, and the Roman Catholic destines his child to the Monastery, as the

Italian qualifies him for the opera, without compunction. At the age of fifteen the child is allowed to take those vows that seclude him for ever from human duties and human virtues, not from the passions and frailties of humanity. In this situation all the energy of the mind is destroyed, or like a tree whose upward growth is obstructed, branches into deformity. The vow once taken, the interest of the order becomes that of the individual, and though he finds neither the virtue or the happiness in the Cloister, that he was taught to expect, with unceasing diligence he imposes on others by the same deceitful allurements, as one soldier is made the decoy bird to entrap another. The drowning man will drag down whatever he can grasp by a convulsive instinct; but how shall we account for that horrible desire in the miserable and the wicked to associate others in wretchedness and depravity?

The studious man, however, may become as useful to society in his cell as in the world; and if, as is not unfrequently the case, he sacrifices

domestic comfort to his literary pursuits, he may as well be buried in the Monastery as sepulchre himself in his chamber. But what pretext on the side of reason can be assigned for condemning a female to this seclusion? There is not a part of the civilized world where the female mind is not murdered by the customs of society, and thus to immure them is to render them wretched as well as contemptible. Of the two animals woman is the best; her affections are more pure and more constant than the affections of man; and if the improvement of a rational education be added to this natural disposition, the character becomes little less than perfect. But when a woman possessed of these affections is sacrificed to family pride, without these improvements to console her, what life can be imagined more cheerless than that of the Nunnery?

I cannot express to you the anger I felt at hearing a circumstance which many of the English here remember. About twenty-five years ago a Nun made her escape from a convent of Car-

thusians at the Grillo, the most austere of all the Franciscan order. The convent is by the river, into which the common shore discharges itself. This miserable woman crawled through the common shore, and proceeded through the mud at low water, till by a boat moored near she got on board an English vessel, where she begged to be concealed. The English Captain voluntarily gave her up! though her place of retreat could not have been suspected, for the tide had obliterated all traces of her path. Her fate was never known, but it was reported that she was put to death.

Richardson has written on the propriety of establishing Protestant nunneries, and some such institutions are much wanted. I know no situation more melancholy than that of a well educated young woman left fortuneless in England, there is no occasion to add friendless, for the words are nearly synonimous. To become dependant is either to be dissatisfied and unhappy, or contented and contemptible; and those branches of trade in which they might acquire

independance have been seized by the other sex. I look upon a Man Milliner not only as one of the most despicable members of society, but as one of the most injurious. When I see one of these fellows, his neck pilloried in his neckcloth, moving his eyes instead of his head, lest he should derange the feathery friz of his hair, on which flour enough has been wasted for the poor man's meal, and hear him haranguing upon the merits of muslin, or the becoming colour of a ribbon, anger will mingle itself with the feeling of contempt, for the employment that degrades this animal might have preserved a woman from prostitution.

If government consulted the real welfare and morality of the people, it should prevent men from intruding into any business of this nature. If individuals would, as far as they can, supply the deficiencies of Government, they should never enter a shop where a man exercises the office which a woman might hold. But the example of the Slave Trade has shewn that little is to be expected from Government, and less from individuals.

Still it is the duty of an honest man to enter his solitary protest against the evil which he cannot prevent; the Physician should prescribe though the patient be too mad or too foolish to follow the prescription. Large buildings ought to be erected where women might at all times be employed in tasks fitting their sex, and thus earn a comfortable support, and the interpretation of that word *comfortable* must not be left to a Churchwarden. Such asylums should, like the nunneries of Roman Catholic countries, be held honourable, and sanctified by the public opinion.

If you will reflect upon some such plan by yourself, you will find nothing more easy: if you reflect upon the world we live in, you will find no event more improbable. Man will amuse himself with remedying the effects of evil, not in removing the causes. What! erect an institution to prevent guilt, when there is the prison and the gallows to punish it? An institution to prevent wretchedness and diseases, when there are workhouses enough for the poor, and

hospitals enough for the diseased, where the one is condemned to the care of a Parish Overseer, and the other to the knife of a hospital Surgeon.

When I reprobate monasteries, let me except La Trappe, the asylum of the wretched. What wisdom might not be collected from the histories of those men who have retired to dig their own graves, and labour in a silence not enforced by vows, yet rendered eternal by inclination; who can read the inscription over the portal, and enter:

C'est ici que la mort et que la verite
Elevent leur flambeau terrible;
C'est de cette demeure au monde inaccessible
Que l'on passe à l'Eternite.

"It is here that Death and Truth lift up their dreadful torches; through this abode, inaccessible to the world, is the passage to eternity."

* * * * * * * * *

I make no apology to the reader for enriching my volume with the following beautiful poem

on monastic life. It is by Francis Quarles, in his Hieroglyphicks of the Life of Man. The Emblem is a dark-lantern upon a coffin. The Motto, "Nec Virtus obscura petit." The text of Scripture, "Let your light so shine, that men seeing your good works may glorify your father who is in heaven."

Was it for this, the breath of Heaven was blown
Into the nostrils of this heavenly creature?
Was it for this that sacred Three in One
Conspir'd to make this quintessence of Nature?
Did Heavenly Providence intend
So rare a fabric for so poor an end?

Was Man, the highest master-piece of nature,
The curious abstract of the whole creation,
Whose soul was copied from his great Creator,
Made to give light, and set for observation,
Ordain'd for this? to spend his light
In a dark-lantern cloistered up in night?

Tell me, recluse Monastic, can it be
A disadvantage to thy beams to shine?
A thousand tapers may gain light from thee;
Is thy light less or worse for lighting mine?
If, wanting light, I stumble, shall
Thy darkness not be guilty of my fall?

Why shouldst thou lurk so close? is it for fear
Some busy eye should pry into thy flame,
And spy a thief, or else some blemish there?

Or being spy'd, shrink'st thou thy head for shame?
Come, come, fond taper! shine but clear,
Thou need'st not shrink for shame, nor shroud for fear.

Remember, O remember, thou wert set
For men to see the great Creator by;
Thy flame is not thine own: it is a debt
Thou ow'st thy Maker. And wilt thou deny
To pay the interest of thy light?
And skulk in corners, and play least in sight!

Art thou afraid to trust thy easy flame
To the injurious waste of Fortune's puff?
Ah! Coward, rouse, and quit thyself for shame:
Who dies in service, hath liv'd long enough!
Who shines, and makes no eye partaker,
Usurps himself, and closely robs his Maker.

Make not thyself a Prisoner, that art free:
Why dost thou turn thy Palace to a Jail?
Thou art an Eagle; and befits it thee
To live immured like a cloister'd snail?
Let toys seek corners: things of cost
Gain worth by view; hid jewels are but lost.

My God! my light is dark enough at lightest:
Increase her flame, and give her strength to shine:
'Tis frail at best; 'tis dim enough at brightest;
But 'tis her glory to be foil'd by thine.
Let others lurk: my light shall be
Propos'd to all men, and by them to thee.

LETTER XVII.

Europe, says Antonio de Macedo, is the best of the four quarters of the globe: Spain is the best part of Europe: Portugal* is the best part of Spain. The tales of the Fortunate Islands and the Elysian Fields are not the mere fables of the poets; they described places that really exist, and only indeed gave a faint description of Lisbon and the adjacent country. So much for the beauty and optimism of Portugal. Its great antiquity is as boldly asserted, and as clearly proved. The foundation of Lisbon by Ulysses was designed by Pope for an episode in his projected epic poem, and forms the subject of the Ulyssea of Gabriel Pereira de Castro; but this belongs to the Poets, and

* He wrote when Portugal was annexed to Spain. His book is in Spanish, and entitled, "Flores de Espana—Excelencias de Portugal."

tempting as is the etymology of Lisbon from Ulysses, the antiquarian rejects it. It was founded by Elisa the eldest son of Java, says Luis Marinho de Azevedo; he called it Eliseon, thence Elisbon—Lisbon. Nothing can be plainer.

If however, the honour of founding the metropolis of Portugal be contested between Elisa and Ulysses, there is no controversy concerning the establishment of Setuval by Tubal.

One of the many excellencies of Portugal is its great population. Do you question this? Macedo tells you that Tubal at his death left sixty-five thousand descendants. You object to this as too remote a fact. It contained five hundred and sixty-eight thousand inhabitants in the time of Augustus. But you want to know if it be populous at present. His proof is decisive. Blanca de Rocha, the wife of Rodrigo Monteiro, had fourteen children at a birth who were all baptized. Maria Marcella had seven at a birth, who all entered the church,

greatly to the benefit of population no doubt! and Inez del Casal de Gueday was married seven times, and had an hundred and seven children.

Aristotle observes that the inhabitants of cold countries, and the Europeans, possess great courage, but little genius, and that the Asiatics have great genius, but little courage, the effect of climate; but as the Greeks are situate between both, they partake the qualities of both, and are consequently more perfect than either. Experience proves this more clearly than any reasoning can do. It is manifest to every person that the Europeans are superior to the rest of the world, and that of them, they who inhabit the more temperate regions are the more perfect by nature, as we see the Spaniards and Italians; and it is evident that as Lisbon is situate in the most temperate aspect, the influence of the Heavens muſt necessarily make its inhabitants most perfect of all, both in corporeal beauty and mental excellence. So says Luis Mendes de Vasconcellos.

There was once a Lady in Lisbon, of such superior ugliness, that she was the jest of the whole city. Mortified by the unfortunate singularity of being ugly where all besides were beautiful, she prayed with unceasing fervor to her patron Saint, St. Vincent. Her prayers were heard, and she beheld herself one morning in her looking glass the most beautiful woman in Portugal. "I say," exclaims Macedo, "that the Saint works many such miracles, for he is much and devoutly worshipped, his benevolence is great, and power cannot be wanting in him, for he dwells in the presence of God; but what convinces me is that without some such miraculous interposition the Portugueze women could not possibly be so beautiful."

Such then, according to those who must be best acquainted with them, are the excellences of the country, the metropolis, and the inhabitants. There are likewise Nine Excellences in the Portugueze language; and these, as quoted from Macedo, are prefixed to the new Dictionary of the Academy.

Excellence the first.—Its great antiquity. One of the seventy-two languages given by God to the builders of Babel, being brought into Portugal by Tubal.

Excellence the second.—It has every quality which a language ought to have to be perfect.

Excellence the third.—Harmonious pronunciation of the Portugueze language.

Excellence the fourth.—Brevity of the Portugueze language.

Excellence the fifth.—Perfect orthography of the Portugueze language.

Excellence the sixth.—Aptitude of the Portugueze language to any kind of style.

Excellence the seventh.—Great similarity of the Portugueze language to the Latin.

* Some of the Portugueze writers have amused themselves by composing the two languages at once: "O quam gloriosas memorias publico, considerando quanto vales nobilissima lingoa Lusitana, cum tua facundia excessivamente nos provocas, excitas, inflammas; quam altas victorias procuras, quam celebres triumphos speras, quam excellentes fabricas fundas, quam perversas furias castigas, quam feroces insolencias rigorosamente domas, manifestando de prosa de metro tantas elegancias Latinas.

Manoel Severim de Faria.

This hymn to St. Ursula and Eleven Thousand Virgins is a better specimen.

Canto tuas palmas, famoſos canto triumphos,
Ursula divinos martyr concede favores.
Subjectas sacra nympha feros animosa tyrannos.
Tu Phœnix vivendo ardes, ardendo triumphas.
Illustres generosa choros das Ursula, bellas
Das rosa bella rosas, fortes das sancta columnas.
Æternos vivas annos o regia planta!
Devotos cantando hymnos, vos invoco sanctas,
Tam puras nymphas amo, adoro, canto, celebro.
Per vos felices annos o candida turba;
Per vos innumeros de Christo spero favores.

The Author says,

Lidos em Latim serão Latinos,
Lidos em Portuguez são Portuguezes.

Excellence the eighth.—The wide extent of country where the Portugueze language is spoken.

Excellence the ninth. — The commendation which so many authors have bestowed upon the Portugueze language.

A long proof is annexed to each of these propositions, and the whole fills three folio pages.

George of Montemayor has composed a Sonnet which is at once Spanish and Portugueze.

Amor con desamor se esta pagando,
Dura paga pegada estranamente,
Duro mal de sentir estando ausente
De mihi que vivo en pena lamentando.
O mal, porque te vas manifestando?
Baſtavate matarme occultamente,
Que en fe de tal amor, como prudente,
Podiais, esta alma atormentando.
Considerar podia Amor de mi,
Estando en tanto mal que desespero,
Que en firme fudamento este fundado.
Ora se espante Amor en verme assi,
Ora digo que passo, ora que espero
Sospiros, desamor, pena, cuidado.

All this reminds me of the Esquimaux, who distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind by the title of MEN. *One of these MEN saw a dried monkey in England, and declared in the utmost agitation that it was a little old Esquimaux!

Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portugueze of him, says the Spanish proverb. One who is well acquainted with both countries, and has no prejudices in favour of either, denies its truth; he says, "add hypocrisy to a Spaniard's vices, and you have the Portugueze character." These nations blaspheme God, by calling each other natural enemies. Their feelings are mutually hostile, but the Spaniards despise the Portugueze, and the Portugueze hate the Spaniards.

Almost every man in Spain smokes; the Portugueze never smoke, but most of them take snuff. None of the Spaniards will use a wheel-

* See Major Cartwright's Journal.

barrow, none of the Portugueze will carry a burthen: the one says it is only fit for beasts to draw carriages, the other that it is only fit for beasts to carry burthens. All the porters in Lisbon are Gallegos, an industrious and honest race, despised by both nations for the very qualities that render them respectable. An Englishman at Porto wanted his servant to carry a small box to the next house; the man said he was a Portugueze, not a beast; and actually walked a mile for a Gallego to carry the box.

The history of the present war will show with what wisdom public affairs are conducted in this kingdom. The Portugueze were engaged by treaty to furnish the English with a certain number of ships, or a certain sum of money, and the Spaniards with troops, or money. The money was expected, but Martinho de Mello, the Minister and Secretary of State, argued, that as the money was to be expended, it was wiser to expend it among their own countrymen, and discipline soldiers and sailors: the ships were therefore sent to Portsmouth, and

troops to Roussillon. Mello's measures were vigorous; he resolved to place every part of the Portugueze dominions in a state of defence, recalled the General of one of the provinces, appointed him Commander in Chief in Brazil, and ordered him to be ready to depart at an hour's notice; but Mello was old and infirm, he was taken ill, and during his illness the party who disapproved his measures had the management, and every thing was at a stand. After remaining three months at Lisbon, the General saw no probability of departing, and he therefore sent for his furniture and wife and family to Lisbon. Soon after they arrived the Secretary recovered. Every thing was hurried for the expedition, and the General sent his wife, family, and furniture home again. Again Mello was taken ill, again the preparations were suspended, and again the General called his family to Lisbon. The old man recovered, sent them all into the country, forwarded the preparations, fell ill a third time and died. The measures of the Government have since been uniformly languid, and with a stupidity that almost

exceeds belief, though they had sent ships to England and troops to Spain, they never believed themselves at war with France, till the French took their ships at the mouth of the river.

A Portugueze vessel was taken by the French and carried into the isle of Bourbon. The Portugueze insisted that they were not at war with France, and as the French were not quite certain, they were about to restore the ship, when another prize was brought in; in searching this they found an English newspaper, with an account that the Portugueze fleet had arrived at Portsmouth. The next French vessel that arrived brought the French newspaper, with a list of the two and twenty nations with whom the Republic was at war.

LETTER XVIII.

A phenomenon has occured here within these few days, which we sometimes find mentioned in history, and always disbelieve. I shall make no comment on the account, but give you an authentic copy of the deposition of the witnesses before a Magistrate.

Elias Antonio, Juiz Ordinario de Termo de Evora Monte, e Morador na Freguezia de Freixo, na Herdade dos Gayos,—dice

Que no dia 19 de Fevreiro, entre huma para as duas horas de tarde, ouvira doas estallos, semelhantes aos da expulsaon das minas, depois que sentira hum grande estrondo ou rugido, que durava perto de dous minutos, e que observando o horizonte não vira escuridao, nuvem, ou vestigio por donde inferisse a causa da quelle aconticimiento. Porem tinha reconhecido que

o dito rugido corrio do Norte pava o Nascente, estando o dia claro e sereno.

Gregorio Calado, lavrador na Herdade do Pazo, Termo do Redondo, dice, sentia o estrondo referido, e que passado hum pequeno espaço de tempo, hum criado seu, chamado Joze Fialho, lhe apresentara huma pedra de corde chumbo, que pesava, 10 arrateis, scudo a sua figura irregular. Cuja pedra foi conduzida pelo dito Joze Fialho, que se achava em huma folha da dita herdade denomina Tasquinha no Termo de Evora Monte, para ter observado que depois dos estallos e estrondo, tinha cahido perto delle, hum corpo grave, e inda procurar achava a dita pedra, cravada na terra ainda morna, e a terra, movido de fresco. O mesmo affirmarão mais quarto mozos que estavão na quelles contornos.

Elias Antonio,* Ordinary Judge of the Term

* Justices of the Peace were perhaps a proper translation, but I have thought it better to Anglicize the Portugueze words, than substitute English ones whose meaning may not be precisely the same.

of Evora Monte, and Inhabitant of the Parish of Freixo, in the Herdage of Gayes, says,

That on the 19th day of February, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, he heard two reports, similar to those of the explosion of mines; after which he perceived a great rumbling noise which lasted about two minutes. Looking up to the horizon it was not obscured, neither was there any cloud or appearance from which he could conjecture the sound to have proceeded. He recollects likewise that the rumbling ran from North to East, the day being clear and serene.

Gregorio Calado, Labourer in the Herdade of Pazo, and Term of Redondo, says, that he heard the above-mentioned sound, and that a little while after, one of his servants, called Joze Fialho, brought him a stone of the colour of lead, weighing * ten pounds, and irregular

* The Arratel weighs sixteen ounces.

in its figure, which stone the said Joze Fialho had found in a meer of the Herade called Tasquinha, in the Term of Evora Monte; for after the two reports and the rumbling sound, he heard some heavy body fall near him, and found this stone sunk into the ground, still warm, and the ground freshly moved. Four boys who were in the same part affirmed the same.

If you walk the streets of Lisbon by night, it is not only necessary to know the way, but to be well acquainted with all the windings of the little channel that runs between the shoals and mud banks. There are no public lamps lighted except before the image of a Saint; and if you have a flambeau carried before you, you are sometimes pelted by persons who do not wish to be seen. I know an Englishman who has been thus obliged to extinguish his light.

There are lamps however, but they are never lighted; and I mention them to remark two peculiarities, which it would be well to adopt in England. They are made square, or with

six sides, so that the expence of mending them is comparatively little; and instead of the dangerous and inconvenient method of lighting them by means of a ladder, the lamp is let down. One of the English residents found the lamp at his door so frequently broken, that at last he placed a Saint behind it; the remedy was efficacious, and it has remained safely from that time under the same protection. It is pleasant to meet with one of these *enlightened* personages, for they are indeed lights shining in darkness.

But the streets of Lisbon are infested by another nuisance more intolerable than the nightly darkness, or their eternal dirt; the beggars. I never saw so horrible a number of wretches made monstrous by Nature, or still more monstrous by the dreadful diseases that their own vices have contracted. You cannot pass a street without being sickened by some huge tumour, some mishapen member, or uncovered wound, carefully exposed to the public eye. These people should not be suffered to mangle the

feelings and insult the decency of the passenger: if they will not accept the relief of the hospital, they should be compelled to endure the restraint of the prison. Perhaps you may think I express myself too harshly against these miserable beings: if I were to describe some of the disgusting objects that they force upon observation, you would agree with me in the censure. I do not extend it to the multitude of beggars who weary you at every corner with supplications for the love of God and the Virgin; these wretches, so many and so miserable, do indeed occasion harsh and ungentle feelings, not against them, but against that depraved Society that disinherits of happiness half the civilized world.

This city is supplied only from hand to mouth; in bad weather when the boats cannot pass from Alentejo, the markets are destitute; a few days ago there was no fuel to be procured. The provisions here are in general good, and of late years they have introduced the culture of several English vegetables. It is not twenty years since a cauliflower was a usual present from

England, and the person who received it made a feast; it is now one of the best productions of the Portugueze garden. The potatoe does not succeed here. Mutton is the worst meat they have; a leg of mutton is a very agreeable present from Falmouth, but the other passengers generally conspire against it, summon a court martial on false suspicions, and produce the accused, whose appearance secures a sentence of condemnation.

Every kind of vermin that exists to punish the nastiness and indolence of man, multiplies in the heat and dirt of Lisbon. From the worst and most offensive of these, cleanliness may preserve the English resident. The muskitoe is a more formidable enemy; if you read at night in summer, it is necessary to wear boots. The scolopendra is not uncommonly found here, and snakes are frequently seen in the bed-chamber. I know a lady who after searching a long time for one that had been discovered in her apartment, found the reptile wreathed round the serpentine fluting of the bed-post.

Lisbon is likewise infested by a very small species of red ant that swarm over every thing sweet; the Portugueze remedy is to send for a Prieſt and exorcise* them. The superstition of this people in an age of credulity is astonishing; about sixteen years ago one of the royal musicians here died in the odour of sanctity; though if the body of this dead gentleman did emit a delightful fragrance, it is more than any of his living countrymen do. There was ſome idea of canonizing this man, but the age of canonization is over; however a regiment of soldiers about to embark for Brazil, visited the corpse, and stroked the feet of it with their swords to hallow them! When the image of the Virgin Mary is carried through the streets, some of

* A similar remedy was made use of by the Spanish navigator Maurelli, whose journal is printed with the voyage of the unfortunate Perouse. "We found millions of cockroaches in the bread room, says the Spaniard. It is necessary a man should have seen them with his own eyes to have an idea of the number of these insects. These pests had so much infested the ship, that the holy father, who officiated as chaplain, was obliged to have recourse to exorcisms more than once." This was in 1781.

the devout think they catch her eyes, and exclaim in rapture, "Oh! she looked at me—the Blessed Virgin looked at me!"

There are now a purality of Goddesses; the Virgin Mary is the Roman Catholic Goddess, Nature the Atheist's Goddess, Liberty a French Goddess, and Truth the Metaphysician's Goddess, in pursuit of whom they would fain send every body on another Pilgrim's Progress, but the misfortune is that none of these adventurers ever get beyond Doubting Castle.

It is, however, one sign of improvement, that Superstition predominates less in the metropolis than in the provinces. Ten years ago the English Clergyman at Porto never officiated at a funeral, such were the prejudices of the natives. The body was carried about a mile down the Douro, and buried in a common on its banks without any monument. The funeral service was read by the Consul, till at length he thought it beneath his dignity, and appointed the Vice Consul; this office was fre-

quently held by a foreigner, and he deputed it again, so that at last it devolved upon a watch-maker. This poor fellow drank very hard, and one evening at the grave he mumbled at the service, and turned his book first one way and then the other, till a bystander had the curiosity to look over him, and found that instead of a prayer book he had brought the History of the late War! The prejudices of the populace are wearing away; within ten years the English have enclosed a burial ground at Porto, and the funeral service is now performed by the Chaplain.

We had a little snow on the 29th of February. A Portugueze Clerk, who was going out on business when it began, refused to leave the counting-house, because he did not understand that kind of weather. It is fourteen years since the last snow fell at Lisbon. Dr. H. was in his chaise when it began, the Driver leapt off: you may get home how you can, said he, as for my part, I must make the best use I can of the little time this world will last, and away he ran into the next church.

One of the Irish Priests here preached a sermon in English a few days ago: it was extempore, and like most extempore sermons, consisted of a little meaning expressed in every possible variety of indifferent language. In the middle of his discourse the Orator knelt down, the Congregation knelt with him, and he besought St. Patrick to inspire him; but alas! either he was talking or sleeping, or peradventure St. Patrick was in Ireland, for the sermon went on as stupidly as before.

LETTER XIX.

On the introduction of the Moors into this peninſula, the following ode has been written by Father Luis de Leon, one of the best poets which Spain has produced.

Folgaba el Rey Rodrigo
con* la hermoſa Caba en la ribera
de Tajo sin testigo:
el pecho sacó fuera
el rio, y le habló de esta manera:

En mal punto te goces
injusto forzador, que ya el sonido,
óyo ya y las voces,
las armas y el bramido
de Marte, de furor y ardor cenido.

* In printing this ode, two peculiarities of Spanish printing are preserved. One is the beginning a verse with a small letter, though the stanza begins with a capital one. The other is a mode of punctuation, confined I believe to the Spaniards, and among them only of late invention. To every sentence that requires either a note of interrogation or admiration, this mark is prefixed as well as placed at the

¡ Ay esa tu alegria
qué llantos acarrea ! y esa hermosa,
que vio el Sol en mal dia,
a Espana ay quán llorosa,
y al ceptro de los Godos quán costosa !

end, but at the beginning of the sentence it is reversed. The construction of our language renders such punctuation unnecessary; but in the Spanish it is very useful. The following curious sonnet exemplifies this custom, though the constant use of the interrogatory word *como* renders it here of less obvious utility.

SONETO,
DEL FR. LUIS DE LEON
AL PROPIO ASUNTO.

Si pan es lo que vemos, ¿ cómo dura
Sin que comiendo del se nos acabe ?
Si Dios, ¿ cómo en el gusto á pan nos sabe?
¿ Como de solo pan tiene figura ?
Si pan ¿ cómo le adora la criatura ?
Si dios, ¿ cómo en tan chico espacio cabe ?
Si pan, ¿ cómo por ciencia no se sabe ?
Si Dios, ¿ cómo le come su hechura ?
Si pan, ¿ cómo nos harta siendo poco ?
Si Dios es, ¿ cómo puede ser partido ?
Si pan, ¿ eómo en el alma hace tanto ?
Si Dios, ? cómo le miro yo y le toco ?
Si pan, ¿ cómo del Cielo ha descendido ?
Si Dios, ¿ cómo no muero yo de espanto ?

Llamas, dolores, guerras,
muertes, asolamientos, fieros males,
entre tus brazos cierras,
trabajos immortales
a ti y a tus vasallos naturales.

A los que en Constantina
rompen en fertil suelo, a los que bañ
el Ebro, a la vecina
sansuena, o Lusitañ
a toda la especiosa y triste España

ON THE REAL PRESENCE.

If this we see be bread, how can it last,
So constantly consum'd, yet always here?
If this be God, then how can it appear
Bread to the eye, and seem bread to the taste?
If bread, why is it worshipp'd by the baker?
If God, can such a space a God comprise?
If bread, how is it, it confounds the wise?
If God, how is it that we eat our Maker?
If bread, what good can such a morsel do?
If God, how is it we divide it so?
If bread, such saving virtue could it give?
If God, how can I see and touch it thus?
If bread, how could it come from heav'n to us?
If God, how can I look at it and live?

Ya dende Cadiz llama
el injuriado Conde, a la venganza
atento, y no a la fama,
La barbara pujanza
en quien para tu daño no hay tardanza.

Oye que al cielo toca
con temeroso son la trompa fiera,
que en Africa convoca
el moro a la vandera
que al ayre desplegada va ligera

La lanza ya blandea
el Arabe cruel, y hiere al viento,
llamando a la pelea:
innumerable quento
de esquadras juntas vide en un momento.

Cubre la gente el suelo:
debajo de las velas desparece
la mar, la voz al cielo
confusa y varia crece,
el polvo roba el dia, y le obscurece.

¡Ay que ya presurosos
suben las largas naves! ¡ay que tienden
los brazos vigorosos
a los remos, y encienden
las mares espumosas por dó hienden!

El Eolo derecho
hinche la vela en popa, y larga entrada
por el Herculeo estrecho
con la punta acerada
el gran padre Neptuno da a la Armada.

¡ Ay triste y aun te tiene
el mal dulce regazo, si llamado
al mal que sobreviene
no acorres! ¿ ocupado
no ves ya el puerto a Hercules sagrado?

Acude, acorre, vuela,
traspasa el alta sierra, ocupa el llano,
no perdones la espuela,
no des paz a la mano,
menea fulminando el hierro insano.

¡ Ay quánto de fatiga!
¡ ay quánto de dolor esta presente
al que biste loriga,
al Infante valiente
a hombres y a cabellos juntamente!

Y tú Betis divino,
de sangre ageno y tuya ensangrentado,
darás al mar vecino
¡ quánto yelmo quebrado!
¡ quánto cuerpo de nobles destrozado!

El furibundo Marte
cinco luces las haces desordena
igual a cada parte:
la sexta,—¡ Ay! te condena.
¡ o cara patria, o barbara cadena!

Rodrigo, from the world apart,
Retir'd where Tagus flows,
Clasp'd the fair CAVA closely to his heart,
When lo! the Spirit of the Stream arose,
And pour'd the prophet song of Spain's impending woes.

In evil hour, tyrannic King,
Thou dalliest here! he cried;
Even now I hear the shout of battle ring!
Vengeance even now stalks on with frantic stride,
And from his giant arm he scatters ruin wide.

Ah me! what anguish, what dismay,
Rise tyrant from thy lust!
And cursed CAVA be thy natal day,
Whose violated charms provoke the All-just
To tread the Gothic powers and Gothic crown in dust.

Ah me! thou claspest in thine arms
Dread danger and disgrace:
What shrieks, what ills, what horrors, what alarms,
Proud King! thou foldest in thy hot embrace,
War, Desolation, Death, the ruin of thy race.

Woe to the sons of Leon! woe
To fair Castilia's plain?
And where the pleasant waves of Ebro flow,
The conquering infidel shall fix his reign,
And Lusitania yields.—Woe, woe to wretched Spain!

The vengeful Count, in evil hour,
The impious aid shall call:
Swift o'er the ocean swarms the swarthy power,
Vain the strong bulwark, vain the massy wall,
The bulwark soon shall shake, the fortress soon shall fall.

Hark! hark! even now on Afric's coast
I hear the trumpet's blair!
From every quarter rush the robber host,
They rush the battle and the prey to share,
And high their banners wave, & bright their crescents glare.

The Arab, eager for the fight,
Leaves his waste sands behind;
Swift is his steed, and swift his arrows flight;
The burning thirst of battle fires his mind,
He lifts his quivering lance; he wounds the passing wind.

Their warrior myriads hide the ground,
And now they spread the sail:
Hark to the multitudes impatient sound!
And now their louder shouts mine ear assail,
For now they mount the bark, and catch the favouring gale.

On moves the death-denouncing load,
The dark deep foams below;
And swift they sweep along the wat'ry road,
And with strong arm the sinewy captives row,
And fairly blows the wind, ah me! the wind of woe!

Still onward moves the hostile host;
Still blows the breeze aright;
Now rises on their view the distant coast:
The mountain rocks now brighten to the sight,
And nearer now they view Calpe's majestic height.

Still wilt thou clasp her in thine arms?
Rise, rise, Rodrigo rise!
The affrighted shore now echoes with alarms;
They reach the port, hark to their eager cries!
Triumphant there aloft the impious banner flies.

They pass the mountain's craggy bound,
They rush upon the plain;
Far o'er the realm their swift steeds scour around.
Rise, rise Rodrigo, yet thy right retain,
Rodrigo, rise! revenge thy desolated Spain!

Ah me! ah me! what toils, what woes,
What ills are still in store!
Wide o'er the country sweep the furious foes,
Vain the strong horse, and vain the warrior's power,
For horse and warrior fall beneath the victor Moor.

Woe Tyrant, to Iberia woe!
Her best blood gluts the plain!
Then Betis black with blood thy waves shall flow,
And clogg'd with many a Moor and Christian slain,
Thy tainted tide shall roll pollution to the main.

And now at Death's triumphant feast,
The bowl of blood shall flow!
Five fights shall rage ere yet the war has ceast;
Then, then, Rodrigo, shall thy head lie low.
Woe Tyrant! woe to thee! to poor Iberia woe!

The adventure of Rodrigo, in the Enchanted Tower is alluded to by all the historians who have touched upon his reign, yet none of them have thought the wild Arabian fiction deserving a place even in their notes. I have met with it in an old account of Spain, translated from the French, of the date 1693. This little book

gives it from Abulcacim Tariff Abentarique, who declares he had the relation from the Archbishop Oppas, one of the persons who was with Rodrigo when he entered the tower, in search of a treasure supposed to be hidden there.

" This tower was built between two steep rocks, half a league to the East of Toledo; and above the story next the ground was to be seen a very deep cave, parted into four different vaults, to which a very narrow mouth or opening led cut out of the rock, and was closed with an iron door, which, as the report went, had a thousand locks and as many bolts. Over the door were certain Greek characters which admitted several significations, but the most prevalent opinion was that it was a prediction of the misfortune of him that should open it.

" Rodrigo caused certain flambeaux to be made, which the air and wind of the cave could not put out; and having forced open the door, he entered first of all himself, being attended

by a great many persons. He had not gone many steps before he found himself in a very fair hall, adorned with sculptures, and in the middle stood a statue of brass, representing Time upon a pedestal, three cubits high, who held in his hand a battle-axe, with which the Image ever and anon struck upon the ground, and every blow resounding through the cave, made a most dreadful noise. Rodrigo was so far from being terrified, that he assured the Phantom that he came not to commit any disorder in the place of his abode, and promised to be gone so soon as he had viewed all the wonders in the place; and then the Statue ceased to strike upon the earth.

"Thus the example of the King encouraging his followers, he took an exact view of the Hall, at the entrance into which stood a round Vatt, whence issued a water-spout that made a dreadful thundering noise. Upon the breast of the Statue was written in Arabic, I DO MY DUTY, and upon the back of it, TO MY SUCCOUR! On the right hand, upon the wall, were to be read these words: "UNFORTUNATE

PRINCE, THINE EVIL DESTINY HAS BROUGHT THEE HITHER! and on the left hand, THOU SHALT BE DISPOSSESSED BY FOREIGN NATIONS, AND THY SUBJECTS SHALL BE PUNISHED, AS WELL AS THOU THYSELF, FOR ALL THEIR CRIMES!

"Rodrigo having thus gratified his curiosity, returned; but he had no sooner turned his back, before the Statue began to strike upon the ground again: however the King caused the door to be shut fast again, and ordered the narrow passage to be stopped up with earth, to the end that nobody should ever enter for the future; but in the night there were heard on that side several loud shrieks and shrill cries, which preceded a most dreadful noise, not unlike a great thunder clap, and the next day there was no more of a tower to be seen, nor almost any footsteps of what had rendered that place so remarkable."*

* A different account and of inferior sublimity perhaps, is given by the Abbé de Bellegarde in his history of Spain. "Il sembloit que la prudence, le bon conseil et la raison

The introduction of the Moors furnished Luis de Leon with the subject of his best ode, and the expulsion of their descendants occasioned a very curious sermon, preached by Juan de Ribera, Archbishop of Valencia: it is translated by Geddes; but as the valuable tracts of this author are now rare, I shall transcribe a few extracts.

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abandonnoient le Roy que ses crimes rendoient odieux au Ciel et à la terre; s' etant imaginé qu'il y avoit des tresors immenses dans le fort Château de Tolede, qui auroit pû servir de rempart contre les ennemis de l'etat, il en fit démolir les fortifications pour y fouiller, contre l'avis & les remontrances de tous les ordres du Royaume, qui respectoient ce Palais, comme un azile sacré; mais le Roy sans avoir aucun égard à leurs raisons ni à leurs prieres, en fit rompre les serrures et enfoncer les portes, croyant que les Roys ses prédecesseurs y avoient caché de grandes richesses; tant il est vray que les desirs et les volontes des Rois sont violentes, et qu'il est bien difficile de les faire démordre de ce qu'ils ont resolu de faire, quelque injustes que soient leurs resolutions & quelque dangereuses suites qu'elles puissent *avoir. Après toutes les recherches que fit le Roy,

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* One would not have expected such a reflection from a French Abbé in 1723. Yet it appears to have been a favourite one by being so unnecessarily and awkwardly introduced.

His text is from Galatians v, 12. " I would they were even cut off that trouble you ;" and he dwells much upon the emphatic earnestness implied in the word " utinam."

" Who among us (said this Arch-Priest) has had the zeal of Matthias, of whom the Holy Scripture saith, that when he beheld one of the people of Israel offering sacrifice to idols, at the commandment of the perverse King Antiochus, he was so set on fire by the zeal of the Lord that his bones trembled ; and flying upon him

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il ne trouva point les tresors qu'il s'étoit flatté de trouver. On apperçut seulement un coffre où il y avoit un linceul, lequel ayant été dévelloppé, on y remarqua plusieurs figures extraordinaires avec des habits barbares, et des paroles latines qui pronostiquoient la ruine entiere d' Espagne, qui devoit bien-tôt être renversée de fond en comble par une nation que cette peinture designoit. Ces habits parurent semblables à ceux que les Maures portent vulgairement : voilà pourquoy le peuple et les grands Seigneurs de la cour, qui se trouverent presens à l' ouverture de ce coffre fatal, demeurant entierement persuadez que les malheurs dont l'Espagne étoit menacée, viendroient du côte de l' Afrique, on se repentit, mais trop tard, d' avoir voulu penetrer dans des mysteres, qui avoient été tenus cachez si long temps, et que l'on avoit reverez jusqu' alors avec tant de religion.

that sacrificed, and him that commanded him to do it, he killed them both. This is the zeal of a servant of God, and which is so acceptable to the divine Majesty, that Phineas for the doing the same was commended of God; and Moses saith, that though he was determined to have inflicted a severer punishment upon the people, he was appeased and did remit his wrath, for the zeal of Phineas, who killed the transgressor of the law of God.

So much in favour of persecution from the Old Testament; but his precedent for it from the New Testament is still more curious. "Our Lord Christ went into the temple, and seeing that what was done there was contrary to God's honour, the zealous God took the cords wherewith the sheep and oxen were bound, and having made a whip of them he went about shaking it at all those cattle and men, driving them all out of the temple; and as to those that sold pigeons, he commanded them to be gone with them; and going up to the tables of the money changers, he threw them down upon

the ground, scattering about the money that was upon them. Now let us consider this fact, and we shall see that besides its being *the greatest miracle that Christ ever wrought*, for so St. Hierom saith it was, who affirms it to be greater than the raising Lazarus from the dead! The repressing of so many, and in the sight of so great a concourse of people, after such a manner, none of them offering to lay hold of him, or denying to obey him, notwithstanding they were at that time contriving his death, being a thing that nothing but the Almighty God could have done!"

One extract more.—Recollect that he is preaching on one of the most absurd and barbarous acts of oppression that the history of man, so full of absurdity and barbarity, records; and that to this expulsion of the Moriscoes is the decline of Spain in a great measure to be attributed, and you will find that as this precious Archbishop is a good Christian, he is no less excellent a prophet.

" Through the mercy of God, and the paternal care of his Majesty, every thing will thrive with us, and the earth itself will grow more fertile, and will yield the fruit of blessing. It is a thing ye all know, that we have not had one fertile year since the Moriscoes were baptized, whereas now they will be all fertile, the land having been impoverished, made barren, and poisoned by their blasphemies and heresies; do not think that this is nothing but a fancy, since the divine Scriptures do every where affirm, that for sin God deprives people of temporal blessings. Let us but live in the service of our Lord, and observe his holy law, *without wronging our neighbour*, and we shall abound with all good things. Hear what the Lord himself hath said, " Obey my commandments, and keep my laws, and I do promise that you shall live in the land without fear; and the land which you possess shall bring forth fruit in such abundance that ye shall eat and be full :" and that without any fear, but with an entire rest and security, and your harvests shall be so great that " the Reapers shall work unto seed

time, and the makers of wine shall meet the sowers, and ye shall build in places which were deserts, and plant vines, and drink of the wine thereof, and sow gardens, and eat of the fruit of the trees you have planted, and ye shall never be turned out of your houses saith the Lord."

A Monarch depopulating his country, a Minister of Christ preaching in praise of persecution, and a whole people witnessing with transport the banishment, the ruin, or the martyrdom of their neighbours, such were the effects of intolerance in Spain. The rage of persecution is of all vices the most maddening and the most dangerous, for it deludes us under the appearance of virtue. All other vices spring from the selfishness of our disposition, this alone, the most widely ruinous of all, arises from our regard to our neighbour. The beast Man grows lazy and will not work, unless he is goaded by the whip of Want and the spur of Necessity, and he would apply motives equally forcible to drive his fellows to their happiness hereafter. Under this pretext the most atrocious passions are

perhaps unknowingly, indulged, and the fury of the tyger becomes but a faint image of the ferocity of Man. To promote the general happiness is a great and dazzling idea, and with this view did Philip the Second condemn his child as a heretic, with this view Mary kindled the fires in Smithfield, and the Terrorists of France spread desolation over the Republic.

I am sick of intolerance! Every man I meet is a Procrustes, who measures the worth of all besides by the standard of his own opinions. From the Atheist to the Franciscan Friar, through the links of the Deist, the Humanist, the Socinian, the low Arian, the high Arian, the orthodox Dissenter, and the high Churchman, all is intolerance! and I can persuade no one that these opposite opinions may exist without affecting the moral character. The leader of one pack will cry out against the bigotted and gloomy Christian, and the leader of the other will cry out against the profligate and sensual Atheist, and a pack of curs will yelp in chorus after the one and the other, and

both the packs will set upon him who will not join in the chase of persecution.

It is not by his principles that I will judge of Man; it were as rational to describe the cameleon by his colour, or the mock-bird by his note. An honest man indeed can have but one character, but Diogenes sought in vain for one two thousand years ago, and the breed is not grown more common. As for the multitude, like a looking-glass they reflect the features of those in the room with them, and unlike the honest mirror, they will flatter you to your face.

LETTER XIX.

The treatment of the Jews on this peninsula, though it forms a less prominent feature than the expulsion of the Moriscoes, may perhaps be productive of more lasting effects. The history may be given in a few lines.

Soon after the capture of Granada, Ferdinand commanded all Jews who would not be baptized, to depart from his dominions within four months on pain of death. Some went to Italy, some to Barbary and Turkey; but the main body thus expelled from Spain were literally *taken in* in Portugal. They obtained permission of John the Second, for a large sum of money, to remain in that country during some months till they could be provided with ships to carry them away. The King took their money, and admitted them into his dominions, allowed no ship to carry them out, and as soon as the term was expired,

he seized their effects, and sold them to his subjects for slaves.

Emanuel, who succeeded, set the Jews at liberty, but commanded them on pain of perpetual servitude, either to be baptized within a certain time, or to quit Portugal, adding that ships should be provided for their emigration at the three principal ports. The Jews accordingly repaired to these ports, and there met with a proclamation forbidding them upon pain of death to embark any where but at Lisbon: they went to Lisbon: the King then ordered that all their children under fourteen years of age should be taken from them and forcibly baptized. Many of the wretched parents to prevent this threw their children into the river or the wells, and precipitated themselves after them. The tyranny of Emanuel did not stop here; after having liberated them from a slavery which he himself acknowledged to be unjust, with a strange inconsistency he suffered no ships to receive them, and offered the alternative of slavery again or baptism. The poor victims of

bigotry preferred Christiany to servitude, and three hundred thousand persons were thus baptized.

A squib of some humour on this occasion is preserved in the Silva Curiosa, and said to have been found among the archives of Toledo.

Letter from the Jews of Spain to those of Constantinople.

Honoured Israelites, health and greeting! Know that the King of Spain by force obliges us to turn Christians, and deprives us of our effects, and destroys our synagogues, and works us many other vexations, so that we are altogether confused and uncertain how to act. We therefore intreat you by the law of Moses to give us some assistance, and send us, with all speed, the result of your deliberations to regulate our conduct.

CHAMORRA, Chief of the Jews in Spain.

The Answer.

Beloved Brethren in Moses,

We have received the letter, in which you have acquainted us with the troubles and misfortunes that oppress you; and we sympathize with you in your sufferings. This is the opinion of the Chiefs and Rabbis.

You say that the King of Spain by force obliges you to turn Christians. Do so, therefore, because you can do nothing else. You say that he deprives you of your effects; make your sons tradesmen that so by little and little you may deprive them of theirs. You say that he takes away the lives of many of your brethren; make your sons physicians and apothecaries that they may take away theirs also. As they have destroyed your synagogues, make your sons divines and priests that you may destroy theirs; and as they work you many other vexations, make your sons notaries, and lawyers, and counsellors; if you follow the advice that we give, you shall well

revenge yourselves, and by this submission you will gain wealth and possessions, and we shall see that from being abject and despised you will become respected.

Ussus, Chief of the Jews in Constantinople.

The aversion of the Jews to a religion which they were thus compelled to profess, naturally became more implacable. The law of Moses was still in secret transmitted from father to son, and the vigilance of the Inquisition and the martyrdom of so many of their brethren rendering them more circumspect, must at the same time have rendered them more bigotted. Till within the last fifty years, the burning* of a Jew formed the highest delight of the Portugueze: they thronged to behold this triumph

* I have in my possession a sermon preached at an Auto-da-fe in Lisbon 1705, by the Archbishop of Cranganor. It is a curious mixture of criticism argument and abuse. Thus it commences. " Disgraceful relics of Judaism! unhappy fragments of the synagogue! last spoil of Judæa! Scandal of the Catholics, and the detestable ridicule even of the Jews themselves, I speak with you o ill-advised race!

of the Faith, and the very women shouted with transport as they saw the agonizing Martyr writhe at the stake. Neither sex nor age could

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I declaim against you ill-advised people!" he proceeds by contrasting the past and present state of the Jews, and this part furnishes a curious instance of the *argumentum ad hominem*. "Formerly you were respected by the water and more respected by the fire, to-day the fire has you for its food, and your ashes thrown into the sea will find their tomb in the waters!"

The most curious passage occurs at the close of the sermon. "If you are resolved to die in your present state, I here cite you for the Day of Judgment, when we shall both appear in the presence of the true God, you risen again a Jew and a Heretic, being the state in which you die, and I, according to my hope in the divine mercy, risen again a Catholic, as I trust by divine goodness to die in the law of Jesus Christ, the only one in which salvation can be had. We shall both rise again before the Supreme Judge, and then you shall see that God may upbraid me with the greatness of my sins, but he will not have to upbraid me with being false in my belief. The little observance I have paid to it may be urged against me, but its truth, that cannot, if God be not unjust, which he is not. And you! he will not only have to judge you for your crimes, but he will have to condemn you for the observance of the law in which you die. I will place you in the presence of God without any other crime than that of keeping the law of Moses, and I will place a Christian in the same presence, without any other sin than the observance of the Law of

save this persecuted race, and Antonio Joseph da Silva, the best of their dramatic writers, was burnt alive because he was a Jew.

Christ. If God should condemn the Christian on account of his Law and save the Jew on the same account, he cannot be a just God, he cannot answer the reasons with which the Catholic would argue against his justice. For in this case the Catholic would argue with God thus, O Just Judge, I believed in Christ, because he had all the signs which you revealed by the prophets your Son should have. I did that which you commanded me, and therefore you now condemn me. How then can you condemn me for obedience? Certainly this reasoning could not be answered, and it is clearly impossible that God could condemn the Catholic for being a Christian. Let us now place the Jew whom God condemns for observing the Law of Moses, attempting to argue with God for condemning him because he is a Jew. He will say; Lord! I believed in the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; I observed the Law which thou gavest to Moses, why then dost thou condemn me? God can reply. Thou liest, because Abraham, Isaac and Jacob believed and hoped a future Messiah, who should be my Son and should have all the signs by which I promised that he should be known. This my Son has been in the world and in him were all the signs seen that were revealed in the Scriptures;—these therefore being accomplished I am just in condemning thee, and thou hast been a rebel in being a Jew. Thus wretchedly, my brother, will you experience it in that day."

In the same volume I have a Spanish answer to this sermon,

This infernal tyranny of the Priesthood, though it produces outward conformity, can extend no farther. The Jews still preserve their faith,

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said in the title page to be the posthumous work of the Author *de las Noticias Reconditas de la Inquisicion*. I know not his name, bnt he was evidently a man of learning and moderation, sincere in his belief. I translate his answer to that part of the Archbishop's discourse above translated, because it has probably suggested a singular passage to the Author of the Systeme de la Nature.

"The Archbishop speaks with confidence as though he were Secretary to the Divine Majesty, and all that passed in heaven were notorious. I have not the audacity to limit the reasons with which God could confute the Catholic, for his Divine Majesty can alledge other incomparably more efficacious than what my weakness can attain to. I only say therefore, that, not in the presence of his Divine Majesty, but in that of any human judge what I have alledged is sufficient to confute the presumption of the Archbishop; and if the Jew were to speak before his God as the Preacher says—in this manner would I do it.

O God! my Lord! prostrate before thy divine presence I come humbly to give an account of the Religion I professed in the other life, and wherefore I professed it.

Lord! I was born of Jewish Parents, I was instructed in the Law of Moses, and professed it from education till my arrival at years of discretion, when from reading books of controversy my duty obliged me to examine the reasons on

and the true Israelite physiognomy is evident in half the people you meet. A great crowd were assembled to behold the Marquis of Pombal

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one side and on the other, with all the accuracy of which my understanding was capable; and having balanced them, without admitting any prejudice of my bringing up, Lord! I found that the divine prophecies which treat of the true Messiah had never been accomplished in any man before the day of my death. I found O Lord, that in thy Divine Law thou hast assured us, that though our dispersion were from one extremity of the world to the other, thou wouldest collect us together again, and bring us to the Promised Land, and even there charge us with the observance of thy divine precepts. How then could I go over to another religion, which destroys and annihilates thy most holy word, and which opposes itself to thy divine decrees which thou hast thyself pronounced on Mount Sinai, because there are men who interpret some prophecies allegorically and apply them to a certain person whom they call thy Son! and when they see themselves *confuted by the force of thy divine, clear, and manifest word, which literally contradicts what they pretend to prove, betake themselves to the allegorical meaning! what proof is there that this is the true meaning and no other?

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* Wherever this word occurs the Spanish is *convencidos*, but to *confute* and to *convince* are not synonimes in England, and the first is evidently the meaning of *convencer* as used by the Jew.

open a fountain which he had erected. "See, my Lord," said one of his flatterers, "like Moses you make water flow from the rock!" "Yes," replied the Marquis, "and here are the Jews looking at me!"

Pombal, though a great villain, was a great Minister; perhaps calculated by the one character to excel in the other. One of his laws forbids any person to call another a Jew, and

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How could we forsake that divine word which we have heard from thy most holy lips, for the explications and allegories of men who do not agree among themselves, who contradict and oppose the truth received from thy faithful servant Moses, from thy most holy Prophets, and from such a series of wise and learned men, who during so many ages have written conformably to this the same revealed truth; who in all their writings confirm and exhort us to the strict observance of thy divine word! These then have I followed and believing these have I served and worshipped thee in the best form and manner which was possible in the world, have I leagued myself strictly with that religion which I believed to be the one and the only, and which I acknowledged for thy true and eternal word. I lived a Jew and I died a Jew, in which I believe that I have served thee as thou hast commanded, and here I am before thy divine mercy, that thou mayest ordain it to be with done with me, accordingly as I have served thee.

trifling as this may appear, its effects have been very beneficial.

For my own part I am unchristian enough to wish that all this nation were converted to the Jewish faith, or at least to the Jewish ceremonies, for a reason which may be found in the twenty-third chapter of Deuteronomy, at the thirteenth verse.

I have sometimes amused myself by fancying what effects might have been produced had the books of Richard Brothers been circulated in this country. Whenever revolutionary principles shall find their way here, the Jews will probably be the first to receive them.

Geddes saw a prisoner at the Auto da Fe gagged, because immediately on coming out of the gate, and looking up to the sun, which for many years he had not seen, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "How is it possible for men who behold that glorious orb to worship any Being but him who created it!" The power of this

infernal tribunal is now however seldom exerted. You will be surprized at the mildness of the sentences in the following paper, but you will be more surprized at the charges against the prisoners: the rank of the criminals, and the manner of expressing their opinions render it a curious paper, and it is most probably the last of its kind.

LIST OF THE PENITENTS

AT THE

AUTO DA FE, *October* 15th, 1779.

1. JOZE DE SOUSA, a soldier of the regiment of artillery of Porto, quartered at Valencia on the Minho, who from reading impious prohibited books became a profest Atheist. He denied the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation of our Saviour. He held that all religions were good, and that every country

ought to profess some on a political account. He looked upon our Lord Jesus Christ as an Impostor, the Virgin Mary as a Strumpet, the Apostles and Prophets as deceivers and fanatics, St. Dominic, St. Francis, and St. Theresa, as executioners, alluding to their being the inventors and Patrons of the Holy Office which he blasphemously despised. He denied the immortality of the soul, and of consequence the existence of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory. In short he was the greatest libertine, and approved of every the most impious licentiousness.

He was condemned to be shut up for three years in the Convent of Rilhafoles, and deprived of the benefits of Communion and Confession.

2. John Manoel de Abreu, of the same regiment, from reading the like books, denied the existence of a God. He was an Infidel, impious, blasphemous, and a Materialist; hence he took upon him to deny the utility of prayers and masses for the dead, and to hold as unlawful the alms and donations which the Clergy

receive for those offices. He affirmed that the law of Nature was sufficient to keep men honest, that simple fornication was not criminal, and that the Americans were not the descendants of Adam, expressly denying the authority of the sacred writings.

He was condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles; and on being asked whether he did not think the fire of Purgatory more intense than that of Hell, he said he believed that it must be, on account of its boiling the cauldrons of such a number of Ecclesiastics and Friars; however he imagined they would not experience any of its heat after they were dead, because they consumed so great a share of it while they were living.

3. Manoel de Espirito Santo Limpo, native of Olivença, and serjeant in the same regiment. An impious Atheist and a Blasphemer of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom he gave the appellation not of God, but of a Good Philosopher. He affirmed that Religion was a

mere chimera, a political invention to keep men in obedience and subordination to those who govern. That if our Saviour had been really God, he would never have left the stupendous firmament of the Heavens to come upon earth for the love of such a vile creature as man. He despised the sacraments and ordinances of the Church, eat meat on fast days, did not hear mass on holy days, and denied the free will of man.

He was condemned to three years imprisonment at Rilhafoles.

4. Henrique Leitaon de Souza, native of Penamacor, and a Cadet, from reading the same heretical and prohibited books became an Atheist, and of consequence denied the sacred writings, the mysteries of the most Holy Trinity, and the Incarnation. He was an impious blasphemer of Jesus and the Virgin Mary, the Apostles and Prophets: he held the sufficiency of the Law of Nature, and that simple fornication was lawful.

Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years.

5. Joze Barreto, native of Valença, a Cadet, from the same cause, the reading of prohibited books, became an impious and incredulous Atheist and Blasphemer, calling Ladies of his acquaintance Nossa Senhora da Carma, and Santa Benta, and by other names which the Church holds as the most venerable.

Condemned to three years confinement at Rilhafoles.

6. Joze Leandro Millani, native of Lisbon, and Lieutenant of the same regiment, from reading impious prohibited books was an Atheist, Materialist, a despiser of the Sacraments and Ordinances of the Church, and a strenuous defender of simple fornication, and of the indifference or equal goodness of all religions.

Condemned to Rilhafoles for three years, and deprived of the benefits of Communion and Confession.

7. Alexo Vache, a Frenchman, native of Hieres in Provence, and Surgeon of the same regiment, an Atheist Materialist, and a defender of suicide, which whilst in prison he likewise endeavoured to put in practice, but did not succeed in the attempt; he held simple fornication to be no sin.

Condemned to the Convent of French Capuchins for three years, and banished for three years more to Viseo.

8. Miguel Winceslaw Late, native of Brussels, and Major in the same regiment, who at the age of eighteen enlisted himself in Hungary, in the troops and service of the Emperor Charles the Sixth, where he served a considerable time and contracted some doubts in religion from being acquainted with persons of different persuasions, and from reading prohibited books, by which he was led to neglect hearing mass, for which he was fined three months pay. Going with his regiment into Sclavonia, he there followed the Greek Church,

and on his return he entered into the Society of Free Masons, notwithstanding that Society was condemned as heretical by Benedict XIII. He afterwards held that all religions were indifferent, denied Purgatory, which he looked upon as invented for the interest of the Church, profest religion solely from formality and political motives, and defended the sufficiency of the Law of Nature. He preferred the Confession which the Lutherans make before God, to the Auricular Confession practised by the Catholic Church, and disapproved of the custom of giving absolution to the soldiers before they went to battle. Three years confinement at Rilhafoles, and three years banishment to Lamego.

9. Joze Anastasio da Cunha, Lieutenant of the same regiment, and Professor of Geometry in the University of Coimbra. Reading prohibited books, and an intimacy with people of various persuasions, made him first of all embrace a liberty of conscience, and afterwards an apostate, a favourer of toleration, indifferent to religion, a Libertine, and an Atheist. He held

that God could not punish such as through ignorance embraced a false religion, denied Predestination and the mysteries of the most Holy Trinity; approved of simple fornication, disapproved of celibacy as prejudicial to the state, in a sacrilegious irreverent manner partook of the Holy Sacrament, and said it was a natural violence to attempt to enslave the minds of men by religion.

Three years to the Convent of Necessidades, banished four years to Evora, and ordered never more to return to Coimbra or Valença.

10. Joze Maria Teixera, native of Valença on the Minho, five years a student of the Canon Law. An Atheist, and such an impious blasphemer of Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary as is too horrid to relate. He believed none of the mysteries of Religion, held that God could not create men to offend him, that the law of Nature was the only law necessary, denied Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, called the Apostles and Prophets impostors, was a Materialist,

denied the authority of Scripture, said that Confession was invented by a Pope, and attempted to make converts to his erroneous persuasions, to which he was so bigotted as to make the most horrid imprecations whilst in prison, and to tempt God to convert water into blood, as a proof of the truth of the Christian Religion, which he said he would then believe.

Condemned to walk at the Auto da Fe with a Carocha,* and a label of a Dogmatist, and after being publicly whipped through the streets, to be confined three years at Rilhafoles, five in the gallies, and to have his sentence read in Valença and to the University of Coimbra.

* A Cap ornamented with Devils and hell-fire-flames.

LETTER XXII.

When I first found myself in a land of strangers whose conversation presented nothing to me but a confusion of unintelligible sounds, I was frequently tempted to execrate the builders of Babel. The very dogs could not understand English: if I said "*poor fellow,*" the four-legged Spaniard growled at me; if I whistled, even that was a foreign language, and I was obliged to address the cat in Spanish, for *Miz* knew not the meaning of Puss. I can now read the two languages with ease, and call for the common necessaries; all beyond this is of little consequence to me: but I have learnt to converse with the cats and dogs, always my favourite companions, for I love the honesty of the one, and the independance of the other.

Among the many vices of civilized society, there is none that tends more to generate misan-

thropical feelings than that of cruelty to animals. In general they are as badly treated here as in England, but the mode of butchering them is less barbarous. The spinal marrow is pierced with a small knife between two of the vertebræ of the neck, and of course the beast falls immediately. I have often wondered that some such mode is not generally adopted: cattle in England are slaughtered with the most savage barbarity; it is not uncommon there to begin skinning a sheep before it is dead, because the butcher has not time to wait!

I will relate to you a circumstance which occurred at Abo in Finland. You will admire the despotic justice of the Magistrates. A dog who had been run over by a carriage crawled to the door of a tanner in that town; the man's son, a boy of fifteen years of age, first stoned, and then poured a vessel of boiling water upon the miserable animal. This act of diabolical cruelty was witnessed by one of the magistrates, who thought such barbarity deserved to be publicly noticed. He therefore informed

the other magistrates, who unanimously agreed in condemning the boy to this punishment:— He was imprisoned till the following market day; then, in the presence of all the people, he was conducted to the place of execution by an officer of justice, who read to him his sentence. "Inhuman young man, because you did not assist an animal who implored your assistance by its cries, and who derives being from the same God who gave you life, because you added to the tortures of the agonizing beast, and murdered it, the Council of this city have sentenced you to wear on your breast the name you deserve, and to receive fifty stripes." He then hung a black board round his neck with this inscription, "A savage and inhuman young man!" and after inflicting upon him twenty-five stripes, he proceeded, "Inhuman young man! you have now felt a very small degree of the pain with which you tortured a helpless animal in its hour of death! As you wish for mercy from that God who created all that live, learn humanity for the future." He then executed the remainder of the sentence.

I have translated this story from a work written in the Portugueze language, by a very extraordinary man, Count Leopold Berchtold, the foster brother of the late Emperor Joseph. He was at Lisbon in the year 1792, but so completely did he shun society, that I have scarcely found any one who recollected even his name. His person was very fine, his manners elegant, and his mind enlarged. From the dinner hour of one day he remained alone in his apartment till the dinner hour of the next, and the people who lived in the same house were so astonished at his singularities, that they believed him to be the Wandering Jew. These hours were employed in study, for the Count used to publish a book upon some subject of practical utility, in the language of every country he visited. In Enggland he printed two octavo volumes, intitled, Advice to Travellers, the worst of his publications, I am told, of which the second volume is a mere catalogue of voyages and travels. The works which he has published in Portugal, are upon more valuable subjects, and distributed gratis for the good of humanity. The one is a

translation from his own German, An Essay on the means of preserving the lives of men from various dangers to which they are daily exposed; the other is, An Essay upon extending the limits of beneficence to Animals, as well as to Men. For the first of these essays the Royal Academy of Lisbon presented him a silver medal. Perhaps he himself was not sanguine enough to suppose that his books could be productive of much immediate benefit. It is pleasant to read these charitable theories, and easy to applaud them; but the majority of the affluent entrench themselves in the centre of their own comforts, and Poverty and Wretchedness dare not intrude upon the magic circle. Yet it is not impossible that the suppressed or dormant feelings of some individual may be awakened by the perusal; and Berchtold will not have laboured in vain if he shall only have stimulated one mind to active benevolence.

From Lisbon he went to Cadiz, and thence crossed over to Barbary on his road to Persia. For this dangerous expedition he was possessed

of every advantage that personal intrepidity and a complete knowledge of the Arabic could afford. I could learn nothing of his after fortunes; perhaps he may have perished in a journey of great and certain peril, from the accomplishment of which little utility could possibly have resulted.

I am sad when I contemplate the eccentricities of genius. Like meteors, some flash upon our view and are extinguished; some shake their torches in our eyes and delight to dazzle instead of directing us. Surely that man is the wisest, as well as the happiest, who considers there are luminaries enough to enlighten the world, and lets his taper shine from the windows of the lonely farm-house. A little taper will lighten a room, but place it to illuminate the street, it will do no good, and the wind will speedily extinguish it.

Do not imagine I am disparaging the character of Leopold Berchtold. Enthusiasm is always amiable, and I love and honour the Quixotism

of benevolence, while I lament the reward it will meet with from mankind. I am grieved that a man so excellent should start from the sphere of domestic life; that he who would so well have filled the stations of friend, and husband, and father, should be a wanderer over the world, attempting the amendment of all, and making the happiness of none.

I have another history to relate to you, as singular, and perhaps more interesting.

Radji is the son of an Arabian woman and an Italian Physician, settled at Bagdad: he was sent to his Father's brother, a merchant at Bombay; but Radji had received a religious education, and his moral feelings were wounded by the licentiousness of his uncle who indulged himself in all the brutality of oriental voluptuousness. The lad ran away, and entered himself on board an European vessel: the morality of a ship was as little agreeable to him, and on reaching Lisbon about two years ago, he took his cloaths, and without inquiring for his pay,

came to the Irish College and asked protection. Struck by this strange story from a boy of eighteen, they received him there, and recommended him to some Portugueze nobles, who undertook to defray the expences of his education for the priesthood: but like most other patrons, satisfying their own pride with the promise, they forgot poor Radji. Mr. B. an English student at the College (a man of cultivated mind and manners, who has exhibited a singular proof of integrity by becoming a convert to the Romish doctrine) resolved now to take care of the boy till he could find a more able patron, and he accordingly supported and instructed Radji till he had procured for him the patronage of the Grand Inquisitor, and a regular establishment from a Portugueze Countess. He is now being educated for a Catholic priest; the life of Radji will be useless and obscure, but it will be harmless and happy.

The young Arab possesses no splendour of intellect, but he has that which is infinitely more valuable, simplicity of heart. He speaks Ara-

bic, Persian, Italian, Portugueze, and English; you will be more pleased to hear that he was never known to utter an immoral word, or neglect the performance of what he believes an act of religious duty. "When did you see those chaps?" said he to Mr. B. speaking of some young Englishmen here. "They are fine looking fellows, but I believe, like all you English, they think more about eating and drinking than of saving their souls. Why don't you talk to them about their souls, and try to convert them? If I saw them as much as you do I should talk to them of nothing else." "Do you pray for them Radji?" said his friend.—"That I do," replied the boy—"I have never neglected that, and I never will!"

LETTER XXIII.

This country is supplied with corn from Barbary; and that at so low a rate, that the farmers do not find it worth their while to bring their grain to market. I am informed that the harvest of last year is not yet begun upon. They cannot grind the Barbary corn in England: it is extremely hard, and the force and velocity of English mills reduce the husk as well as the grain to powder. They apprehended that the fault lay in the grindstones, and accordingly sent for some from Lisbon; but the advice which they received at the same time was of more importance:—it was to damp the corn before they ground it, and thus the bran would be prevented from pulverizing.

A Moor of distinction, who is now in Lisbon, was lately struck with the beauty of an English lady, and made a formal proposal to *buy* her of

her mother. How do we revolt from appearances, instead of from realities! A proposal to *buy* her daughter, would shock any European parent: but, if a man of superior rank, or superior fortune, offered himself, though his intellect were of idiot imbecility, and his body rendered decrepid by debauchery, would there be the same horror entertained at *selling* her?

We crossed the river yesterday to Almada hill, and, sitting amid the ruins of the castle, enjoyed the rich prospect. Behind us were the pine-wooded plains of Alentejo, and the olive yards and orange groves towards Cezimbra. The Tagus rolled below us; and, on its opposite shore, about a mile and a half distant, the city of Lisbon extended. To our right, the river spread itself into a vast bay, twelve miles from shore to shore: left-ward, we looked down upon the castles of Belem and St. Julian, the rough bar glittering with white breakers, and the Atlantic ocean. Below the city, about eighteen miles in the country, rose the rock of Lisbon. The water was covered with ves-

sels of all nations and all sizes; the day was clear, the sun not too powerful to be pleasant: altogether I never beheld a more cheerful scene.

Pombal ordered all the churches here to be built like houses, that they might not spoil the uniformity of the streets. This villainous taste has necessarily injured the appearance of the city. I passed one morning in walking over the old Moorish part of the town, and though accustomed to the filth and narrowness of Spanish and Portugueze streets, I was astonished at the dirt and darkness. Yet, the contrast was very delightful, after winding up these close and gloomy ascents, to arrive on some open eminence that commanded the city and the harbour. The river assumes a very gay appearance on any particular holy-day, when the vessels are ornamented with the colours of all the nations in alliance with Portugal: the guns are then fired; but so irregularly, that the first time I was awakened by them, they gave me the idea of an engagement. These people de-

light in gunpowder: the last Brazil fleet was detained for six weeks, that they might fire upon the Queen's birth-day.

I have seen one of the Lent processions. There were about ten saints carried, as large as life, preceded by an imaged crucifix. Some little boys, dressed with silver wings, led the procession; and the Host concluded it, borne as usual under a purple pall. You will be amused with the history of Nosso Senhor dos Passos, the principal personage of the day's solemnity. This image one night knocked at the door of St. Roque's church, and they would not let him in. He then went to the convent of Graza, at the other end of the town, and obtained admittance. As you may well imagine, the brethren of St. Roque were in no small degree chagrined, when they discovered whom they had rejected. They claimed him as their guest; and alledged, that it was evident Nosso Senhor preferred dwelling with them, as he had chosen their church first. To this their antagonists assented; but pleaded they had for-

feited this claim, by refusing to admit the miraculous visitor, who of course ought to abide with those who first received him. The matter would have occasioned a law suit, if they had not thus compromised it. The convent of Graza is his home; but the brethren of St. Roque are allowed to carry him in their procession; and he sleeps with them the night preceding the ceremony. Surely it would have been a more equitable mode of decision, to have placed the image between the two churches, and so allowed him to take his choice.

These images are all carried by men, their faces veiled, and their feet bare. This was formerly the office of penitents, and on this account their faces were concealed; but the present generation are less bigotted, and the monks are obliged to hire *carriers.

* A friend of mine who was at Lisbon in 1797, particularly noticed the bearers at these processions. By their linen, the colour of their feet and hands, and the soreness with which they trod, some of them bleeding as they went, he judged many to be actually penitents.

LETTER XXIV.

A Man was robbed and stripped naked laſt night within a hundred yards of this house. They usually strip their prey in this country. I have heard of an Englishman who was thus undreſſed, and laid under a wall with his hand and feet tied: where he remained, in company with two other persons in the same situation, till they were able to disengage themselves. Another of our countrymen, who had fallen into the hands of some ruffians at Almada, complained to the magistrates at Lisbon. The Alcayde took up all the inhabitants of the village where it happened, above sixty persons; and, after confining them all for six months, turned them all loose again: so excellently is justice administered in Portugal.

It is not many years ſince a man, called from his diminutive size Don Pedro Pequeno,

kept the whole city in awe. He would murder a person for the moſt trifling affront, and pick a quarrel with any one who passed him in the street, for the sake of stabbing him. The fellow had killed so many officers who attempted to apprehend him, that at last they shot him, like a wild beast, from a distance.

When the present Queen began her reign, she made the wise and humane resolution of never inflicting the punishment of death. This resolution she observed till Almada church was robbed, and the host scattered about, and trampled under foot. On this occasion the Court went into mourning for nine days; and the thieves, when taken, were executed for their sacrilege.

A more memorable circumstance occurred upon the robbing of a church at Lisbon: the wafers were missing: of course the city was in an uproar, and the Court in mourning. During this period of public calamity, a priest, passing by a drove of oxen in one of the public streets,

ſaw the foremoſt beaſt fall upon his knees. He leaped forward, and, ſtooping to the ground, produced a wafer! clean and immaculate, though the ſtreets were dirty. A miracle was immediately ſhouted, the miraculous host was conveyed to the neareſt church, the driver and his oxen ſtopt, and high maſs celebrated upon the occaſion. The prieſt and the driver were penſioned for this fortunate miracle; and even the oxen purchaſed, and turned out to be paſtured for life at the public expence.

The new convent of Franciſcan nuns is the moſt ſplendid monument of the Queen's devotion. Her late confeſſor, Ignacio de San Caetano, is ſaid to have been the promoter of this noble, but uſeleſs fabric. This man had been a common ſoldier; he held the offices of Archbiſhop of Theſſalonica, Confeſſor to the Queen, and Grand Inquiſitor; and be it remembered to his honour in this world, as it now is to his happineſs in the next, that he was never known, either directly or indirectly, to have injured any one. He enjoyed the good

things of his situation; regularly after dinner drank a bottle of mareschini, and lived in peace with all men. Such a man, whose religious sentiments must have assimilated with his habits of life, was well qualified to direct the mind of the wretched Maria I. in her incipient madness. She sometimes told him, that she felt herself excluded from all hopes of possible salvation. He used to soothe her, and tell her to be easy concerning her soul, for he would take that upon himself. By such assurances her mind, from time to time, was quieted: but upon his death, a less able man succeeded him, and this most horrible madness is confirmed for ever.

The pictures in the new Convent were painted by Pompeio Battoni; excepting one by the Queen's sister, in which Michael and the old Dragon are represented, with about as much taste as you must often have seen displayed upon St. George and the young one. They sent him the dimensions of the altar-piece, and the subject, Christ's heart!—to which the con-

vent is dedicated; and of which promising subject he was to make what he could. The heart is in the heavens, emitting splendour; where likewise are the Pope and the cardinal virtues. Below are Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, adoring the Heart. The figure of Europe is that of a female loosely dressed, on a horse whose hinder parts are foremost on the canvass. A Portuguèze remarked, that it was very wrong to place such an altar-piece there, and make people kneel to an half-naked woman, and the rump of a horse. "How much better would it have been," said he, "to have placed the performance of the Princess there!" You will scarcely believe that the drain from the New Convent opens into the middle of one of the public streets.

I have been visiting all those objects which are usually shewn to strangers here: the aqueduct, whose stupendous height, much as I had heard of it, filled me with astonishment; the Mosaic pictures at St. Roque's, more excellent than I could possibly have believed; and the

cathedral, containing little worthy of notice, but remarkable for having a little chapel built immediately before its front, on the spot where St. Anthony was born. St. Anthony is generalissimo of the Portugueze forces; and you may see his commission in Costigan's Sketches. I have now lying before me an epic canto, of which this is the subject. St. Antonio, whilst preaching at Padua, suddenly discovers that his father, Bulhoens, is at that moment going to be condemned to death at Lisbon, for a murder of which he is innocent. St. Antonio flies to Lisbon, makes the dead man speak, to acquit Bulhoens, and name the assassin; then flies back again to Padua, and tells the story to conclude his sermon.

The equestrian statue of the late King is the noblest I ever saw. The late Chaplain, Mr. Allen, observed of the groupe below it, that they should draw the elephant's tusks; since, as he is less than the horse, he must needs be a young one: the hint was taken. The mean resentment of his victorious enemies removed

the bust of Pombal from this statue; and they have defaced it by placing the city arms in bronze in its place. Horrible must have been the latter days of Pombal! He had always employed the power he possessed for the good of his country: but, to preserve that power, he had scrupled at no means, however atrocious. He retired at last in disgrace, to behold all his plans for the public good counteracted, and to feel, that the individual guilt he had contracted was indelible. After the death of the King, and the disgrace of Pombal, who had most faithfully served him, his enemies were continually urging the reigning Queen to restore the family of Aveiro to their honours: but, whenever she appeared to lend a favourable ear, the Queen Mother produced the coat of the King, pierced by the bullets of the assassins, and stained with his blood. One of the hired assassins, who escaped the diabolical cruelties inflicted upon his accomplices and abettors, lived for many years afterwards in Lisbon. He had preserved himself by mangling his countenance so that it was impossible to recog-

nize him. Aveiro himself might have eſcaped, had he possessed either common prudence or common courage. A veſſel was prepared to carry him off; but he heard that a party of horse had lost themselves in the woods by his house without taking the alarm; and even when they appeared at the gate, he might have preserved himself by leaping out of a window, one story high. His palace at Belem was razed to the ground, and the ground sown with salt.* There is a church erected on the spot where the King was shot at, dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Livramento—Our Lady of the Deliverance. Three parties were stationed to destroy

* A column is erected upon the spot, with this inscription:

Aqui forão as cazas arazadas e salgados de Joze Maſcarenhas, exauthorado das honras de Duque de Aveiro e outras; e condemnado por ſentença proferida na ſuprema junta da inconfidencia, em 12 de Janerio de 1759: justiçado como hum dos chefes do barbaro e execrando desacato, que na noite de 3 de Setembro de 1758, se havia commullado contra a real e sagrada pessoa de el Rey nosso Senhor D. Joze I. neste terreno infame se não podera edificar em tempo algum.

him. The plot was, that the first should let him pass, the second fire; so that whether he proceeded or retreated, there might be a second chance of destroying him. This scheme, which, if properly executed, could scarcely have failed of success, was frustrated by the impatience of the first party, who fired as the coach passed them. The coachman immediately turned round and drove back, and thus the king was preserved. There is a curious sketch designed for the altar-piece of the church erected in commemoration of his escape, preserved in the Marquis of Angeja's Country House at Lumiares, and drawn by Vieyra. It represents the Conspirators firing at the King, who is surrounded by Angels, some of whom are leading the mules of his carriage, and others pouring water on the locks of the Conspirators' guns. This last idea is taken from the celebrated Dutch painting of Abraham offering up his son Isaac, in which, however, the angels are seen extinguishing the fire in a much more natural way.

The royal palace stood then about the distance of a mile and half from Lisbon, at a place called the Ajuda. From a hasty and slight fabric erected for the King after the great earthquake, it had gradually increased to a large and inelegant building, which was burnt down last year; it was with the greatest difficulty that the Queen's sister could be saved from the flames; she likewise is mad, and when they removed her by force, bit and scratched the persons who preserved her.

About twenty years ago an Architect was sent to Rome to take plans of the inside of St. Peter's, that he might fit up the Patriarchal church upon their model. This man embezzled whatever he could; he substituted imitations for the most expensive lace, tinsel for gold, and false stones instead of jewels, with so greedy and blind an avarice, that at last he set fire to the church to prevent a discovery; he was detected and executed. I told this story to Mambrino: Ah! said he, he must have been either a heretic or a Jew!

The patriarchal church is situated at the Ajuda. John V. established this on the model of that of Rome. The dress of the Patriarch is similar to that of the Pope, and like the Pope when he makes his appearance in public, he rides upon a white mule. The Principals answer to the Cardinals, and the resemblance is carried downwards in the same manner.

When the church was completed, and the ceremonies all arranged, it was discovered that one important particular had been forgotten, and the service of the church was therefore suspended, whilst a courier was sent to Rome to know whether the Pope fastened his breeches with a buckle or a string. His Holiness returned for answer, sometimes with the one, sometimes with the other, and that the Patriarch might use either at his own discretion.

They have a good regulation here with regard to fires. The watermen, who sell the water in barrels that they carry on their shoulders, are divided into wards, of each of which the indi-

viduals take the command in rotation. Every man is obliged at night to carry home his barrel full, and, in case of fire, it is the business of the head of the ward to collect all who belong to it. An English sailor happened to see a fire here; assistance came late, and the house burnt slowly.—"Curse it," cried he, squirting out his tobacco, "there's no spirit in this country; why we should have had a dozen houses burnt down in London by this time!"

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The Museum and the Botanic Garden are likewise at the Ajuda. Brazil has supplied the Museum with the richest collection of birds I ever saw. The collection, if well disposed, would make a much more respectable appearance; but when the gloom of insanity and bigotry prevails at Court, little can be expected of royal encouragement. Many of the most valuable articles have lately been presented to the Prince of Parma by the Prince of Brazil. In the Botanic Garden my attention was principally engaged by two statues dug up in this kingdom a few years back, and now stuck up

on each side the door of the garden, and exposed to the weather! The one is somewhat larger than the other, but both are in the same attitude, and represent a man, his hands hanging down, and holding with both a small round shield; evidently too rude for an age far advanced in civilization, yet they are much superior to the efforts of a barbarous one. These statues give ample room for conjecture; they led me to reflect on many stupendous works of art, which were wondered at in the earliest ages of history, and of which the authors were even then forgotten.

Like every other useful establishment of royal munificence in this kingdom, the menagerie is ill-managed and ill-supplied. I was almost sickened at the pestilential filth in which the beasts are confined. The fine old elephant of John V. was put upon a short allowance of cabbages; but as they who diminished his food could not lessen his appetite, the poor animal died. There are only three zebras remaining, and those are males; they bred in this country,

and some attempts were made to break them in. The late Don Joze de Menezes, son of the Marquis of Marialva, actually drove them in an open carriage, till they broke two or three carriages for him, and some of them had killed themselves by struggling. This was the gentleman who was in the box with the King, and saw his brother, the Conde de Arcos, killed at a bull-fight: he immediately descended, and attacked and killed the bull.

St. Joze's, which lies two miles lower down on the bank of the river, was about two years ago the scene of a remarkable piece of villainy. A Priest called upon a German Jeweller in Lisbon, and desired him to bring a set of good jewels to St. Joze's, for a lady about to be married: and he told him as the lady wished to keep the marriage a secret, he would meet him near the house, and transact the business. The man accordingly went and found the priest where he had appointed, who told him there was the lady walking in the garden, and took the jewels from him to carry to her; but as he said

it was not yet time, they continued to stroll about the house. The Priest now produced some provisions, and urged his companion to eat, which however he declined: soon afterwards they came to a deep pit; the Priest desired the Jeweller to look down, immediately he pushed him in, and threw large stones upon him. The poor fellow, though he had broken an arm and a leg in the fall, contrived to creep into the passage that led to another pit; he frequently heard the Priest address him in a feigned voice, and ask who was there, that he might fling stones upon him if he appeared. In this situation he remained till the next morning, when some workmen who came to dig clay in the pits discovered him; he was taken to the house of an Englishman adjoining, and recovered of his wounds, but the Priest escaped.

Of late Lisbon has rapidly encreased in size; but the growth of the metropolis no more implies the prosperity of the state, than that of an unwholsome tumour proves the health of the

body. The population* of this country is de-

* The following extract from an essay entitled, Discurso juridico œconomico-politico, &c. por Domingo Nunes de Oliveira. 1788.—is given to prove the decrease of population in Portugal. I give it at length, for some places have increased.

A TABLE, shewing the different population of the District of Castello Branco (Comarca de Castella Branco, in 1706, 1755, and 1786.)

	1706	1755	1786
Alpedrinha	405	365	829
Atalaia	100	78	96
Belo Monte	450	449	543
Bemposta	90	96	76
Castello Branco	1230	1114	795
Castello Novo	180	150	144
Idanha Velha	40	41	23
Idanha Nova	630	542	411
Monsanto	400	325	358
Pena gracia	90	80	***
Pena maior	1050	686	639
Proenza	180	176	130
Rosmaninhal	200	132	200
Sabrigal	350	270	252
Salvaterra	110	103	104
Sarzedas	512	556	**
Segura	100	78	70
Sortellha	230	244	218
Touro	270	242	267
St. Vicente	300	263	278
Villa Velha	160	147	**
Gibreira	136	109	195
	7258	6114	4922

clining, and very material changes must take place before it can improve.

Deduct the number of which there was no account in 1796.

Pena Gracia	-	-	90
Sarzedas	-	-	512
Villa Velha	-	-	160
			762

From 7258 - total in 1706,
Deduct 762

6496 -- 4922

So that in eighty years there has been almost one-fourth decrease in depopulation.

LETTER XXV.

Thursday, March 24.

On Monday last I went to Setuval. We crossed the river to Moita and found mules on the strand ready for the journey. Two of the owners quarrelled in settling which we should take, and fought, in the Portugueze manner, with open hands; the battle was soon over, and one of the combatants was going away, when the other seized a large stake, and flung it with all his force at his head. The distance from Moita is twelve miles, and we paid a cruzado novo for each mule.

We soon entered a forest of pines over which the hill of Palmella appeared with its castle. The country abounds with flowers that, scattered on every side amid the heath and sand, attracted our attention by their beauty and novelty; and in every little watry bottom the

frogs croaked out a concert pleasant to the ears of one who loves the sounds of happiness. Ascending the hill we looked back over the forest to the Tagus, and the city on its opposite shore. On our right was a wild tract of high hills, partly covered with green corn, and in parts shewing their red soil; a few grey-green poplars grew at their feet, amid cottages thinly scattered, and orange gardens.

At the entrance of Palmella is a handsome fountain, with the arms of the town and an inscription, in which I was sometime amused at seeing S.P.Q.P. by the idea of the Senate and people of Palmella.

The prospect as we descended is the most beautiful I ever beheld. The same wild, bold scenery on our right; the country before us, and to the left, in the highest state of cultivation, abundantly wooded with almond trees, now covered with their faint pink blossoms, and orange groves, whose rich verdure is diversified with flowers and fruit. Every where around were single cottages, and convents, venerable

piles and picturesque to the eye, however we may deteſt the purposes to which they are applied. About three miles distant lay Setuval, and its harbour: beyond, a low and feeble boundary to the scene, stretched the shore of Estremadura.

We turned our mules loose in the market-place of Setuval, a curious way of getting rid of the beasts; which the general testimony could hardly make me believe to be the custom, till our own practice confirmed it. There is an hotel here kept by an Irishman; I had expected a good house, and was completely disappointed. We procured a *ground floor* apartment there, *two stories above the street*, in which two little bed closets stood, and a third bed was placed for us in the room: we were three in number, and Manuel attended us.

Setuval, as seen from the water, very much resembles Coruña: the principal street extending in the same manner along the strand. Cetobriga is supposed to have stood on the opposite

shore: the fishermen frequently find stones in the sand, and a Corinthian pillar, which was dug up there, now stands in the square of Setuval, scraped and ornamented with a crucifix. The great earthquake was attended with singular effects here: part of a wall is still remaining, of which about twenty yards were removed thirty feet farther from the river, by the tide, and left still standing. I was informed that the water threw a vessel of an hundred tons burthen on the roof of a house, which was of course destroyed.

The chief object of our excursion was to visit the celebrated Convent of Nossa Senhora da Arrabida, on the Arrabida mountain. This convent owes its origin to a miraculous image of Nossa Senhora, which attracts more visitors to the Arrabida than all its wild and glorious scenery. This image belonged to the chaplain of an English ship whose name was Haldebrant: during the darkness of a tempestuous night, when the vessel was near the shore, it was preserved from shipwreck by a wonderful splendour

that from the height of the mountain illuminated the stormy sea. The tempest abated, and the sailors, in exploring the spot from whence the light proceeded, discovered the image of the Virgin, which had fled thither from the ship. Believing it to be a spot chosen by the blessed Mary for her worship, they erected a chapel there with the alms they obtained, and Father Haldebrant was appointed Chaplain.

Such, according to *grave and respectable* historians, is the origin of this convent. I have met with a sonnet in the works of Francisco Manuel, upon "this most holy Convent of the Arrabida." Francisco Manuel is but an indifferent poet: he has seldom succeeded better than on this subject.

AL COMBENTO DEVOTISSIMO
DE LA ARRABIDA.

No baxes temeroso, o peregrino,
Fia tus passos de la senda escura;
Que esta que te parece aspera y dura
Esta es del cielo el aspero cámino.

Si baxas, subiras a ser vecino
De la Jerusalen santa y segura ;
Porque la santidad de essa espessura
Falda es del monte de Sion divino.
Ves quantas fuentes sus cristales mueven
Para buscarte, el ayre te combida,
El sol te guia, y tu no te persuades?
Entra, y veras lo que tus ojos deven :
Aqui todas las horas son de vida,
Todas las esperanzas son verdades.

INSCRIPTION

FOR A TABLET

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PATH LEADING TO

THE ARRABIDA CONVENT.

Falter not Pilgrim here! with steady steps
Upward along this dark-o'ershadowed path
Tread cheerily : this is the rugged path
That leads to Heaven. Hark! how the glittering stream,
That sparkles down the mountain, to thine ear
Sends its mild murmurs : round thy throbbing brow,
Pleasant the cool air breathes, and on thy way
The glorious sun shines radiant. Canst thou pause?
Oh Pilgrim, hie thee on with holy haste
And enter there, where all the hours are hours
Of life, and every hope, reality.

The promontory of Arrabida projects into the Atlantic ocean, about six miles from Setuval. The custom-house boat had been procured for us, and we departed early on Tuesday morning. We passed by Atun Castle, which commands the mouth of the river Sado, three miles from the town. The mountain now opened on our view, it was covered with trees till within a few years, when they were destroyed by fire; the quick vegetation of the climate has supplied the loss to the eye, and overspread the ground with tall shrubs, among which a few trees still remain. We went between the shore and two insulated rocks, in one was a dark cavern: many shrubs grew on the summit, and there was a monumental cross in memory of a man who had fallen from the precipice where he was catching birds. Near this we landed: wine and oranges were procured from a venda, the only habitation in sight; we had brought some cold fowls from Setuval, and the spring by which we sat supplied us with excellent water.

Never did I behold scenery so wild and so

sublime as the mountain of Arrabida presented, and which continually varying as we advanced, always displayed some new beauty. The gum-cestus was the most common plant; it was luxuriantly in blossom, and the sun drew forth its rich balsamic fragrance. About three parts up stands the convent: a few cypresses, an orange garden, and olive yard diversified the hill around it. On the summit are a number of little chapels, or saint-boxes; a Dutchman could not have placed any ornament there more detestable to the picturesque eye. Rude crosses are erected on almost every crag; below is the Atlantic ocean. We were conducted to a cavern consecrated to St. Catherine: the entrance is down a long flight of steps, and admits but little light: the sea enters below, dashing the rocks with that loud and continual roar, which accords as well with the feelings of the Poet as of the Devotee. Through this aperture the light ascends, and nothing is visible but rock and sea. I could believe that old George Wither, who has been abused for his politics and his poetry by blockheads who knew nothing

of either the one or the other, described this very spot in his unequalled lines,

> The dull loneness, the black shade
> That these hanging vaults have made,
> The strange music of the waves
> Beating on these hollow caves,
> This black den which rocks emboss
> Overgrown with eldest moss,
> The rude portals that give light
> More to terror than delight.

I did not wonder to see Manuel and our conductor on their knees before the image of St. Catharine; my own mind was full of feelings "half ready to become devotion," and you will forgive me if for a moment I almost wished to be a hermit.

But such beings as old Nascian and the Hermit of La Roche pauvre, exist only in Romance, and we must look in Gil Blas for a faithful picture of these vermin. There is an English Hermit who now resides on the Arrabida; he was an Agent at Lisbon, and after spending the property he was entrusted with,

petitioned the court for a testoon a day to enable him to turn Catholic Hermit, and thus screen himself from those whom he had defrauded.

The day was hot and the mountain steep. We ascended to the convent; it is a strange irregular building, its cells connected by steps and paths cut in the rock. They led us from one chapel to another, to our great fatigue, and the still greater delight of Manuel, who by the merits of this day's pilgrimage will escape a few thousand years of purgatory. In one place is the latter part of our Saviour's history, represented in little earthen figures. The convent belongs to the bearded Franciscans, called in Portugueze Barbardinhos; and over the image of their patron Saint is written,

Ante obitum
Mortuus,
Post obitum
Vivus
Cernitur Franciscus.

In the great chapel are waxen legs, arms, &c. as usual, and numberless pictures of miracles wrought by our Lady of the Arrabida; ſuch as ships in a storm, persons falling down precipices, and sick in bed, with the Virgin appearing above to save them; the most extraordinary is that of a man who fell from an ass, and as through the blessed Virgin's assistance he did not hurt himself, he hung up a representation of the miraculous escape.

We went to the Convent of Brancánas as we left Setuval on the Wednesday: it is about a mile distant, and almost every object on the road different from the English landscape. A ruined aqueduct crosses the way; the ground is laid out in vine-yards, olive-yards, and orange-gardens, and the fences composed of long canes, aloes, and the devil's fig, which, Hogarth ſays, has the same reason for being ugly as a candle-stick. A Madonna, variously attributed to Raphael, Titian, and Guido, attracted us to Brancanas: it is in high preservation and would do honour to either; travellers have taught

these Franciscans its value. This convent, like most others, stands on a fine and commanding situation. At the commencement of the present war, the Prince of Brazil complained to General M. of the want of Engineers. Your Royal Highness is mistaken, replied the old General, you have the best Engineers in the world—your Monks; look at their convents; you will always find them in the best and most commanding situations of the country.

When we reached Moita, a man proffered us a boat, with a covering from the rain, for sixteen testoons. We agreed with him and embarked; but it was only by lying along that we could be sheltered, and when the owner of the boat had secured us, he took in as many Portugueze as could be crowded in with us, for a vintem each. The boat had been used for carrying dung, and the moisture oozed through upon us; half a dozen ducks, who made part of the passengers, amused us with their music, and the men stunk so abominably that even Manuel complained. We preferred being wet to this

pestilential atmosphere and reached Lisbon after a passage of five hours.

MUSINGS

AFTER VISITING THE

CONVENT OF ARRABIDA.

Happy the dwellers in this holy house!
For surely never worldly Cares intrude
On this retreat, this solitary shade,
Where QUIET with RELIGION makes her home.
And ye who tenant such a goodly scene
Must needs be good! here all is calm and fair,
And here the mirror of the mind reflects
Serenest beauty. O'er these woodland haunts
The insatiate eye, with ever new delight
Roams raptur'd, marking now where to the wind
The tall tree shakes its many-colour'd boughs,
Making wild melody, and now the sport
Of many a sea-bird o'er the tranquil deep,
And now the long reflected line of light
Where the broad orb of day refulgent sinks
Beneath old Ocean's bound. To have no cares,
To have no kindred with the reptile race
Of Man, no Wants to fetter down the soul
Amid the knaves and ideots of the world,

Almost, ye dwellers in this holy house!
Almost I envy you! you never hear
The groans of Wretchedness; you never see
Pale Hunger's asking eye, nor roam around
Those huge and hateful sepulchres of Men,
Where WEALTH and POWER have rear'd their palaces,
And VICE with horrible contagion taints
The herd of human-kind.
I too could love,
Ye tenants of this holy solitude!
To sojourn here, and when the sun rides high,
Seek some sequestered dingle's deepest shade,
And at the cooler hour, along the beach
Stray with slow step, and gaze upon the deep:
And, whilst the evening breezes bath'd my brow,
And on mine ear the rude and restless roar
Re-echoed, muse on many a lesson taught
By hard experience. Yet may yonder deep
Suggest some not unprofitable thought,
Monastic brethren! Would the mariner,
Tho' many a tempest swell its maddened waves,
And many a whirlwind o'er the reeling mast
Impel the mountain surge, quit yonder deep
And rather float upon some tranquil sea,
Whose moveless waters never feel the gale,
In safe stagnation? I must yet fulfil
Some tasks, some duties; and those well fulfill'd,
BELOVED! then will we together seek
The cot of INDEPENDANCE. Pleasant then
To think that we have walk'd amid mankind
"More sinn'd against than sinning." Pleasant then
To muse on many a sorrow overpast,
And think the labour of the day is done,

And as the evening of our lives shall close
The peaceful evening, hail with firmest hope
The approaching dawn of everlasting day!

LETTER XXVI.

I sat up last night reading the Eſtelle of Florian. I love the shepherds and the shepherdesses of Romance; not the detestable eclogue rhymers, but those whom the Author has made after his own heart, and whom he leads through all the vicissitudes of love to happiness, either in the church or in the church yard. The pleasure we feel in thus contemplating human nature such as it should be, does not perhaps make amends for the mortification of seeing it such as it is. After interesting myself in rural loves, I feel totally unfit to associate with husbands who have purchased wives, and wives who have purchased husbands; the tittle-tattle of common conversation appears more than usually dull when the mind has been delighted with the language of poetry and of the heart; the rattle of carriages

makes but a melancholy discord to supply the murmurings of the brook and the songs of the grove; the convent bells sound villainously, instead of "the drowsy tinklings of the distant fold;" and after regaling my fancy with a bank of violets, I turn up my nose at the streets of Lisbon.

This species of composition owes its origin to George of Montemayor, whose Diana becomes additionally valuable, like the French Astræa, by shadowing the history of its author. It soon became popular, and the presses of Spain and Portugal swarmed with pastoral Romances, of which some were honoured by the names of Gil Polo, Lope de Vega, and Cervantes. The sublime extravagance of the books of chivalry yielded to this tamer nonsense, which gave way in its turn to the French Romances; ponderous volumes, of which the Cassandra and Cleopatra are deeply interesting, in defiance of history, costume, and common sense. Miss Lee has followed these works in blending history and fiction, and the herd of her imitators sufficiently

witness her merit and success. The pastoral Romance has been revived by Florian with equal judgment. His Galatea, though a pleasing tale, possesses not the excellence we might expect in a work corrected by Florian, from the original of Cervantes. There is more unity in his Estelle; here he has availed himself of the genius of George of Montemayor, and borne to it ample and honourable testimony.

You would be astonished at the *enormity* of the Spanish and Portugueze Pastorals; they frequently extend to five hundred, and Garcilaso de la Vega has left one above seventeen hundred lines in length. It is easy to dilate these compositions of which rhyme appears to be the only requisite; nor is it indeed difficult to attain the reputation of a poet in these countries, where whatever is rhyme passes for poetry. I will venture to assert that there is more genius in one of our old metrical Romances than can be found in all the Epic Poems of Portugal, not excepting Camoens. The Malaca Conquistada of Francisco de Sa de Menezes, and the Ulyssea of

Gabriel Pereira de Castro, are esteemed the best after the Lusiad: the best part of the first poem is stolen from Tasso, and when Ulysses, in the other, descends to hell, the description of the towers and the gates of hell are translated without acknowledgment from Dante. They steal as freely from each other as from their neighbours: Tojal has followed Camoens with the most servile imitation in his Carlos Reduzido, though he possessed himself a prodigality of genius unequalled by any of his countrymen.

The present reign has produced two Epic Poems, the re-building of Lisbon after the Earthquake, and the marriage of the reigning Queen Maria with her Uncle, by permission of Jupiter, through the intercession of Venus, is the subject of one,—Lisboa Reedificada, by Miguel Mauricio Ramalho: of this it is enough to say that the subject and the execution are worthy of each other. The other is the Caramuru of Father Jose de Santa Rita Duraon; the four last books form a complete specimen of the national dullness and vanity, but the former

part of the poem excites more interest than any poetry in the Portugueze language. The story is briefly this: Diogo Alvares was shipwrecked near Bahia, among a nation of Cannibals, who devoured his companions, and only spared him till he should recover his health; in the mean time he procured fire arms from the wreck, and killing a bird, was called by the intimidated savages The Son of Thunder, and Caramuru, or, the Dragon of the Sea. Thus obtaining the command, he conquered their enemies and married Paraguazu, heiress to the Chief of the Tupinambas. The story is historically true. Paraguazu was baptized in France, and received the name of Catherine, from Catherine of Medicis, her godmother. She afterwards transferred her rights to King John III. and thus the Portugueze obtained the richest province of Brazil.

I give you one extract horribly sublime. The Author declares that the circumstance happened in Para, during the reign of the late King Jose I. on the authority of a man in high

office, then employed in that country in a public capacity. My translation is compressed, not altered.

Estava o desditoso encadeado,
E exposto a mil insectos que o mordião,
Nem se lhe via o corpo ensanguentado,
Que todo os marimbondos* lhe cubrião:
Corrio o negro sangue derramado
Das crueis picaduras, que lhe abrião
E elle immovel em tanta em tosco assento
Parecia insensivel no tormento.

Vendo Diogo o infeliz, quanto padece
No modo de penar mais deshumano,
Maior a tolerancia lhe parece,
Do que possa caber n'hum peito humano:
E como author do crime reconhece
Do cruel Sogro o corazão tyranno,
Offerece a Bambu, que a morte ameaça,
Socorro amigo na cruel desgraça.

Perdes comigo o tempo, disse o Fero,
Ao que ves, e ainda a mais vivo disposto:
A liberdade que me das não quero:
E da dor, que tolero, fazo gosto:
Assim vingar-me do inimigo espero.
Disse. e sem se mudar do antigo posto,
As picadas crueis tão firme atura,
Como se penha fora, ou rocha dura.

* A very venomous species of wasp.

Se o motivo, diz Diogo, porque temes,
  He porque escravo padecer receias,
E tens por menor mal este, em que gemes,
  Do que huma vida em miseras cadeias:
Depõe o susto, que sem causa tremes,
  Penhor te posso dar, por onde creias,
Depondo a obstinazão do torpe medo,
Que a vida a liberdade te concedo.

Aqui da fronte o barbaro desvia
  Dos insectos co a mão a espessa banda;
E a Diogo que assim se condoia,
  Hum sorriso em resposta alegre manda.
De que te admiras tu? que serviria
  Dar ao vil corpo condizão mais branda?
Corpo meu não he ja, se anda comigo,
Elle he corpo em verdade do inimigo.

O espirito, a razao, o pensamento
  Son EU, e nada mais. a carne immunda
Forma se cada dia do alimento,
  E faz a nutrizão, que se confunda:
Vês tu a carne aqui, que mal sustento?
  Não a reputes minha: so se funda
Na que tenho comido aos adversarios,
Donde minha não he, mas dos contrarios.

Da carne me pastei continuamente
  De seus filhos, e pai: della he composto
Este corpo, que animo de presente;
  Por isso dos tormentos faço gosto:
E quando maior pena a carne sente,
  Então mais me consolo, no supposto
De me ver do inimigo bem vingado,
Neste corpo, que he seu, tão mal tratado.

Firm at the stake he stood, his mangled limbs
Bristled with darts, and black with blood that roll'd
From many a wound, on whose bare fibres fix'd
The venomous swarm fed. He the while was calm,
Nor did his countenance change, nor did he move,
Tho' each torn nerve was quivering. All enraged
Diogo saw the victim, and he ran
And forced them cease their skilful cruelty,
And bade the warrior live. "Thou losest time,
"Bidding me live;" the indignant Savage cried:
"Pale Man! I mock their empty rage, I love
"This extacy of feeling." "Thou shalt live!"
Exclaim'd the Chief of Portugal, amazed
At more than mortal sufferance: "Gallant Man,
"Spurn not the life I proffer: undisgraced
"Seek thou thine home, and live in liberty."
Then from his bloody brow the Savage swept
The swarm, and smil'd and answer'd, "Pale-fac'd man,
"Why dost thou wonder at my sufferance?
"This body is not mine. Spirit, and Thought,
"And Reason, these are ME! and this poor flesh
"That I inhabit in, it is the flesh
"Of foes whom I have fed on, of your friends,
"Your sons, your parents, feeble Enemies!
"I do rejoice that you should torture thus
"Their body!"

Sir William Jones's Poems from the Persian, have been lately translated by Francisco Manoel de Oliveira, a native of Madeira, whose

original pieces display some genius. They have translations of Thomson's Seasons, the Paradise lost, Gulliver's Travels, and the Night Thoughts of Young, a favourite poet of the Portugueze, on account of his forced thoughts that ſo often totter on the brink of nonsense: Harvey's Meditations are on the same account highly esteemed. I see the Death of Abel is rendered from the German, and the Arminius of Baron Schoniach: Voltaire praised it highly, but I found it difficult to proceed through our prose translation.

The Busy Body and the School for Scandal have been successfully brought upon the Portugueze stage by Correa. He had also translated the Suspicious Husband, but the Inquistors refuſed to license this, because they deemed Ranger a dangerous character to be publicly represented. Correa is said to translate with spirit: he is now employed on an original comedy called the Genealogist, and a tragedy on the Conquest of Peru.

Buchan's Domestic Physician has been translated and adapted to the climates of Portugal and Brazil. They have Cullen's works likewise. You may estimate the medical progress of this country by this circumstance—The Dutch Minister here hurt his leg; a Portugueze Surgeon was called in: he pronounced it a fracture, performed the operation of setting it, bandaged it, and laid his patient in bed. After two days Dr. H. was called in; he examined the limb, and bade the Dutchman rise and walk about the room. This occurred but a few years back. In the beginning of the last year a surgeon of the country was called in to an infant whose arm was broken in three places, and he never discovered the fracture.

In a country where the art of healing is so little understood, you may perhaps be curious to know how they estimate medical merit, and what are its rewards. A servant belonging to the Royal Family was stabbed in the abdomen so that his entrails came out. Mr. T. an English Surgeon, cured the wound, and the reward

he received was to have his picture hung up in the Lapa Church, standing by the patient's bed, with the Virgin Mary above, who had enabled him to perform the cure.

Of the Portugueze music I can give you no account. I heard the seige of Gibraltar lately, and amused myself by reading what the harpsichord expressed. "The French and Spaniards prepare for the attack.—The English prepare. Now the batteries begin.—Now Elliot fires his red hot balls.—Now the batteries blow up.—Cries of the wounded and dying.—Now the Spaniards try to save themselves by swimming. Mr. Curtis goes to assist them.—The prisoners are brought into the fortress.—The English express their joy by the following country dance.—They invite the prisoners to join in the dance.—Prisoners and English embrace and dance together.—Every one departs to his home."

The Italian Opera, whose absurdity requires such wickedness to support it, is in general but

thinly attended here. The present Queen suffers no woman to appear on the stage, and this measure, in reality the effect of her jealousy, was said to proceed from her regard to the morals of the public. Permission has been granted since I arrived here for a female dancer to exhibit herself, and the theatre has been crowded in consequence. Where was her Majesty's regard to the public morals when she permitted this? No amusement should be tolerated which cannot benefit the spectator, and must vitiate the performer. Such Spartan-like prohibitions would be deemed despotic in our modern free states, where sumptuary laws are thought encroachments upon freedom: the hale constitution can endure them; but how the diseased man shrinks when you touch his sores!

Many of the Portugueze have wasted their abilities in writing Latin,* instead of enriching

* Resendius is perhaps the best of their Latin writers. The following extract is long, but the story is a curious one:

their native tongue. A collection of their poetry was attempted some years ago; it ex-

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" Animi causa, narrabo tibi Eborensium meorum fabellam non inlepidam. Octavo ab urbe lapide, Salacienfi via, (lapidibus enim viarum trium, Emeritensis, Pacensis ac Salaciensis, millia passuum distinguuntur) fanum est Virgini Christi matri sacrum, inter diruta a Romanis usque temporibus ædificia, locum Turegiam vocant. Manent adhuc aquæductus vestigia et aquarum diversa conceptacula. Unum cæteris capacius Agonem, seu martyrum Caveam, adpellant, aiunt illic obcisos sine certo nomine martyres non paucos, una cum episcopo. Duas episcopo fuisse sorores virgines, alteram Columbam, quæ ibi juxta interfecta sit, ubi etiam nunc sacellum extat illius nomine: alteram metu fugisse, insequutumque episcopum, puellam de perfidia increpasse; illam respondisse, non mortis se metu, sed ne barbaris ludibrio haberetur aufugisse: orare tamen fratrem ut virginali imbecillitati id condonaret, ipseque sororem sua manu martyrem faceret, quando fugæ nulla spes esset reliqua. Episcopum sororicidium aversatum, verum satellibus venientibus annuisse, qui puellæ caput amputarint. Ubi corruit, promanasse fontem aquæ dulcissimæ, qui nunc vulgo Fons Sanctus nominatur, lippientibus salutaris. Puellam tamen, in fugæ pœnam, mansisse innominatam. Hoc peracto, episcopum rediisse ad Agonem, & martyrium consummasse. Sepulchrum ejus lapideum, si tamen ejus est, visitur in ipso Dei matris fano, vacuum atque apertum: supra quod mensa extat lapidea inscripta, collumellis suffulta quatuor, ita ut pateat sepulchrum a dextro in sinistrum cornu ingredi, & transire volentibus. Mensa tamen minor est, quam ut monumenti operculum existimari debet; arbitrorque inventam inter

tended to eight or ten quarto volumes, but for want of encouragement the work was discon-

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ruinas in aræ usum accommodatam. Solebant illic meare quibus lumbi dolerent, martyris episcopi auxilio implorato, & absque dubio juvabantur. Super aram etiam eamdem, celebrabantur mysteria, in martyris episcopi honorem. Extat et pictura, et Viarii nomen Episcopo adscriptum: unde id mox aperiam. Hæc vetus fama; quæ si historia est, ea nimirum obsolevit, omnia confundente et obliterante barbaria. Mihi, quum Divorum historias ad Eborensis Ecclesiæ Breviarum concinnarem, contigit illic ire, indagandæ antiquitatis causa. Fani ejus parœcus, reverendus admodum sacerdos, ac loquutuleius non invenuste ad vocem gestum accommodans, ut qui Romæ plusculos fuisset annos, quum me perhumane excepisset, & cognita iteneris causa, martyrum sive historiam hanc, sive fabulam, denarasset, oro te, inquam, vir egregie, extat ne scriptura quæpiam quæ id attestatur? Eccam! inquit ille, et quidem luculentam. Duxitque me ad aram, et ablatis mappis quibus tegebatur, inscriptionem ostendit istiusmodi.

D. M. S.
Q. IVL. MAXIMO. C. V. QUAES
TORI. PROV. SICILIAE. TRIB.
PLEB. LEG. PROV. NARBONENS.
GALLIAE. PRAEF. DESIG. ANN.
XLVIII. CALPVRNIA. SABINA.
MARITO. OPTIMO.
Q. IVL. CLARO. C. V. IIII. VIRO.
VIARVM. CVRANDARVM. ANN.
XXI. Q. IVL. NEPOTIANO. C. I.
IIII. VIRO. VIARVM. CVRANDA.
RVM. ANN. XX. CALP. SABINA.
FILIIS.

tinued. The copies that remained on hand were sold as waste paper, and so scattered that it is now difficult to collect a set complete, as far as they extended.

The vernacular poets have been more fortunate. The oldest and the best have been re-edited,

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Protenso itaque digito ad verba illa, Viarum curandarum, ecce, ait, nomen proprium Viarii; illud autem curandarum, perinde est, quasi diceret curam curarum; cura vero curarum Episcopus est. Cætera, inquit, nomina, opinor aliorum Martyrum esse peculiaria. Continui erumpentem risum, atque ut vero dicam, stomachum pudore motum cohibui, ne hospiti viderer parum civilis. Rem tamen ad Alphonsum S. R. E. Cardinalem Principem meum, tunc Eborensem pontificem, detuli, et interpretis bellissimi narrationem, ac unde Viarii nomen effictum esset. Mihi vero, qui auctor fuerim, non semel vulgus non tam adfectos lumbos, quam lumbifragium est imprecatus. Quod si Divi aut Divæ quujuspiam sepulchrum illud est, mihi utrumlibet propitium esse, velim, qui non fecerim, ut sanctitate detraherem, sed ut fabulam sacro dimoverem, et ut ne homines ethnici, viarum curatores, pro Martyribus colerentur. Juvebantur tamen, uti prius dixi, Viario supplicantes.

The Reader will thank me for annexing the epitaph of his Mother.

and one of them, Pedro de Andrade Caminha, published for the first time from the manuscript by the Royal Academy.

Memoriæ et Pie-
-tati dicatum.
Salve mea Mater, fæmina in-
-nocentiss. Cui me inter cunas
relictum, pius Pater fidei tuæ
non ignarus, extrema voce com-
-misit moriens, quujusq. perpe-
-tuo castissimoq. viduvio edu-
-catus liberaliter annos, 33.
quidquid id ætatis sum, quid-
quid futurus postea, adceptum
fero. Audita morte tua adsum
ab ultimis Germanis parenta-
-tum, conlacrymans mœstiter
justa solvi, et quoniam te una
mea mater adempta, miserabi-
-lem et orbum tædet patriæ
olim dulcissimæ, iterum pere-
-gre revertor.
L. Andr. Resendius Angelæ Leo-
-noriæ Vasiæ Matri pientiss. et
B. M. D. S. P.

LETTER XXVII.

As Good-Friday happened on the 25th of March this year, they have put off Lady-Day till the 6th of April. I have now witnessed all the mummery of a Roman Catholic Lent. Of the processions I have already spoken: on the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, as on the first of April in England, people are privileged here to play the fool: it is thought very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder in his face, but to do both is the perfection of wit.

On the evening of Good-Friday I went to the New Convent, to witness the rending the veil of the Temple, and hear a Portugueze sermon. The earthquake was represented by a noise like scuffling of feet: the sermon was extempore, and its subject the sorrows of the

Virgin Mary; the Preacher addressed himself to her image, the words magoas (sorrows) and esta tristissima noite (this most mournful night) were continually whined out; it was the very reverse of the celebrated carol of her seven good joys.

The following day I attended to see the Church stripped; it was under the management of a man of high rank, remarkable for his attachment to priests and prostitutes. One of the officiating priests wore a wig with a hole cut in it by way of the mystic tonsure. After I had waited some hours, exposed to all the effluvia of a Portugueze crowd, the black curtains were in an instant drawn, and the altars discovered completely illuminated.

Apicius himself might envy the feelings of a Catholic on Easter Eve. After doing penance for forty days on fish and soup meagre, they make amends for it by falling to when the clock strikes twelve, and this midnight feast is said to do some of them more injury than all the previous fasting.

Easter Sunday is the accession day of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost. This great personage, of whom you have probably never heard, is a little boy; his reign lasts only till Trinity, but his privileges are for life, and singular ones they are; for he is allowed to commit any crime without incurring the punishment of death, except high-treason; for which he may be beheaded.

On most eminences his standard is erected; a high pole with a flag bearing a dove; his retinue parade the streets with similar flags, proffering them to all good Catholics to kiss, and receiving money in return, which is expended in a feast on Whitsunday, at which the Emperor presides in person.

There is an Emperor in every parish where any family chuse privileges so dearly purchased for their son, for the expense is considerable. Good Catholics give ducks, fowls, pies, rabbits, &c. dressed out with ribbon, as offerings to his imperial holiness. These are sold, and eagerly purchased at a high price, as being consecrated.

The money goes to the Emperor's treasury; each Emperor dines without his parish church, in public, under an awning, with music playing, and abundance of rockets flying in the face of the sun.

I drank tea lately at the grate of the English Nuns. They are of the order of St. Bridget. When their possessions were seized by Henry the Eighth, they wandered through France and Flanders for thirty seven years, till the pious liberality of Isabel de Azevedo gave them a settlement at Lisbon. A miraculous crucifix is venerated there, which the English heretics tore away from Sister Isabel Arte, whilst she was embracing it, and cast it into the fire; the nun burst from them, and bore the image from the fire, which had lost all power of injuring either that or the holy Maid. The Convent has been constantly supplied from England with victims to this wretched superstition; but it is now several years since a novice has arrived, and I hope our country will not long be disgraced by the institution. They gave us the history of each day's employment, a melancholy round

of prayer and silence, undiversified by one solitary pleasure. Every nun, on the anniversary of her profession, is treated with a breakfast as gay as her convent friends can furnish: they crown her with flowers, and call her the lady bride!

They talked much at the grate of the happiness they enjoyed; yet from the account they gave of their manner of life, and the eagerness with which they appeared to seize the opportunity of conversation, I went away fully convinced that a nun is as miserable in herself as she is useless to society.

This subject reminds me of a French Sonnet which I have lately met with; it was written about the year 1640, by a sister of the Abbe Montreul, and addressed to her lover before she entered a Convent of Ursuline Nuns.

En vous disant adieu, malgre moi je soupire,
On voit tomber mes pleurs en ce facheux moment,
Je sens deux passions, quoiqu' inegalement,
Regner sur mon esprit avec beaucoup d'empire.

Je ne saurois penser au bonheur ou j'aspire
Sans temoigner l'exces de mon contentement;
Mais, d'un autre cote, ce triste eloignement,
Lorsque je songe a vous, fait aussi que j'expire.
Pour vaincre mon amour, j'ai long-temps combattu,
Et j'aurois vainement employe ma virtu,
Si Dieu, par ses bontes, n'eut aide mes foiblesses,
C'est qui dans mon cœur vient combattre aujourd'hui
Votre humeur, vos discours, vos soins, et vos tendresses,
Vous ne voudriez pas l'emporter dessus lui.

Not yet mine own, two passions rend my heart,
Yet with unequal force: to say farewell—
Farewell to you! ah me—the sigh will swell
My breast;—I cannot chuse but weep to part.
My soul exulting hails her blissful state,
When to that vestal life I turn my view
And its calm joys collected contemplate.
Yet my heart fails when it remembers you!
Feeble and frail long time in vain I strove
This fond and guilty passion to subdue,
Your looks, your words, your tenderness, your love,
They conquered me—but GOD has conquer'd you!
Yes, God himself has given me strength to part,
You would not claim from him his victim's heart.*

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* The two following Sonnets upon monastic life will not, I hope, be thought misplaced here.

Nella monacazzione di una sua nipote.

Io del secol fuggii la perfid' onda,
Primo del sangue nostro, e la procella,

This delirium of devotion may supply comfort to a few monastics, whose warmth of disposition has been thus perverted: these, however,

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Dolce Nipote, ne tornarmi a quella
Poter lusinghe mai d'aura seconda.
Eppur si fiero turbo anco alla sponda
Il legno, che m'accolse, urta e flagella,
Ne a placar l'atro nembo io veggio stella
Che in tanta notte un raggio almen diffonda.
Occupa pur tu fortemente il porto;
Innocenza e Virtu trarranno in parte,
Ove avrem d'ogni mal fine e conforto:
E un di schernendo i furor vani, ho speme,
Che salve all'ara appese antenne e sarte,
Sulle tempeste rideremo insieme.

P. Saverio Bettinelli.

I, dearest niece! first of our family
Fled from the treacherous waves and storms of life,
Nor ever could fair skies and flattering gales
Tempt me again to trust the dangerous sea.
Still does the tempest beat the little bark
That bore me here, nor mid so deep a night
See I one star whose friendly ray may save
The mariner. Make you then for the port;
Toil for this holy haven! Innocence
And Virtue will assist; beloved! here
Is comfort, and the end of every ill.

must necessarily be few, and there is too much reason to believe that the greater number, precluded from the exertions of active benevolence, seek to relieve the dreadful tædium of such an existence, by the stimulations of vice. An English wine-merchant in this country, whose cellars were under the chapel of a nun-

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And I have hope that we shall one day here
Beside the altar hang our broken sails,
And smile together at the distant storm.

A una gran Señora que dexo el siglo.

Tu que la dulce vida en tiernos años
Trocaste por la vida trabajosa,
La blanca seda, y purpura preciosa,
Por aspero silicio y toscos paños;
Tu que viendo del mundo los engaños,
Al puerto te acogiste presurosa;
Qual nave que, en la noche tenebrosa,
Teme del mar los encubiertos daños;
Canta la gloria inmensa, que se encierra
En el alma dichosa ya prendada
Del amor que se enciende en puro zelo.
Que si el Piloto al divisar la tierra

nery, discovered that some person was in the habit of entering them by night, and accordingly changed the lock. On the next day he received a note to this purport, "If you sustain any loss in your cellar, you shall be amply recompensed; but replace the old lock, or be assured you will repent it." He understood the

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Alza la voz de gozo acompañada,
Que deve hazer quien ya descubre el cielo?
Juan de Tarsis, Conde de Villamediana.

You Lady! who in early youth have fled
The pomp of courts to tread the narrow way,
And for the Nun's coarse garb and flinty bed,
Have left the couch of down and silk array,
You wisely from the world's deceitful train
To the holy port resolved your course to bend,
As the wise pilot would the haven gain,
Who sees the gathering storm of night impend.
Pour you to heaven the grateful song of praise,
With hymns of joy your full of glory boast,
Your full content; for if the sailor raise
The exulting cry to view his destined coast,
What shouts of rapture should by her be given,
Escaped the storms of life, who sees the port of Heaven!

note, and followed the advice. The roof of the cellar was formed only of planks laid over the beams, and one of these was loose.

Of the ignorance of the friars a laughable instance lately occurred. A pair of globes, just arrived from England, were shown to one of them: "Ah!" said he, "I know what this is very well; it is a camera obscura, and a very dangerous thing it is! a friend of mine was very nearly killed in making some experiments with one." So ingeniously did he confound the globes, the camera obscura, and the electrical machine. It may be doubted whether it was ignorance prompted the answer of another friar, who, on being asked the use of some vessels in the church which he was not able to explain, replied, "Oh! these are mysteries of the church."

Were not the evils of Superstition so grievous, its absurdities might amuse us. One of the Gallego servants here related the following story of his country Saint, St. Iago of Com-

postella. He asserted and believed that the nails, and hair, and beard of his image constantly grew, and that a priest of high ecclesiastical rank was always appointed to pare his nails and shave him. Once a meaner priest was nominated to this important office; he approached the image, placed the bason under his chin, began to lather the Saint, and was immediately struck dead for his presumption.*

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* I extract the following most impudent instance of Monkish fraud from the valuable tracts of Dr. Geddes. He was Chaplain at the English Factory at Lisbon, and entertained a most religious aversion for the Catholic superstition; an aversion not unreasonable in a man who had been once examined by the Inquisition.

Some Reliques and Manuscripts, purporting to have been written during the persecution of Nero, were found in the ruins of the uninhabitable Turpian Tower at Granada in 1588, and in the mountain Valparayso, near that city, in 1595.

These writings declared all such as disbelieved the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary to be accursed, excommunicated, and damned to the Pit of Hell: the Dominicans, therefore, attempted to prove that they were not genuine, for these among other reasons:

There are many Churches here in an unfinished state, though the building has been begun twenty or thirty years: because estates have been left to the church till it is completed.

That some of them were in modern Spanish which was not spoken in the time of Nero.

That St. Cæcilius is called in them Bishop of Granada, whereas Granada was not built and known by that name, till seven hundred years after the time of Nero.

That they express apprehensions lest the Moors should seize the writings, whereas there could be no danger from the Moors in the time of Nero.

That some of them were in Arabic, a language which at that period was not known in Spain.

These objections were answered by Dr. Madera, who affirmed,

That the Spanish language was the very same as it now is, before any Roman ever entered Spain.

That Granada was built and known by that name, and a bishopric in the days of the Apostles.

And that Arabic was spoken in Spain and Barbary long before those countries were conquered by the Arabs.

But this was his decisive argument.

But it is the spirit that would compass sea and earth to make one proselyte that renders the Romish religion so dangerous and so detestable. It is the duty of every man who believes his opinions necessary to the happiness of mankind, to disseminate those opinions by all fair means; if the friars, therefore, would attempt to convert me, I should respect their zeal though they pestered me with their absurdity: but they tempt in the day of poverty, they terrify on the bed of sickness, they persecute in the hour of death; and if they find a man senseless in his last agonies, they place a candle in his hand, and smuggle him under false colours into the kingdom of heaven. An Englishman who kept a Portugueze mistress was so tormented by these friars in his last illness, that he died with a

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If these writings are forged they must be forged, either by a Mohammedan, a Heretic, or a Catholic. Now neither Mohammedan or Heretic would forge writings that so explicitly condemn their own opinions; and as for the Catholics—it is utterly impossible that any Catholic could be capable of so wicked an action as that of forging writings and affixing Saints names to them.

loaded pistol in each hand, ready to shoot the first monk that approached him.

This spirit of proselyting is equally powerful whether the monk acts from worldly or conscientious motives; in the one case he acquires considerable reputation for his convent and for himself, in the other he escapes all the pains of purgatory. From this double interest of the priest, and the dreadful despotism they exercise over the laity, marriages between Roman Catholics and persons of a different religion are productive of great misery.

A Lutheran resident in Lisbon, who had married a Roman Catholic, called her to his bed-side when he was dying, and made her, in the presence of the German Clergyman, solemnly vow that she would not compel her sons to abjure their religion. She made the oath to her dying husband, and perjured herself before the end of the week.

LETTER XXVIII.

April 9,

We went to Cintra on Sunday last, and saw nothing remarkable on the road except some of the retinue of the Emperor of the Holy Ghost, and two rams drawing a little cart.

Never was a house more completely secluded than my Uncle's: it is so surrounded with lemon trees and laurels as nowhere to be visible at the distance of ten yards; a place

> Where the tired mind
> Might rest beyond the murmurs of mankind!

A little stream of water runs down the hill before the door, another door opens into a lemon garden, and from the sitting-room we have just

such a prospect over lemon trees and laurels to an opposite hill, as, by promising a better, invites us to walk.

I know not how to describe to you the strange beauties of Cintra: it is, perhaps, more beautiful than sublime, more grotesque than beautiful, yet I never beheld scenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight. This immense rock or mountain is in part covered with scanty herbage, in parts it rises into conical hills, formed of such immense stones, and piled so strangely, that all the machinery of deluges and volcanoes must fail to satisfy the inquiry for their origin. Nearly at the base stands the town of Cintra and its palace; an old and irregular pile with two chimnies each shaped like a glass-house. But the abundance of wood forms the most striking feature in this retreat from the Portugueze summer. The houses of the English are seen scattered on the ascent half hid among cork trees, elms, oaks, hazels, walnuts, the tall canes, and the rich green of the lemon gardens.

On one of the mountain eminences stands the Penha Convent, visible from the hills near Lisbon. On another are the ruins of a Moorish Castle, and a cistern, within its boundaries, kept always full by a spring of purest water that rises in it. From this elevation the eye stretches over a bare and melancholy country to Lisbon on the one side, and on the other to the distant Convent of Mafra, the Atlantic bounding the greater part of the prospect. I never beheld a view that so effectually checked the wish of wandering. Had I been born at Cintra, methinks no inducement could have tempted me to leave its delightful springs and shades, and cross the dreary wilderness that insulates them.

By the side of the road that passes above the town, is a broad smooth piece of rock; the trunk of an old elm burst out immediately over it, and these lines are carved on the stone.

Pendentes ulmi muscosaque saxa valete,
Et gelidi fontes flexibilesque hederæ.

Indifferent as the lines are, some person has attempted to defraud the author by signing and dating them 1795. They are of the date 1772, the joint composition of a Portugueze Fidalgo and an Ex-Jesuit, who on the dissolution of that order, by which he had been educated, and in which he had intended to profess, came down to Cintra and was protected by the Fidalgo, then Juiz de Foro. Their destinies were widely different. The Juiz de Foro gradually rose from place to place till he attained a high post in Brazil, here he began to intrigue and foment disturbances, was apprehended, sentenced to Angola, and died on the way. A curious monument of the true Jesuitical suppleness of his friend remains in his own phrase, " on the eternal rocks of Cintra;" where he has carved two inscriptions in honour of Pombal, and of the late King. They are little known; I ascended to them with half an hour's hard labour; and give you the *kakography* of the original.

On one rock,

DIV
JOS
IMP
ÆTER
NIT. S.

On the other,

Mag. Pomb. Nomen.
Extinctis Conj. urb er.
Delet Jes. inst academ.
Eternis Cinthiæ rup
Poster mand traddid
Non ingr hospes.

His flattery was rewarded with a good post.

In the palace we were shewn the chair where Sebastian sat when he announced his intended African expedition to his Counsellors. Here too, is the apartment where Affonso VI. was confined, after the wife and the crown of which he was unworthy had been seized by his brother. The brick flooring of the room is worn deep in one part by the steps of the captive King. The sides and ceiling of another room are painted

with the escutcheons of the noble families of Portugal; I observed that those were erased whose bearers had been engaged in the conspiracy against the late King.*

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* Near the palace is a fountain, with the following inscription, curious for its pompous inanity:

Antiga fonte
da pipa;
reedificada
e melhorada
pelo Doutor
Franco Joze
De Miranda
Duarte præzi-
dente do senado
da camera e Juis
de Fora desta villa,
em execuzam das
ordens de sua Magé
expedidas em avizo
da Secretaria de estado
dos negocios do reyno, de
vinte e seis de Outubro de
mil sete centos e outenta
e sete, pelas quais foi
a mesma Senhora servida
determinar a restituizam desta
fonte, socegando o povo e livrando

The gardens of Penha Verde, once the superb seat of Don John de Castro, contain the heart of one of his relations, perhaps his son, with the following epitaph. I believe you will find

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da oppressam, que lhe cauzava a falta de agoa no bayrro do Castello
e poriso em memoria de tam augusta
ſoberana, se gravarum
os versos seguintes.

Qualis apud veteres
Divus regnabat Ulysses,
Qui nulli civi dicto
Factove nocebat.

1788.

On one side is Cynthia in blue tiles, and underneath,

Tertia jam gravida
pluvialis Cynthia cornu.

Lucan.

On the other Justice.

Non consideris
personam pauperis nec honoris
vultum potentis, juste judica
proximo tuo.

Levitic.

my translation as bad as the original, and this is the best praise it can deserve.

Cor sublime, capax, et Olympi montis ad instar,
Amplius orbe ipso cor brevis urna tegit.
Cor consanguineo concors comparque Joanni
India cui palmas subdita mille dedit.
Cor virtutis amans, cor victima virginis almæ,
Corque ex corde pium, nobile, forte, valens.
Non pars, sed totus, latet hoc Saldanha sepulchro,
In corde est totus, cor quia totus erat

A heart sublime, and than the earth's wide bourne
More ample lies within this little urn.
A heart in worth and birth to him allied,
Whom vanquish'd India hails his country's pride.
A heart to holy Mary's love subdued,
A heart most heartily pious, brave, and good.
Here all Saldanha lies inurn'd, not part,
For here his heart lies, and he was all * heart.

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* This reminds me of

Hugo, whom Duke Gondibert
For stout and steady kindness did approve,
Of stature small, but was all over heart,
And tho' unhappy, all that heart was love.

Sir William Davenant.

On the wall near the monument is a stone with this inscription, which I own myself unable to comprehend:

Oculis
Quam
Naribus
Melior.

There is an old statue of a sleeping Venus in the garden; I mention it because a Catholic lady mistook it for a venerable image of the Virgin Mary, and used to address her daily prayers to it.

Near the Penha Verde an old cork tree overhangs the road; the fern is rooted in its mossy bark, and forms with its verdure a most picturesque contrast to the old tree's dark evergreen foliage. Cintra is remarkably damp, yet I am told the damps are not unwholsome.

We visited the Cork convent: here I was shown a den in which a Hermit lived twelve years; a small hole for so large a vermin, but

the virtue of burrowing there has procured him a place in Heaven, if we believe the inscription :

Hic Honorius,
vitam finivit,
Et ideo cum Deo
vitam revivit.
obit 1596.*

* An inscription like the following would not, perhaps, be improper in a Protestant country.

Here, caverned like a beast, Honorius dwelt
In self-denial, solitude, and prayer,
Long years of penance. He had rooted out
All human feelings from his heart, and fled
With fear and loathing from all human joys
As from perdition. But the law of Christ
Enjoins not this. To aid the fatherless,
To heal the sick, to be the poor man's friend,
And in the wounded heart pour gospel balm,
These are the active duties of that law
Which whoso keeps receives a joy on earth,
Calm, constant, still increasing, preluding
The eternal bliss of heaven. Yet mock not thou,
Stranger, the Anchorite's mistaken zeal!
He painfully his painful duties kept,
Sincere tho' erring. Stranger, dost thou keep
Thy better, easier law but half as well?

I have now mentioned to you all that strangers usually visit at Cintra: but I cannot without a tedious minuteness describe the ever-varying prospects that the many eminences of this wild rock present, or the little green lanes over whose bordering lemon gardens the evening wind blows so cool, so rich! You would not be interested by the domestic management of three men; yet these trifling circumstances, so dull to others, are those that render the remembrance of Cintra pleasant to me. I shall always love to think of the lonely house, and the stream that runs beside it, whose murmurs were the last sounds I heard at night, and the first that awoke my attention in the morning. "C'est un bien pour un voyageur d'avoir acquis un fonds d'émotions douces et vives, dont le souvenir se renouvelle pendant tout sa vie; mais il ne sauroit les partager avec ceux qui, ne les ayant pas éprouvées, s'interessent toujours plus au récit de ses peines, qu'à celui de ses plaisirs."*

* Voyage du Jeune Anarcharsis.

LETTER XXIX.

I am informed that Cintra has been celebrated in song, by Captain Jeremiah Thompson, of the Polly Schooner. A specimen of the poem was *repeated* to me, and I quote it from memory, so that the lines may not be exact, yet the genuine beauty of the thoughts must remain:

Oh tell me what Goddess, what Muse, or what Grace,
Could ever have form'd such a beautiful place?
Here are Flora's best flowers in full blossom, and here is
The work of Vertumnus, Pomona, and Ceres.

He then says, that Nature had collected all her materials, and was about to group her rocks and trees, when

Something did intrude,
And therefore she left it wild, beautiful, rude.

We returned to Lisbon on *Burros*: the Ass in this country is as respectable an animal as it is useful. You will probably be as incredulous as I was, till undeniable testimony convinced me, when I tell you that a Portugueze lady here is so enormously fat that she actually broke the back of a strong ass, and the animal fell dead under her. They go a quiet, constant pace, and as I jogged patiently on I was reminded of the way of life: imagination is a mettled horse that will break the rider's neck, when a donkey would have carried him to the end of his journey slow but sure.

They have no idea of the exertions of our English horses. A young Englishman, who draws very well, drew one in the act of leaping a gate; Sir, said the Portugueze, to whom he shewed the sketch, no horse can do that, it is impossible.

The kingdom of Portugal, by a solemn decree, has been made tributary to, and placed under the patronage of the Virgin Mary. The fol-

lowing is a copy of the inscription fixed up upon this occasion in most of the Portugueze towns :

Æternit. Sacr.
Immaculatissimæ
Conceptioni Mariæ
Una cum general. Comitiis
Se, et Regna sua
Sub annuo censu tributaria
publice vovit,
Atque Deiparam in Imperii tutelarem
electam
A labe originali præservatam perpetuo
Defensurum
Juramento firmavit
viveret ut pietas Lusitan.
Hoc vivo lapide memoriale
perenne
exarari jussit
Ann. Christi M. DC. XC. VI.
Imperii sui VI.

There is a strange sect of enthusiasts in this country, called *Sebastianists, from the name of

* These people are alluded to in the reply to the Portugueze sermon mentioned in a former note. " Se cansa ne relatar diferentes Pseudo-Messias, que uvo en la nacion, en el espacio de mas de 1500 anos. Y pudiera el mismo responderse con ellos, pues aunque es verdad que la Nacion

the unfortunate King who is the object of their superstition. What tradition fables of the Welsh is true of these people; they hope and expect the re-appearance of Sebastian, and they have nightly meetings on the hills, near the aqueduct, to watch in the heavens for the tokens of his approach. Dryden has not chosen the most interesting part of this monarch's history for his drama; the interest of intrigue and incest may be excited by any dabbler, but to describe the

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corrió a abrasar a algunos, por engañarse creyendo, podia ser el verdadero, y esperado Messias; luego que vido que no se cumplieron en ellos las profecias literalmente, que del Verdadero tratan, los rejecto, y abandono, y fueron, y son tenidos en la nacion por espureos y falsos. Y que hay que admirar, que una Nacion abatida y conculcada, abrasase qualquiera ocacion de restaurarse, dejandose llevar de aquella confianza, que siempre tuvo y tiene en Dios, y de aquella esperanza que conserva en su divina y santa palebra que no puede faltas? Por ventura no huvo y hay en Portugal hasta el dia de oy, quien espera al Rey Don Sebastian? no uvo en los passados siglos uno que fingio serlo? y no se escrivieron libros en su abono? Pues si esto sucede en una nacion libre solo por la ancia de rever un Rey que estimava, que mucho padeciese semejante engaño, una Nacion oprimida, con la esperanza de ver un Rey que Dios le tiene prometido?

return of Sebastian after his country was annexed to Spain, to delineate the workings of his mind, when after a long course of adversity had subdued his vices and strengthened his virtues, he was punished as an impostor by those who knew the justice of his claims, this would have been worthy of the powers of Dryden, even if he had possessed sufficient independence and integrity to have pleased his own better judgment, and treated the public taste with the contempt it merited.

It was very fortunate for Nebuchadnezzar that he was not King of Portugal, for I know not where he could have grazed for seven years. I have never seen either wolf or wild boar in the open country, but they are numerous. An officer whose regiment was stationed in one of the provinces, heard frequent complaints of the mischief which the wild boars did, and ordered his men to encompass their haunts and drive them into a circle; this was done, but when the boars found themselves surrounded they charged their enemies, burst through them, and escaped victorious.

I had a very narrow escape lately from one of of the large fishing boats in the river that very frequently run down smaller boats; it is but a few years since eleven Russian midshipmen were destroyed thus, a fishing boat purposely run them down, and when some of them leapt on board of it to save themselves, the fishermen knocked them over. I have already mentioned the remissness of the police; on this account executions are very rare, not because crimes are uncommon. A Portugueze was executed in one of the provincial towns some years ago, for a singular trade of wickedness: he used to call all the pedlars he saw passing into his house and murder them, till at length the neighbours wondered that no pedlar was ever seen after he had entered there, and he was detected.

The mode of execution is horrible. In almost every town is a pillar generally of grotesque and striking architecture. To this the criminal is fastened: a surgeon draws a chalk line across his throat, and the executioner follows it with a long sharp knife; but this mode of decapita-

tion is the privilege of the Fidalgos, and plebeians are hanged. A singular point of law and etiquette occurred at the execution of the last man who suffered at Lisbon. He had murdered his father and brother to come at the estate, and when condemned to death claimed the honour of being beheaded as a Fidalgo: but as only one of his parents enjoyed that title, the Fidalgos objected to this, and insisted that he should be hanged; the matter was compromised, for the poor fellow had not interest enough to make a law suit of it, and his head was only cut half off to satisfy both parties.

Though the laws are in general so remiss, on one remarkable occasion they were fatally precipitate. A Nunnery had been set on fire, and a gentleman was apprehended near it whose horse was shod with felt, and who would give no account of himself. The certainty of death could not make him break his mysterious silence, he was condemned and suffered: but the real criminals were afterwards discovered, and his innocence known too late. The Portugueze

Nobles still wear a medal nine days in the year as a memorial of this fatal error.

I was lately at the funeral of a Catholic of distinction; it was in the evening; the coffin was placed in the middle of the church, it was then opened, and the corpse exposed holding a cross. The body was surrounded by priests each holding a wax taper as tall as himself, and for an hour and a half did they labour in singing the dirge. The coffin was afterwards filled with quick lime, a necessary means of accelerating decay where they bury always in the churches.

There is a large folio volume entitled, the last actions of a Duke of Cadaval; it consists of an account of his illness, what his physicians did for him, and the religious offices he performed. The funeral sermon is annexed, and contains a burst of extraordinary eloquence; the preacher apostrophizes the grave, "O Grave! art thou not ashamed! dost thou not blush, O Grave! to devour so noble a personage!"

The fires of Purgatory (which, as Manoel de Abreu said, boil the caldrons of so many friars) are displayed with sufficient care to the imagination of this people. The Catholic can scarcely lift up his eyes without beholding a soul surrounded with flames, pictured on tiles upon the walls and houses, and the men who beg for masses for souls carry with them boards whereon the same spectacle is exhibited in glowing colours. The souls* in Purgatory are farmed

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* These abuses of the scripture doctrine have occasioned the diabolical belief of eternal punishment. I transcribe the following passage from the "De Statu Mortuorum" of Burnet, an author whose genius was perhaps never excelled. He quotes from one of those Theologians whom he calls the Doctores Immisericordes.

"Si omnes homines nati ab Adam usqne ad hodiernum diem, et amplius nascituri, viverent usque ad novissimum diem; et omnia gramina, quæ exorta unquam fuerunt, essent homines; ac si unam pœnam quam patitur Anima pro uno peccato mortali, in inferno, ex æquo partirentur, ita ut daretur unicuique pars illius pœnæ æqua: tunc particula quævis illius pœnæ hominis unius major esset, quam omnia tormenta quæ omnes sancti Martyres, & omnes raptores, & omnes malefici unquam passi fuerunt."

able revenue in behalf of the dead, entrusts the performance of the masses to ecclesiastical agents in the country, who do the business by commission at a cheaper rate.

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the last day, were living, and if all the herbs which have ever grown were men, and if *one* punishment which a soul suffers in Hell for *one* deadly sin should be divided equally among them, so that every one should suffer an equal proportion, then each particular share of that punishment which would fall to one man, would be greater than all the holy Martyrs, and all robbers, and all malefactors have ever endured."

Thus the Theologian. If you add eternity to these most savage punishments, you will fill up the measure of barbarity.

It is difficult for us to throw aside all humanity; it is more difficult for God to throw aside all mercy: and though we may be able to corrupt or to destroy our own nature, the divine nature cannot be changed. They beat drums of yore in the valley of Hinnon, that the cries of infants who were sacrificed to the Idol, and screamed bitterly amid the flames, might not be heard by the people and by their parents; but though you could make the whole heavens echo with unceasing thunders, you should not prevent the screams and howlings of the tortured in this Tophet from ascending to the ears of God, the Father of mercy.

Contemplate a little, stern and unrelenting believer! what a spectacle dost thou exhibit to us! what a theatre of provi-

The burying-ground of the English and Lutherans is planted with Judah trees and cypresses, that form a most melancholy contrast. The

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dence! the far greater part of the human race liquifying in fire through everlasting ages! Oh scene worthy to be beheld by God and his angels! and you will have a harmony truly divine to soothe their ears, whilst this miserable multitude fill earth and heaven with their groans and howlings! It would afflict me with no light grief to behold so great a part of rational nature made in vain and rejected, cast out like salt that has lost its savour, utterly abandoned, and without hope.

Every one is by nature prone to sin, therefore wicked and condemned; but if, according to this belief, they that have fallen are irrecoverably lost, the whole intellectual creation is exposed, not so much to vanity as to unending wretchedness: nor would it be the work of divine goodness, but rather of malevolent cruelty, or of some unhappy chance to have framed this order of things. God once repented him that he had made man, because of their exceeding wickedness; the miserable human race might in their turn sorrow that they were created, since it had been better for them never to have been."

As a contrast to the eloquent declamation of Burnet, I annex this extract from the miscellaneous Companion, by W. Matthews; it is the production of JOHN HENDERSON, nor can I bestow on it a higher commendation than by saying that it does not disgrace his memory. It is subjoined to a dialogue in which the doctrine of purgatory is defended.

bodies soon after death are placed in a deposit-house, a custom necessary in this hot climate, and which it would be well to adopt every

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1st.—I lay it down as a maxim to be doubted by few, and denied by none, that whosoever doeth any thing, foreseeing the certain event thereof, willeth that event. If a parent send children into a wood wherein grow poisonous berries, and *certainly know* that they *will* eat of them, it is of no importance in the considerations of common sense, that he cautions, forbids, forewarns, or that they, having free will, *may* avoid the poison. Who will not accuse him of their death in sending them into circumstances where he foreknew it would happen? God foreknows every thing; to his knowledge every thing is certain. Let us suppose him about to create twenty men: he knows ten of them (or any number) will become vicious, therefore damned, thence inherit the unceasing penalty. Who doubts in such a case that he *wills* the *end*, who being all-mighty and all knowing, does that without which it could not come to pass? But He hath sworn by Himself, for He could swear by no greater, that He willeth not the death of him that dieth: that is, He willeth it not finally or simply as death, or destruction irrecoverable. And if it occur it is a part of his œconomy of grace, a ministration unto life; for He hath declared, that his will is, that all should be saved; therefore the doctrine which forges any contrary will, falsifies supreme unchangeable truth. And were not reason on my side, I say to all objecting reasoners, "let God be true, and every man a liar!" I need not add what a very different view is presented from the doctrine I defend.

where. In the deposit-house is a handsome monument erected by the Governors of Christ's Hospital to Mr. Parr, who had been educated

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2dly. I lay it down as another indubitable maxim, that whatsoever is done by a Being of the divine attributes, is intended, (by his goodness) conducted, (by his wisdom) and accomplished, (by his power) to a good end. Now all possible good ends may be enumerated under three words—Honour, Pleasure, Benefit; and every one to whom good can accrue from endless punishment must be either *punisher, punished,* or *fellow creature* to the *punished.* Let us try every one of the former three to each of the latter.

1st.—*The Punisher.* Would it be a greater *honour* to the *punisher* to have his creatures miserable than happy? I will venture to say by proxy for every Heart, No. Would it be greater *pleasure?* No. And *benefit* to Him can be none.

2d.—*Punished.* Endless punishment can be neither *honour, pleasure,* nor *benefit* to them, though punishment on my scheme will be of endless benefit.

3d.—The *Fellow-creatures.* It will be as *honourable* to them as to have one of their family hanged. If they have *pleasure* in it, they must have a diabolical heart, and must by the just searcher of hearts be committed to the place prepared for the Devil and his Angels. *Benefit* they can have none, except safety, and that is fully answered by the great gulph, by confinement till reformation

there, and at his death endowed it with the bulk of his fortune. The burial ground contains one curious specimen of English poetry, said to be the production of a school master, and perhaps bad enough to entertain you.

Industry made him shine with splendid store,
Yet could not defend him from death's certain door,
Where hastily he entered with great alarum,
Without intending mortal any harm,

As then unceasing torments can answer no possible good end to any one in the universe, I conclude them to be neither the will nor work of God. Could I suppose them, I must believe them to be inflicted by a wantonness or cruelty, which words cannot express, nor heart conceive.

But let this be the comfort of every humble soul, Known unto God are all his works; the Judge of all shall do right; and He ordereth all things well. It hath pleased HIM to reconcile *all things* to HIMSELF. Therefore to HIM shall bow *every* knee; and *every* tongue shall say, "In the Lord *I* have strength, and *I* have righteousness."

There is a passage in St. Bernard's works upon this subject which deserves attention. Hæretici non credunt ignem purgatorium restare post mortem, sed statim animam solutam a corpore, vel ad requiem transire, vel ad damnationem. Quærant ergo ab eo qui dixit quoddam peccatum esse, quod neque in hoc sæculo neque in futuro remittetur, cur hoc dixerit, si nulla manet in futuro remissio purgatione peccati?

Such was his fate, when least expecting death
A fatal shot deprived him of his breath.
Thus mortal man tho' strict a watch may keep,
Is often hurried into eternal sleep.

The moderns are in no species of composition so inferior to the antients as in monumental inscriptions. They should be brief, and simple, and characteriſtic; our moſt popular are deficient in these three qualities, which are so admirably preserved in the Greek. There is not a more striking inſtance than in that on the tomb of the Indian Suicide,—" Here lies Zarmonochegas the Indian, who, after the manner of his country, made himself immortal."

But I have met with a most remarkable epitaph, in the Chronicle of Sebastian, by Manoel de Menezes. He says that it was discovered in the isle of Cyprus, in the ſepulchre of a King of that island, written in Greek verse, and sent to the Portugueze Monarch John III. After his death, on the day before Sebastian assumed the government, the Dowager Queen sent him the epitaph, and advised him so to labour in

his station as to deserve such an inscription upon his grave, a happiness which she had often heard his grandfather most earnestly desire. The truth of its origin I cannot affirm, and I have in vain sought for the Greek. My translation from the Portugueze will make you approve the advice of the Queen, but you may perhaps doubt whether any King could have written such a history of himself with truth.

* " What I could accompliſh by good means I never did by evil.

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* I give the Portugueze, because in my translation I have omitted what is weak, and compressed what is superfluous.

O que pude fazer por bem, nunca o fiz por mal.

O que pude alançar por paz, nunca o tomey com guerra.

O que pude vencer com rogos, nunca o afugentey com ameaços.

O que pude remediar em segredo, nunca o castiguey em publico.

O que pude emendar com avisos, nunca o castiguey com açoutes.

Nunca castiguey em publico que primeiro não avisasse.

" What I could obtain by peace I never forced by war.

" I never chastised in public him whom I could privately amend, or whose amendment I had not previously attempted.

" I never allowed my tongue to utter an untruth, nor did I ever permit mine ears to listen to the flatterer.

" I was not prodigal in expending, nor avaricious in accumulating.

Nunca consenti a minha lingoa que dissesse mentira, nem permitti a meus ouvides que ouvissem lisonjas.

Refreey meu corazão, para que não desejasse com o seu pouco.

Veley por conserver meus amigos, e desveleime por não ter inimigos.

Não fuy prodigo em gastar, nem cobiçoso em receber.

Do que castigue tenho pezar, e do que perdoey alegria.

Nasci homem entre os homems, por tanto comem os bichos minhas carnes.

Ouvi virtuoso, e vivi virtuoso com os virtuosos, por tanto descançara a minha alma com Dios.

" I have grieved for those whom I punished, but when I have pardoned I have been joyful.

" I was born a man among men, therefore do the worms devour me; but I lived virtuously among the virtuous, and therefore my soul has found repose with God."

LETTER XXX.

The *ci-devant* husband of Madame Tallien is in Lisbon. I mention it because the business that brought him here is curious. Two years ago he had taken his place from France in a Danish vessel bound for Philadelphia. Part of his baggage, which contained some very valuable jewels, was conveyed on board, and when he returned to shore for the rest, he left the keys in care of an American, unwilling to trust them to the Emigrant passengers. The ship sailed without him, and put in at Lisbon; where the Emigrants informed the Court of the value of his jewels, and added that in all probability the owner had been guillotined. It was in vain that the American who was entrusted with the keys, remonstrated, or that the Captain declared

he must be responsible for the effects when the owner should demand them at Philadelphia; the Portugueze Government seized them, and placed them in a deposit house. The husband of Madame Tallien (I only know him by the name of his ex-wife), however arrived at last to claim his jewels, and the property has been restored to him.

I met a Tooth-drawer yesterday who wore a small brass chain across his shoulders, ornamented with rotten teeth at equal distances; perhaps his professional full dress.

I have seen much of Angelo Talassi, the celebrated Improvisatore, who receives a pension of an hundred moidores in that capacity from the Portugueze Court. When I first saw him my Uncle was out; he came up stairs talking to the servant in a voice that Stentor might have envied. The odd genius displayed in his face engaged my attention to him, and when he showed me his name in a volume of his own poems, which he brought with him, I knew who was

my visitor. We began our conversation in Latin, continued it in Portugueze, and ended it in French. The subject of Italian poetry was easily introduced. At the name of Ariosto, "Ah (he cried) he was my countryman, and (holding out his arms) I have embraced his tomb!" He then told me of his early love for poetry, gave the standing history of all poets since poor Ovid; the dislike of his parents to his favorite study, who locked up his Petrarch and burnt his Ariosto. When I mentioned Dante he rose from his seat, and with the utmost delight repeated the tale of Ugolino. I should think higher of his genius if I had not seen that most of his printed poems are complimentary pieces addressed to Kings, Queens, and Princes. There are among them two or three flaming panegyrics on the late Duke of Orleans, of sad and seditious memory.

Talassi invited me to sup with him, and promised me poetry and Parmesan. He read us part of an unpublished work, in imitation of Tasso's

Rinaldo, he said, in which he had introduced Lord Bute and Lord Fitzwilliam. After ſupper we had a ſpecimen of his art. I had long wished to hear an Improvisatore. He sung or toned his verses, so that the deficiency or redundance of three or four feet was of no conſequence: his hand went up and down keeping time, and occasionally he continued for ten or twelve lines with his eyes shut. It was a strange loosely-connected rhapsody of rhymes: he complimented us all, talked of a Poet's poor house and poor supper, lamented the King of France, laughed at my Uncle for not bringing a wife from England, and told me that I should return there and marry one. This lasted about ten minutes, and, in a language so abundant in rhymes as the Italian, might have been continued as long as the Poet's breath could endure. The defects of metre are disguised by toning, and they who admire the poetry of the South of Europe cannot complain if the effusions of the Improvisatore rise not above prose in dignity of sentiment.

The extempore poet and the extempore preacher practice necessarily the same professional trick: the same subject will call forth the same thoughts, and old ideas are closely connected with the words in which they have been usually conveyed. This I have known to be the case with public speakers; and one who had often heard Talassi with more than common attention, assured me that his best passages were such as were easily introduced on any subject. A few days after we had supped with him, I again saw this enthusiastic Italian; he found me reading the life of Tasso, and catching up the volume, he kissed the portrait of his favourite author. I spoke of the entertainment he had given me, he talked of his verses, and repeated the lines he had addressed to me on that occasion; either his powers of memory, therefore, are prodigious, or these lines were not the effusion of the moment when I first heard them: they were equally applicable to every young foreigner Talassi has been in company with, and it would be strange if so trite an idea had not often occurred to him before.

A circumstance which happened here in March will show you the dread they entertain of French principles. Four prints arrived here for an English gentleman, representing the royal family of France in their most distressful situations. These prints that appeal to the feelings, are more powerful advocates for aristocracy than all the volumes of its pensioners; the Custom-house Officer, however, took them out of the frames, and tore them in pieces, declaring that nothing about the French should enter Portugal. He then repacked the frames and glasses, and sent them to the owner.

All improvements here are classed under the hateful term of innovations. A Portugueze, who, after making some fortune in England, settled in his own country, had learnt the value of English comforts, and built a chimney in his sitting-room. But none of his countrymen would sit in the room. "No," they said, "they did not like those metaphysical things." "*Essas cousas metaficas.*" I me. with as curious an application of a word in the fragment of a

Portugueze theological work; after enumerating some of the opinions of an heretic, the author adds, "he was guilty of these and many other such bestialities."*

Yet, however averse they may be to French principles, many of the Portugueze dislike the English influence, and reprobate the Methuen treaty as the ruin of their commerce. The following extract is a striking instance, I translate it from a paper published in the memorials of the Royal Academy: "We have beheld in our times the Aurora of a brighter day, and just posterity will learn with admiration the actions of a Sovereign who has made the city rise more flourishing from its ashes, created public credit, and *destroyed the prejudice which had subjected us to a nation well acquainted with its own interests, which, under the specious semblance of pro-*

* This word, however, is only ridiculous to an English eye. *Bestialidades* in Portugueze bears the same meaning as the French bêtises.

tection, has reduced us to be, as it were, the colonists of a foreign metropolis.

A dignified churchman, the Conego da Cruz, founded a silk manufactory at Sobral, an ill-chosen situation, being a day's journey from any water conveyance. His great difficulty was to keep the workmen there, who regretted the amusements and vices of a metropolis: with this view he provided plays for them, and, so fully possessed by the spirit of commerce was the patriotic ecclesiastic that he even established a colony of prostitutes from Lisbon at Sobral: the attempt failed, and the expensive buildings that he erected are now in ruins.

These premature attempts cannot be expected to succeed. A measure has been adopted since my residence here which will render the most essential service to Portugal; the edict is now printing which declares Lisbon a free port; and when peace shall be restored to Europe, the beneficial effects must follow which were pointed out by the most enlightened of her statesmen.

I am now preparing for my return: I am eager to be again in England, but my heart will be very heavy when I look back upon Lisbon for the last time.

Appendix.

ON THE

STATE OF PORTUGAL.

Abridged from a paper written by a Portugueze Secretary of State early in this century, and never printed.

The advantages which Spain possess over Portugal, consist in,

1st. The Bourbon connection.

2d. Extent of territory.

3d. Consequent superiority of population,

4th. Of forces by sea and land,

5th. And of wealth foreign and domestic; for the Spanish settlements are most productive: and as one province in Spain produces what another wants, there is always an internal mar-

ket; the Spaniards likewise wear the manufactures of their own country; whereas the Portugueze follow all foreign fashions, and prefer any foreign manufactures to their own.

In their government, language, courage, honesty, love of their country, loyalty, and laziness, they are alike.

On the first of these advantages (now no longer existing) he observes, that if the Prince of Asturias should leave no issue, and the Infant Don Carlos, King of the two Sicilies, should attempt to reign in Spain, without surrendering those two crowns to his brother, the Infant Don Philip, a civil war might be the consequence, from whence Portugal could derive great advantages; or if Philip V. should have no descendants, and his Majesty succeed: neither of which possible cases must we wish to happen, because such wishes are contrary to Religion.

As to the extent of territory, we must not complain against Omniscience for so unequally

dividing the peninsula. Where man fancies deformity, God beholds the beauty of aptitude. The Creator might have made the world one level surface without the inequalities of vales and mountains that apparently deform it: but the vallies are fertile when the sun scorches the mountains, and the mountains afford refuge and food when the vallies are inundated. To remedy this inferiority, the Kings of Portugal have extended their dominions in other parts of the world.

Pedro, at the end of the last century, found it prudent to treat with Louis XIV. and Philip V. but as his object was to increase his dominions, he broke the treaty, and leagued with their enemies the two maritime powers, on condition that he should have Badajox, Albuquerque, Valença, and Alcantra in Estremadura, and Guarda, Tuy, Bayona and Vigo, with their dependencies, in Gallicia. The Rio de Prata and Viente were to be the American boundaries. My son, I will not enter into the question whether this manifest breach of a former treaty can be justi-

fied on the principles of good faith, which Princes ought to esteem as the main spring of all their actions. This was the answer I made when the King did me the favour to ask me if he could in conscience and honour depart from the treaty he had made with France and Spain. I took the liberty to reply, that his Majesty had *an anterior and natural alliance with his own subjects*, which obliged him to maintain them in peace and security: his treaty with the two Courts was *posterior and civil*; therefore as his Majesty had conceived in his own deep consideration, he could not keep the first contract without violating the second. It followed, therefore, that his Majesty, from greater motives, could and ought to break his engagement, in consequence of those circumstances which authors mention in treating upon this delicate matter. But as his Majesty did not question me concerning the consequence, that of confederating himself with the enemies of his former allies to make war against them, I did not touch upon it; and to say the truth on this subject, I should have felt myself very much embarrassed.

Indeed Princes ought to have a greater portion of Christianity than individuals, that they may mutually pardon the injuries they mutually commit, for they are ever reproaching each other with breach of faith, attended with the most aggravating and odious circumstances; but the evil is, they never possess this spirit of charity, except when it serves their own interests.

The third disadvantage of Portugal (inferiority of population), can never be so remedied as to equalize the powers of the two countries. Great part of Portugal is mountainous, consequently barren and thinly peopled: it is therefore necessary to search for some expedient, that this superiority which Spain enjoys may not be so excessive. I know that what I am about to say might appear violent, if I were not addressing myself to persons who have conquered the prejudices to which they were born, and those superstitious principles which our Ecclesiastics so zealously inculcate; but as it is not easy to subdue these, I know my anti-

dote will be thought poison, and the evil will remain without a remedy. This however ſhall not prevent me from considering what means ought to be taken against the abuses which disgrace religion and ruin the kingdom. Do me however the justice to believe that my sentiments are orthodox, and that were it not on this account Spain would not possess so vast a superiority in population.

The blood of our country is drained at every vein. Men are the real mines of a state, that continually produce, yet never are exhausted. but what men, my ſon ? Men who cultivate the earth, that but for them would be barren : men who labour that they may live and multiply : men who serve the Prince and the Republic by land and by ſea, in the offices of commerce.

The principal, most excessive, and constant bleeding that Portugal suffers, is by the great number of Convents of all orders, of Monks and Nuns established over all the provinces, and in all the towns of this kingdom, multiplying

the mouths that eat, but not the hands that labour, and living at the cost of those, who, that they may support themselves, and pay the tributes imposed upon them, must plough, and sow, and reap what God has given them, with the sweat of their brows. The natural indolence of the Portugueze increases the abuse; they can procure food by their profession, without the trouble of labouring for it, and without performing the duties of citizens. I shall never forget what I once heard from a Dominican.—A sadler threatened to make his son a Dominican, if he did not make better saddles, "and this," said he, "will be worse for you." Thus it is that we have so many friars, who instead of edifying, scandalize.

This whole fraternity is divided into two classes; the one with lands, the other without; the one living on its property, the other preying on the public: but both are prejudicial to the kingdom. For the first class,—of what use to the state are so many fat Benedictines, and so many proud Augustines, who live in their con-

vents eating and drinking, except when they disturb the peace with their peculiarities, and send large sums of money to Rome?

The Corregidor do Crime complained to John IV. that the Austin friars of St. Vincent's were so inflamed by party rage in electing a president, that they would probably murder one another unless the King interfered. The King led him to the apartment where his hunting spears were kept: "Take these to the friars," said he, "and let them do what they please with them."

These orders are too rich. It was the riches of the church that tempted Henry VIII. of England to make his detestable attack upon it, and he bribed his assistants with the spoils. The church ought seriously to consider that its wealth may one day be its destruction.

The nunneries are equally prejudicial to the state. Women are forced there when their parents cannot afford to dower them suitably to

their rank, lest they should marry according to their own inclinations.

I well know that the monastic life is the most perfect, but the King ought not on this account to have his dominions depopulated, nor to wink at abuses. These friars avail themselves of the ignorance of the people, to palm a thousand impositions upon them. I remember a religious society was established at Lisbon, calling themselves the Order of Divine Providence:* I called them the Order of Human Industry: for these Religious made the women believe that St. Caetano would assist them in every illness, if they could cut off their hair as an offering to him. Soon afterwards they kept a barber in the

* The order of Divine Providence are so called because they have no revenues, and never go out to beg, but remain in their convent to receive such donations as may be voluntarily proffered, trusting thus to the Divine Providence for their support. If they are in danger of starving, they toll the bell for assistance, and supplies pour in. But they hold out to the last extremity, and have seldom been reduced to this expedient. At present the order consists of a very few monks.

chapel, and got many a good testoon † by the business.

In the colonies where men are more wanted, the evil is, if possible, still more numerous. I remember King Pedro sent to consult the Procurador do Coroa, Manoel Lopes de Oliveira, on the propriety of licensing a convent in Bahia, for which application had been made. He replied, that instead of founding new convents it was proper to destroy those already established: but the Procurador remonstrated in vain, and instead of one convent leave was given to found five.

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† The Portugueze money is computed by Reis, an imaginary coin.

The Vintem	is	20 Reis.
The Testoon, or Tostaon		100
The Cruzado		400
The Cruzado Novo		480
The Moidore, or Moeda de ouro		4800
The Six and thirty, or Meia Dobra de ouro		6400

Thus it is in Brazil; but it is worse in Goa. When my grandfather, who was very rich, died there, his widow made her two daughters take the veil, spent their portions in re-building the convent, and at last entered it herself. Now if these women, dowered as they were, had married two Fidalgos, their children might have done honour to Goa, and served their country as their grandfather did, who was twice Governor of India. At present the King is annually necessitated to send supplies of men to the colonies, whom the friars lay hold of, and tell them that it is their duty to quit the service of their King for that of their God.

Yet what matters it whether or no convents are multiplied in Brazil, if they send their children to be professed at Lisbon? I knew a very rich Brazilian of Bahia, who sent six daughters, each portioned with six thousand cruzados, to the Convent of Esperanza, because none but persons of the first rank were admitted there. Such is the pride they mingle with their superstition, and such the injury they do to the republic.

So much for the first class. Of the Mendicants the most numerous is the Serafic, or Franciscan order, divided into as many species as pleased the fancies of the founders. These men lay the people under contribution in the name of alms; they tell them it is more a duty to give alms to them, than to pay the taxes of the Sovereign; and they absolve those who defraud the revenue without enjoining restitution. The principle of these Religious is truly admirable; they say that because they have renounced all possessions they are become part of the kingdom of Christ; therefore they are Lords of the whole earth, and therefore the whole World ought to pay tribute to them. "Nihil habentes et omnia possidentes."—Having nothing, yet possessing all things." But the vow of poverty is as little understood as the giving of alms, which ought to be distributed only among those who are incapable of supporting themselves. In the French Monastery of La Trappe, the Religious work with their bodies lest indolence should debauch their mind, and thus they labour manually while employing their spirits in prayer, in-

stead of wandering about the country to take that bread from the labourer which his children want. I ſhould be reconciled to this order if they did not mingle their practice with so much superstitious devotion.

And now that I am speaking of the superstitions these men inculcate for their own interests, I will tell you an anecdote worthy of remembrance of which I believe myself to be the only living testimony.—John IV. had, as you know, a natural daughter, whom at four years old he placed in a Convent of Carmelites at Carnide, from whence she took her name of Senora Donna Maria de Carnide. She was ſo well dowered that the Duke of Cadaval wished to marry her; but this did not take place.

King Pedro allowed her annually four thousand cruzados; half she distributed among the Religious, and with the other half supported servants of both sexes who attended her without, for the friars would not suffer any profeſſed aſſiſtant to enter the Convent.

It happened that Donna Maria fell ill, and her Physicians prescribed the * Caldas, the Baths. King Pedro did my father and mother the honour to give them the management of her household; she was now treated as a Princess, and no sooner saw the world than she began to love its pleasures. She was, however, always obedient to her Confessor, a good Carmelite, who suffered her to go no-where without first obtaining his permission. Her health improved at the Caldas, yet so gradually that it was necessary to repeat the visit the two succeeding years. She now mingled more with the world, and lived with a different race of beings from monks and nuns; but the King began to be scrupulous of thus departing from the will of his father, and he proposed her to become Comendadeira of the Royal Convent dos Santos, where she would be treated by the

* Caldas da Rainha, or the Queen's Baths, is a place about sixty miles from Lisbon. Dr. Withering has written a treatise on the waters of the Caldas, which has been published at Lisbon, with a Portugueze translation.

Sisters with the respect due to her rank, and where my father should continue to govern her household. Donna Maria consulted her then Confessor, for the former one was dead; and he finding that her inclination led her to change her residence, and that their Convent would lose, not only what she annually gave them, but likewise all the benefits they expected from her professing there, told her, that to indulge such an intention would make the damnation of her soul certain. The poor lady, desirous on the one hand to live as a Princess, and on the other terrified at the gates of hell which her Confessor had opened on her, fell into a deep melancholy, and began to say that she was already condemned, and that she despaired of salvation. The friars said she was possessed of an evil spirit, and exorcised her according to the rites of the church; the King, however, sent Dr. Andre Bernadez to her. I do not remember how long she lived in this state, but she died before it was decided whether she was melancholy or possessed. This I can say with all truth, that I have frequently ac-

companied my mother when the Señora sent for her to dine; there was then no appearance of this disorder, her melancholy left her whenever my mother had the honour of being with her, but it returned the moment she saw her Confessor, and therefore she used to cry out that she did not want to confess. Such are the horrible effects of interested superstition.

The Religious of the present day differ from the early Monks in uniting the monastic and sacerdotal characters, which at once destroys the order of the hierarchy and the tranquillity of the cloister: they are thus neither monks nor priests, and this equivocal state presents different motives for making the same vows. The ancient monks dwelt in deserts, and courted solitude; now they live in cities, and even make the vow of seclusion as an opportunity for entering the world. True it is that we have some convents in desarts, but these are frequented by Romerias, and the same relaxation of discipline takes place. The ancient monks were under the jurisdiction of a bishop, and received from him

the sacrament, and a distribution of alms when they were in want. Now, not content with administering the sacrament to each other, they even communicate it to the people, which is the office of the Cure. It is true the Pope has approved of this union of the clerical and monastic characters; when the priest cannot perform all the necessary duties himself, he may then with propriety call in the assistance of the friars.

From the third difference, a fourth arises. They no longer obey the jurisdiction of the bishops, in whose mouth Jesus Christ has placed the Gospel. If they wish to elude an ecclesiastical law, they apply to the King, and call themselves his subjects, and demand his protection. If the arm of secular justice be extended against them, they then appeal to the Pope, as ecclesiastics. The Procurador Manoel Lopes de Oliveira once said, that, as their inclinations or interests required, they sometimes made a Pope of the King, and sometimes a King of the Pope. These are but a few of the circumstances which

make the monks of the present day so different from the ancient monks; and which fill the convents with men who ought to labour and cultivate the earth, instead of impoverishing the people by exacting alms. It was not thus that Christ and his apostles preached and practised.

As you can easily know the exact number of monks and nuns, I will say, that if only a third part of them were married, they might, in two ages, people a country as large as Portugal and her colonies. One way of checking the progress of this evil would be, by forbidding the convents to admit more than their statutes express; for at present they receive as many as they can support. A convent, founded for twenty religious, that has thirty now, should not be permitted to replace ten when they died. This regulation is wanted more particularly with regard to nunneries, where the sisters bring portions with them. No person should profess before the age of twenty-five, that they may well consider the nature of the vows they take.

The council of Trent permits profession at the age of fifteen: but, as the sacred scriptures say nothing of either monks or nuns, his Majesty will be justified in representing to his Holiness, the abuses occasioned by allowing them to make their vows at so early an age.

These two remedies are only palliatives of the evil; yet, if they were adopted, the evil would not increase so rapidly, nor would the church be disgraced by so many who are unable to keep their vows.

The priests are as prejudicial to the state by their celibacy, as the monks. If the single life be the most perfect, surely there is sanctity enough in the evangelical character alone to render it sufficiently respectable. Many of our clergy know only enough to repeat the mass which they cannot understand, and this they do instead of marrying and working at the plough to support their wives and children. To check this evil a strict examination, both as to their learning and lives should be instituted,

no man ordained whose patrimony is not sufficient to support him, and the number of priests limited to a due proportion of the population.

I do not think the Pope would interfere in this proposed reform, nor ought he, for ecclesiastical establiſhments being intended to do good, must not be perverted to the injury of the state, and be made a cover for vice and enormities.

Talking with Cardinal Alberoni in the Escurial one day, he said to me in strong terms, that he did not know why Kings should wish to have any of their subjects made Cardinals, " for my part," added he, " I care little whether or no his Catholic Majesty be disgusted with my services; in that case I should depart for Rome, and he could do me no injury." This event really happened but a few days afterwards, and as he departed he said to me with phlegm enough, " Exemplum enim dedi vobis. Vous etes dans la carriere, tachez en de la finir sans attendre une semblable catastrophe." I have

given you an example, you are in the same career, take heed how you finish it without meeting a similar catastrophe.

The closing of this vein, more dangerous because it is kept open by the physicians, would remedy the second evil, the succours necessary for the colonies, for it would remove the cause.

The third cause of depopulation is still more dangerous. This bleeding is more dreadful because the Holy Office is the bleeder, for fear of which men are daily emigrating with all their property from Portugal, to enrich other countries.

The breach between the Emperor and the Popes opened a door to heresy, and the Albigenses of Languedoc started up, who denied the sacred mysteries, and rebelled against the authority of the church. Innocent III. sent St. Dominic to preach to them, but so far was he from converting them, that they increased still more rapidly, and the Pope ordered his

Missionaries to proclaim a crusade against them, and granted indulgencies to all who should engage in the extirpation of this heresy, a species of Manicheism, condemned in the Lateran Council in the year 1180. Raimond Count of Thoulouse however took up arms in their defence, and this war, which because it was religious, was more bloody and ferocious than any other, lasted till 1229. The Albigenses, who escaped, took refuge among the Vaudois, and their posterity became the disciples of Zuinglius and Calvin.

But the Pope, finding that notwithstanding all he had done, there were multitudes who still persisted in this error, thought he could pursue no better plan than to chuse out a society of persons devoted to the interests of the church, separated, from all their relatives and friends,* inexorable, cruel, and inflexible, without pity or compassion, who should be called Inquisadores

* Literally from the original. "Enexoravies crueis e inflexevies sem piedade nem comiseraçaon."

da Fe, Inquisitors of Faith. These qualities were found in the newly-instituted orders of St. Dominic and St. Francis, who cheerfully undertook the business, and even exceeded the expectations of the Pope. Who knows not the effects that followed—the thousands of Moriscoes burnt in Spain—the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, and the horrors of the revocation of the edict of Nantz.

Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.

John III. established the Inquisition in Portugal. The members persuaded the Nobility that it was an honourable thing to become Familiars: that they would acquire honour by separating sons and daughters from their parents, by tearing away wives from the arms of their husbands, and by conducting the condemned prisoners to the flames! The better to secure respect, they punished or suspected all persons who injured any of their members, all who resisted their orders, all who disturbed the exercise of them, all who divulged their secrets, and

even all who murmured against their proceedings. They condemn upon such pretexts, that every man lives in a state of continual apprehension; they have under their cognizance all persons accused of witchcraft, blasphemy, polygamy, &c. and they have the inspection of all books.

Tribunals for particular crimes must always be prejudicial to the state, because they seek for crimes that they may neither want employment or profit. God forbid that you should find in me a single thought against the Holy Office as to what regards heretics and dogmatists. There is nothing that could so well defend us from Innovators of opinion and Founders of new sects, for the genius of the Portugueze is neither less strong, less acute, less ardent, or less addicted to speculation than that of other nations, with respect to corrupting the sacred scriptures, and perverting the doctrines of the Fathers. Above all, any sect that should authorize sensuality would make a rapid progress

amongst us, for to this vice * the climate contributes, and it is ordinarily carried on under the cloak of hypocrisy, to which we are infinitely inclined.

When studying at Coimbra, you must have heard of Padre Manoel de Carvalho, who had a seminary in the province of Beira for educating the daughters of the Nobility, and who was spoken of as a person of singular virtue, and a man of God. Don John de Mello, the

* Sensuality is certainly the vice of the Portugueze. The debauched imagery of Camoens, his island of Love, and Venus the protector of Gama, prove that they pique themselves on their debaucheries of this kind. When the ships which conducted to Portugal the wife of John 5th, Donna Maria Anna, the daughter of the Emperor Leopold, put into and were detained at Portsmouth by stress of weather, the bills contracted by her suite, in order to be discharged were first to be endorsed by the Ministers of the two Courts of Vienna and Lisbon, then in London. Among these bills one was presented to Don Luis da Cunha for Liquors, which he referred to his Colleague the German, had it been for women, says he, I should have taken it upon myself, and placed it exclusively to the account of the Portugueze.

bishop of Coimbra, sent to inquire concerning him to the Ministers and Religious in the neighbourhood, and they all attested that he was really a holy man, and such as the world believed him: but when we least expected it we heard he was in the dungeons of the Inquisition, and at the Auto da Fe his crimes were made public. They were of the most refined and abominable * quietism. He had debauched all his pupils, and even the Prioress, whose infant he had murdered and buried, and what is worse, he had communicated his principles chiefly among the Confessors and Religious.

This and many other similar cases prove that Bishops are not good Overseers, and that the Inquisition is necessary to preserve Portugal from the variety of sects so numerous in those other countries, that are afflicted with men *who take the liberty to read and write*, and debate, and print whatever their rash or vitiated judgments may suggest.

* Quietista.

Judaism however ſhould be subject only to the ſecular laws, and the invidious title of New Chriſtians ought to be abolished. If this cannot be done, let the witneſſes be obliged to give their own names, and to name the hour and the place where the act of Judaizing was committed, then let the accuſed exculpate himſelf if he can.

They who defend the ſecrecy of examination obſerved by the Holy Office, appear to me to have ſeen only that part of the inſtitutes that commands teſtimony to be given in ſecret, on account of the danger of aſſaſſination to which the witneſſes would otherwiſe be expoſed: but the ſame ſtatutes ſay, "the Inquiſitors ſhall proceed with great caution and care to diſcover if the accuſation be true or falſe, and ſo that they do not deprive the accuſed of thoſe means of defence which natural right demands,* which

* Que nem o humano nem o Divino podem derogar, porque elle meſmo he Divino.

right no Power, either human or divine, can take away, because it is divine itself." But what danger does the Cobler run who accuses the Blacksmith? and it is rarely that persons of higher rank are indicted, unless sometimes a Physician or an Advocate.

But the Inquisitors hold another principle, from which and their consequent practice, many innocent persons must necessarily suffer. They say it is better that many Catholics and good Christians ſhould perish, than that one heretic or Jew escape; for the death of a good Catholic is nothing more than the securing his salvation, whereas great numbers may be perverted by the life of one heretic or Jew.

The consolation which the Inquisition gives to those who have suffered innocently is admirable. It ordains that no person ſhall say he was condemned without reason, or complain of the Judges, or of the holy institution; but instead of complaining of being unjuſtly puniſhed, he must rejoice that he has suffered for righteousness sake.

The great argument which the Inquisitors use to justify their practice, is, that as secrecy is observed in human crimes of leze-majesty, how much more reason is there for observing it in leze-majesty against God! but the security of the state is interested in the life of the Prince. Now, the greatest crime that ever could be committed against God was that of Adam; yet, notwithstanding God was the Judge as well as the offended party, and therefore needed no proof on which to condemn him, he heard what the culprit could say in his own defence, who, as if accusing his Judge pleaded, "the Woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Upon this the Woman was confronted with the serpent, and the Supreme Judge having made this notable process in all due forms, pronounced sentence, and condemned Adam and all his posterity: but God did not deprive him of temporal life, because he had from all eternity resolved to people the world; whereas the Inquisition, by their proceedings, assist in depopulating Portugal, for they condemn *those who are called Jews* to the

punishment of death, as relapsed; and if any remain in the kingdom and profess the true faith, they go on multiplying the name of New Christians.

I say *those who are called Jews*, for in reality they are not so, because they want the distinguishing mark. None of those who have appeared at the Autos da Fe are acquainted with the written law, but have followed a few traditions and a few of their own inventions. They are not therefore to be accounted Jews; but the Inquisition makes Hebrew extraction a great proof of the crime. I have heard that Paulo Affonzo de Albuquerque (my school-fellow and friend, but as ignorant a man as it is possible to be) used to say after he became Promotor of the Holy Office, that if Old Christians were accused of Judaism, there might be some doubt entertained, but of the guilt of New Christians there could be no doubt at all; and I say, it is by no means conformable to the principles of Christianity that the Promotor and Judges should sit down to pass sentence on the accused when possessed with so rash an idea.

Frey Domingos de S. Thomas, Deputy of the Holy Office, used to say of the Mint and the Inquisition, that there was one house in the Calzateria where they made money; and another in the Rocio, where they made Jews. Fit indeed is the inscription over the gate of this memorable and dreadful tribunal at Bologna: *Hæc est Inquisitionis tremenda Domus.* This is the tremendous House of the Inquisition.

From all this it follows that the Inquisition multiplies Jews instead of extirpating them, and that it drives from Portugal the people best adapted to sustain its commerce.

One remedy would be, to put in execution the law of banishment without indulgence. When Don Luis de Souza was at Rome, his Holiness said to him, "What do you wish to do with this poor unfortunate people? If your King does not chuse to have them in his dominions, let him banish all who prevaricate, and by little and little they will be thus extinguished.

Another is, that the property of the accused should descend to his legal heirs, for of those who fly the kingdom more are driven by the fear of leaving their children beggars, than by the danger of their own deaths. John IV. intended to remedy this, and told the Inquisition who opposed him, that he wished to punish the guilty, not to destroy those houses of business which were the nerves of the State; but this useful resolution was repaid by the excommunication which the Holy Office rashly demanded of the Pope against the King, and which he as rashly granted.

Another evil resulting from this, is, that no foreign merchants will connect themselves with people whose property is every day liable to be seized by a Juiz do Fisco, from whom they can never expect to recover it.

But the first remedy should be to allow Liberty of conscience to the Jews. A contract should be made as in Rome, allowing the Jews to practise their own ritual, but obliging them to

hear a sermon every Sunday. If any one after being converted by these sermons should relapse, let him then be burnt; thus would there be only Jews and Christians in Portugal, the invidious distinction of New Christians would be abolished, and the disgrace removed which all Portugueze suffer on their travels, of being looked upon as Jews.

There should be a law that all who could prove their anceſtors for four generations not to have apostatized, should be deemed Old Christians, and be made eligible to all offices; but these remedies would meet with unsurmountable opposition from the Inquisitors, Familiars, Friars and Priests, and indeed from the whole body of the people, who are equally ignorant and superstitious.

Liberty of Conscience should be granted to all foreign Jews. From this however the German Jews should be excepted, for they are descended from the execrable rabble who escaped from the destruction of Jerusalem, and

are moreover great usurers. Many enterprising merchants would settle in this country if they could enjoy the free exercise of their religion, exempt from the power of the Holy Office: thus would Portugal receive an increase of useful citizens whose speculative industry might restore her commerce.

Whatever has been said of the destructive effects produced by the Inquisition in Portugal, will equally apply to the colonies. The harmless Indians, a poor peaceable persecuted race, are hunted there with the same merciless severity, and the same depopulation follows.

But to all these projected plans of reform the education of our King presents the greatest obstacle. From his preceptor, the present Inquisitor General, he has learnt the savage spirit of bigotry, and there is no festival which the King frequents with such delight as the execution of a miserable Jew. Such were the sentiments that ruined Sebastian, and with him ruined Portugal. He too had been taught that it was his

duty to propagate Christianity by fire and sword; inflamed with this belief he invaded Africa, and perished with the flower of his kingdom in the mad crusade; for the blood wasted on that day his Jesuit tutor must be answerable at the throne of God.

I well know that for saying these things I shall be deemed irreligious, *porque "stultorum numerus est infinitus,"* because the number of fools is infinite. Be that as it may, in saying these things I am discharging my duty, and you know that my opinions are orthodox.

Our inferiority of forces would be remedied by forming alliances with such powers as are able and willing to assist us, and by the embodying a militia. Our deficiency in money requires more consideration.

Is it better that the State be poor or the people? The alternative is not inevitable. The high orders should not be exempt from the payment of taxes: is it not at once absurd and op-

pressive that those ranks who can best afford to pay, are privileged to pay nothing, and that those people who with difficulty can support themselves should likewise be obliged to support the State? It were well too that luxury should be restrained, and to restrain luxury Example will be of more avail than positive laws. When Peter the Great was in France, the Marquis de Nele appeared before him every day in a new dress; "surely," said the Czar to him, "your tailor must be a very bad one that he can never fit you!"

John IV. uniformly aimed at making luxury unfashionable. Seeing the Ambassador to London in an English hat one day, he inquired how much it coft; and hearing two pounds English money, he replied, "take care of it, for I can purchase four hats in Portugal for that sum." He never suffered his hair to grow, to avoid the expence of having it dressed; this of course became the fashion. My uncle, the Conde Villa Flor, did not cut off his, and this singularity was remarked to his Majefty, and

construed into a symptom of disaffection.—"Nay, nay," answered John, "his hair ought to be privileged, for it grew amid battles; he was a soldier before I was a King."

One day when my Father was walking with his Majesty, a Negro asked charity of them: the King gave him two testoons, and inquired how many pounds of meat that money would purchase. The Negro told him he did not know, for the butcher cut it by the eye; and the King had the butcher punished for not selling legally by weight. A Juiz de Fora presented him a memorial one day, which he put in his breeches pocket without reading it; the Minister observed, that his Majesty would probably forget the memorial when he changed his breeches. "Never fear that," said the King, "for the Devil take me if I have another pair in the world!"

A law* is very much wanted to restrict the

* This law has since been enacted, and except the Royal Family and foreign Miniſters, no perſon is allowed to drive more than two beaſts.

number of mules in a carriage to a pair; for envy or emulation tempt people to vie with each other in the number they drive; their mode of living in other respects must be answerable to the appearance of their equipage, thus do they live beyond their means of support, and continually involve themselves in debt.

Religious luxury too is an evil which requires to be checked by sumptuary laws. Vast sums are annually expended, by the emulation of different Brotherhoods, in ornamenting their churches. Processions too, and bull-fights, and Romerias, customs that can be productive of no good, and which afford opportunities for infinite evil, ought to be suppressed.

Such is the number of Saints-day, and other holidays, that our peasantry and people are allowed to labour only a third part of the year. Indeed, in their mode of worship the Protestant countries have considerably the advantage. Their church service is celebrated twice on the sabbath-day, and the Minister expounds the

scriptures to his congregation in a sermon, with running into violent hyperboles, or wrestling the texts to support some favourite dogma. This service, which lasts nearly two hours, is heard with reverent attention, whereas we think one half-hour's mass very tedious! On their holy festivals they examine their own hearts and take the sacrament devoutly, after their heretical manner, which we submit to only to satisfy the forms of the church, and for fear of excommunication. God sanctified the Sabbath, and made it a day of rest, because on that seventh day he rested from his labour, after having made this admirable universe with one "fiat." He made it for rest, not for indolence, as we abuse it; but that we should praise his works, and by our unfeigned love and devotion deserve, as far as it is possible to deserve, his infinite mercy.

Pictures of miracles ſhould not be hung up in churches till the fact has been very well examined. The frequency of these, and their unimportance, tend to render the very foundation of our religion suspected, and they lead the

ignorant into heavy and superstitious expences. People now make offerings to Mary the most pure, and to the Saints, and they believe that these mediators will intercede for them with an earnestness proportioned to the value of the offering. But the sacrifice which God requires of a man is an humble and contrite heart, and he who gives alms to the poor, and relieves the necessities of his neighbour, he offers the best offering to procure the favour of the Saints, and of Mary the most pure.

Our silk manufactories ought to be restored. When I was in London, I saw a Portugueze Jew there, who had carried on one of these manufactories in the country, till driven away by the Inquisition: the King offered him a safe conduct and protection if he would return and re-establish it, but he was too wise. "Credat Judæus Apella." Perhaps our want of materials may be alleged against this measure; but this want must be imputed to our own indolence. Our climate is as good as that of Piedmont or Valencia; the wines we produce prove this,

and of course therefore the mulberry-tree would flourish here. But look at England and Holland, they manufacture silk as well as is done at Lyons, and even fetch the raw materials from China. For their woollen cloths too they are obliged to import Spanish wool to mix with their own: such is the laborious industry of some, and such the ruinous indolence of others.

On this account I was always of opinion that his Majesty ought not to have revoked the prohibition upon foreign cloths in favour of England: but the principal merchant in the woollen line was brother to Don John Methuem, the then Ambassador in Lisbon: and he wrote to his brother, desiring him to state to the Minister, that the wines of Portugal, particularly those produced on the Quintas* of the Nobles and Fidalgos, would have a great and secure sale in England, if his Majesty would revoke the prohibition upon foreign cloth, so that English

* Country Eftates.

cloth might be admitted; for the Portugueze wines pay a third less duty than the French.

But it was necessary to keep me silent, for I had always opposed such a measure; and as the English are accustomed to negotiate with money, a mode which saves a great many arguments, he offered me a considerable sum, through Manoel Marquez, to remain silent. I rejected this offer as I ought. I wrote him word, however, that as his Majesty seemed inclined to take off the prohibition, he had chosen me to negotiate, for at this time French wines could not enter England, and the great desire the English had to export their cloth, made me hope for more advantageous terms when the Parliament met. The treaty, however, was made soon afterwards, peace was established between England and France, and I had no doubt that the English would observe their agreement with them instead of with us; for the French wines now paid one half less duty than the Portugueze, instead of one third more, and of course if the English preferred drinking French wines, they

might, now they were cheapest, without affording us cause of complaint, as the pretext for the treaty with us was that our wines were one third cheaper: considering this, the vicinity of France, and the goodness, delicacy, and variety of the French wines, it seemed evident to me that our market was spoiled.

I do not say that his Majesty ought to have opposed this treaty; but it appears to me that he had only stipulated to allow the free entry of English cloth, not that he should give up his own manufactories, and still less that his subjects should be obliged to wear English cloth. The English would have no cause to complain if his Majesty should order his troops to wear the cloth of the country, particularly if that cloth should be found better on trial than the manufacture of England. I myself once appeared at Paris and London, dressed in Portugueze cloth, and it was every where thought very good; but this treaty prevented the improvement of our manufactures, and the ruin of the most enterprising directors of them by

the Inquisition, destroyed them. Even now, however, if his Majesty would wear the produce of the country, his example would produce a great and beneficial effect. In the year 1701, a cheap cloth manufactured in London, of which the complete suit cost only forty shillings, was made fashionable by William III.

I must confess when the Dutch desired that the prohibition upon foreign cloth might be revoked in their favour as well as in that of the English, I supported their request, though the plea of opening a market for our wines existed not in their case. I supported them because the free importation of cloths from Holland would lower the English price, and only the same quantity of money go out of Portugal; for though the market would be better stocked, the consumption would still be the same.

You may perhaps say that if we diminish the sale of English goods, they will on their part diminish that of Portugueze wines. Be it so:

weigh well the advantage and the loss; the establishment of manufactures would benefit all Portugal and her colonies; the loss of the wine trade would hurt only the wine lands, and these may be converted into arable land, of which the country is in want: besides the English are so accustomed to our wines, which are cheaper than the French, that they would probably still purchase them; and if they did not, the men who now work in the vineyards are equally able to labour at the plough: but manufactures give bread to those who can work no where else.

But it is observed that all attempts at establishing manufactures must fail, because foreigners can afford to supply us with goods at a cheaper rate: this evil would be daily remedying: besides, by purchasing our own commodities we keep the money in the kingdom, and thus another disadvantage under which Portugal labours may be counteracted, the want of troops; for the Prince who has money can hire foreign troops.

Our deficiency as a naval power cannot so easily be supplied. We have only our navy, the Brazil ships, and a few that go to, and return, or do not return, from India: it is sailors that Portugal is in want of, and for these she possesses no nursery. It is more with regard to their commerce than to their situation that England and Holland are called maritime powers; this is assisted by their Companies, and trains up seamen for their navy. It is an object of the first importance to restore the state of Brazil, the most effectual means of accomplishing this would be to establish a company, and for such an undertaking the Jews are of all persons the most fit. Father Antonio Vieira, who is known and admired by all who have read his books (except indeed his last but one, which is full of such fanaticism as cannot be suffered) proposed the forming of an India Company, as a previous step to which it was necessary to repeal the law for confiscating Jewish property; this proposal cost him dear: the Inquisition deeply remembered it, and afterwards seized and condemned him, more for this than for his heretical opinions.

Such likewise was the opinion of the Conde Ribeira, whom God has; a man experienced in business, and who had given thought to the subject. The King recalled him from Paris, and appointed me in his place: we met at Orleans, and he communicated to me his project. I told him that it was very good, very useful, and very necessary, but at the same time vast and liberal, and that was enough to secure it the opposition either of envy or of ignorance, according to the laudable custom of our country, from those whom his Majesty would consult.

The advantages which the Dutch derive from possessing the Cape of Good Hope are well known. We have the ports of Brazil and of Mozambique, for vessels going and returning, that might produce us equal advantages, but these are neglected!

Such a Company ought to pay for their monopoly, and this they might well afford to do. Andre Alvarez Nogueira, a Jew associated with

some English merchants, proposed to me once to arm a ship for the India trade: and he offered, if his Portugueze Majesty would suffer him to use his flag, that he might not be treated as an interloper, to sail with a supercargo from Lisbon, call there on his return, and allow the King ten per cent. and if the goods were contraband, sell them elsewhere. I thought his proposal a good one, but it was rejected.

It may be reckoned among the other good effects of such a company, that foreigners would place their money in it; and though it may be said that they will fear to trust their property to a despotic government, and, what is worse, can allege the suppression of the Brazil Company, in spite of all their services; yet where the hope of gain is powerful, the fear of contingent danger is weak. I must, however, again observe, that to establish such Companies it will be absolutely necessary to tolerate the Jews.

The encouragement of our fisheries is another object of national concern. Two frigates, however, would be wanted to protect them from the Barbary Corsairs, and as the people are too poor, too lazy, and too pusillanimous to undertake this, the Court ought to begin it. The importance of a nursery for seamen can never be insisted on too strongly. There are coal mines in the neighbourhood of London, and yet, on this account, all the coals consumed in that city are brought from Newcastle.

But the greatest benefit which Portugal could possibly receive would result from declaring Lisbon a free port; not in the strict and literal meaning of the word, for it is not my wish that his Majesty should lose the revenues of the Custom-house; yet it is true that this loss might be repaired, and to the advantage of the public. It is the purchaser who pays the duty, and it is possible to collect the same revenue in a less oppressive manner. They who buy must barter or sell: these duties make the goods dearer, less therefore is bought, and

consequently less is sold: it follows that the cessation of all duties would be beneficial.

Such a measure would render Lisbon the first port in the world; it is sufficient for a moment to contemplate its effects where it has taken place. Leghorn is not absolutely a free port, yet as a very trifling duty is laid upon every cargo, without regard to size, the facility of entering goods has rendered it a flourishing city. The duties at Venice have been reduced from fourteen to one per cent. since the year 1736: and on exports it is less than this: on this account it takes the Lombardy trade from Leghorn. The flourishing port of Genoa is altogether free. Bayona is free only for natives, or those who marry a native; foreigners, therefore, who engage in that trade, generally reside there. I remember the Member for Bristol, in the English Parliament, spoke in praise of the English for enriching themselves abroad, and then returning and buying estates, and enjoying in their own country what they had brought from ours. Dunkirk is free, and to this it owes its

opulence. Consider what the example of these ports must prove, and think of the advantages which Lisbon possesses over all of them.

It will therefore be right for his Majesty to erect a large warehouse to receive foreign goods, in a dry situation near Belem, so constructed as at any time to admit of such enlargement as may be necessary. Another must be built with more divisions for cargoes that are liable to spoil, such as all kinds of grain, as is the case at Amsterdam. The advantage which foreigners would derive from having Lisbon a free-port, would excite the emulation or the avarice of the Portugueze, and thus produce a mercantile spirit.

M. Tugere, of St. Maloes (whom the King rewarded with the Order of Christ, for carrying the Conde de Ereceyra to France, after he had been robbed by pirates, near the Isle of Bourbon), offered to make a voyage of discovery if his Majesty would employ him. I, however, gave no encouragement to his project. Brazil

is the scene for discoveries; by means of the many rivers that communicate with the Maragnon, we ought to penetrate that immense country, a country probably as rich in cochineal and silver mines as the Spanish possessions.

But I have before said that Portugal must not be depopulated to people Brazil; make the inhabitants, then, labour in the cultivation of sugar and tobacco, instead of burying them in the mines. One ship will bring away all the gold and jewels they can dig, but many vessels are necessary for the exportation of these articles of commerce.

There could no ill consequence arise from suffering strangers to enter Brazil. I remember, when I held that station at London, which you so worthily occupy at present, that four thousand persons came at once from the Palatinate to migrate to the English settlements in America. You know the French got permission to go to the Cape of Good Hope, that they might enjoy religious liberty; there they planted vine-

yards, and made that wine superior to Tokay, which is sold at so high a price. The Dutch colony of Surinam would have fallen to ruin had it not been for the Jews. None of these various emigrants wish to return to their own country; and thus would it be in Brazil. The climate is more agreeable, the soil more fertile; neither could they depart by any vessels but ours. There they would settle and marry, and their children become good Portugueze and good Catholics, just as their fathers were Protestants.

I do not say that we ought to give strangers the privilege of having commercial houses in Brazil, which we refuse to the English and Dutch, notwithstanding it is stipulated for in their treaties. The privilege I speak of is very different in its object; and, indeed, it is absurd to say that the English have no commercial houses in Brazil; for if they have them not openly, they have them under the names of Portugueze who are merely their agents. When I was in London I endeavoured to make the

English relinquish this privilege, of which they made no use, lest the French should allege their example to demand the same. The Council of Commerce would have consented, if one Mr. Miliner, a man who had enriched himself at Lisbon, had not observed, that though no use was made of it now, there might hereafter; therefore I think we had better not push the matter, lest the English should immediately exert a privilege which we could not deny. This will apply likewise to the Dutch, who first made the stipulation in their treaty: the English followed their example, more particularly in their marriage settlement of the Princess Catharina. On every account we ought to attend to Brazil.

With respect to the internal commerce of Portugal, the want of navigable rivers and consequently of canals, renders good roads more necessary: these should be immediately made; and a revenue may well be raised for these by means of lotteries and tontines.

My Son, I have said these things to you, confiding in your great and virtuous integrity. The plans which I have suggested to you appear necessary to me, to render us more equal with our neighbours, and, I trust, if they accord with your sentiments, that you will attempt to execute them. You should on the first opportunity remind his Majesty, that Kings to support their regal character ought to imitate God: that they are the Fathers of their people, a title which God himself, the King of Kings, delights in, for we say to him, "Our Father," not "Our King:" and that as that universal Father provides for the preservation, continuance, and subsistence of the species, so ought his Majesty to be careful of his subjects welfare: he should particularly take heed that the Nobles be not disgraced by improper alliances, or extinct for want of good ones. A good parent endeavours to marry his children well; so ought the King. It is thus that the King of France has formed such a corps of officers, who are stimulated by every motive of honour or emulation, and who

would be invincible, did not God when he pleases order otherwise.

It is not right that the Nobles should wed with foreigners: we never hear of the French, or the Germans, or the Spaniards, marrying a Portugueze woman, and yet we are continually seeking wives among them. Some families indeed keep themselves so pure as on that account to assume the name of Puritans. It is somewhat strange that they should adopt the name which the Usurper Oliver Cromwell gave to his infamous sect; God knows whether they were as pure as they pretended to be! Sects of religion are often seen, but a sect of families is a novelty.

If any nation ought to be proud of its Nobility it is Portugal, when we remember the expulsion of the Moors, their exploits against the Infidels abroad, and against the Spaniards at home. The decline of the country is owing to the decline of the Nobility.

Large pensions are annexed to our three orders, but these pensions should decrease in proportion to the estimation and utility of the order. That of Christ was founded when the Knights Templar were so barbarously destroyed; King Pedro prostituted it to such a degree that Lord Oxford once observed, he had never met with a Portugueze who was not of the order of Christ. Diogo de Mendoza offered the order to my Secretary Manoel de Sequeira; but he answered that such a badge would not be consistent with one who walked through the dirty streets of Lisbon. I have blamed the Conde de Taronca for making his page put on his shoes for him, who wore the order as well as himself. To render it respectable it should be like the Danish order of the Elephant, and the English Garter, limited, and reserved as the reward of great services.

Consider now the import of all that I have said: reflect on the force of Spain, and you will find that our King holds his crown by a very precarious tenure. The conquest of Portugal

is but the work of one campaign for Spain. But the best possible plan would be that the King should remove to Brazil, and fix his Court at the city of Rio de Janeiro. The soil is rich, the climate delightful, and the city would soon become more flourishing than Lisbon. There he might extend his commerce, make discoveries in the interior, and take the title of Emperor of the West.

But you ask me what is to become of Portugal. What is Portugal? It is a corner of land divided into three parts; the one barren, one belonging to the church, and the remaining part not even producing grain enough for the inhabitants. Look now at Brazil, and see what is wanting. Salt may be found at Pernambuco, the country will produce wine, and oil may be made from the whale fiſhery; true, indeed, we should have no snow to cool our drink, but there are ways enough beside of cooling water.

If America is in want of some things which Europe produces, Europe wants more of the

productions of America: whatever America is in need of, industry can there supply; but it is not thus in Europe. The Divine Providence permits these mutual wants,* that all nations may communicate with each other, and form themselves into an universal Republic.

In contemplating this plan we should remember how widely the gospel might be extended when there would be so many more labourers in the Lord's vineyard. I say the Lord's, for the Tapuyes of Brazil are as much his creatures as the Europeans, though they have for so many ages dwelt in the darkness of idolatry, groaning under the dominion of the Devil.

Thus should Brazil become the port of the world: the Europeans would come there for gold and silver, and jewels, and whatever productions might be raised, nor when the ports

* The original words are, "A divina providencia permittio esta mesma reciproca falta de certos generos en hum e outro hemisferio, para que as nazões se communicassem e se formassem a sociedade da Republica universal.

were open to them, would they ever think of conquering the country. You say that Portugal must then be governed by a Viceroy, that he would be less careful of the state, that the Nobility would be less willing to serve under him, and that Portugal would thus be added to Spain. To this I reply, let the Powers of Europe guarantee Portugal to his Majesty; this they will do for their own interests; and if Spain attacks Portugal, let her expect reprisals on the side of Paraguay and the Rio de Prata. You will think me an old dotard; but which is best, to live in security or in constant fear? Portugal wants Brazil, but Brazil does not want Portugal.

Thus have I given you my sentiments. They may be deemed by some impracticable, romantic and little orthodox; but all things appear impracticable to those who will not put them in practice, romantic to those who will not reason, and heretical to the ignorant and the interested.

On this paper it may be observed that these plans which the Government and Ministry of that time had not inclination, or power, or courage to adopt, the Marquis of Pombal afterwards did, and by doing it acquired that character for a consummate Stateſman which he possesses. He expelled the Jesuits, planned the suppression of all the monastic orders, and reduced the power of the Inquisition. He published the law respecting the New Christians, and the Pragmatica or Sumptuary Law of Portugal. He encouraged manufactories, and the silk manufactory in particular, rooted out the vines from the lands capable of bearing corn, and established trading companies. In short he executed all the plans laid down in this paper, except making the military orders respectable, and Lisbon a free port; both of which were reserved for the present reign and present Ministry.

ACCOUNT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGERY *at Madrid, founded by* CARLOS III. 1787.

There shall be a Regulating Board, *(Junta Gubernativa y Escolastica)* consisting of eight fellows. *(Maestros)*. These eight are to be presided over by the President of the College, or by the Director in his stead; and are to instruct the students theoretically and practically.

One of these Fellows shall on every Thursday evening read a dissertation to all the Members and Students. After this, the Secretary shall present all papers that may have been laid before the board. These are to be read immediately, or deferred till another sitting, or laid aside for particular examination as may be thought proper.

After a paper has been read the Secretary is to write the opinion of the Board under it. Such as require a particular examination are to be referred to two of the Fellows, who must give their opinion and remarks in writing. All these papers to be registered among the Archives by the Secretary.

After these readings the Board must remain alone to treat of the affairs of the College.

The President or Director may call an extraordinary sitting on any day but Thursday.—A general sitting must be held at the close of every year to examine the accounts and books of the College.

The first Surgeon of the Bed-chamber shall always be President. The Director shall be chosen from among the Fellows.

Eighteen thousand *Reales de Vellon* shall be annually paid from the royal treasury, to be expended upon the library, surgical instruments, preparations, &c.

There shall be eight Professorships, four theoretical, four practical; each with an annual pension of 18,000 reales.

The first shall be of Anatomy. The Professor shall begin his instructions with *Osteology* upon the skeleton, and recent subject, proceed with Sarcology, and conclude with the organs of the senses. He shall follow the order and distribution of Winslow, till a better guide be found.* His lectures are to begin on the first of October and end on the last of February. From ten to eleven in the morning. The students of the first and second year must attend. These students must assist at the dissections and making preparations.

The second shall be of Physiology and *Higiene*.‡ The guide Boerhaave. To begin the first of March and end the last of July. From nine to ten in the morning. To the first and second years students.

* This proviso is always added when the guide is named.

‡ I do not understand this word; perhaps it means the doctrine of health.

The third of Pathology and Therapeutics. To begin upon Nosology; expound its various causes, or what is called *Ætiologia*; signs or *Semeiotica*; and conclude with *Symptomatologia*, which is that part of Pathology that treats of the symptoms of diseases. The guide Boerhaave. From the first of March to the end of July. From ten to eleven in the morning. To the students of the second year.

The fourth of Materia Medica. He must treat of *Chemica-Medica* and Pharmacy; following Cartuser upon the Materia Medica, and Lafaye upon external applications. From the first of October to the end of February. From eleven till twelve in the morning. To the students of the fifth year.

The first practical Professorship shall be of surgical complaints; following Gorter. From the first of October to the end of February. From three till four in the evening. To the students of the third year.—He must likewise give a course of lectures upon dressings, *(vendages)*

following Canibel, and operating upon a figure. To the students of the first and second years. From five till six in the evening, in June and July.

The second of midwifery and venereal complaints. To follow Astrue on the diseases of women and the obstetric art. He is likewise to treat of the diseases of children from their first formation till their seventh year, following Boerhaave. From the first of March till the end of July. From four till five in the evening. To the third years students.

This Professor shall privately instruct such women as may chuse to learn midwifery. They must bring their husband's permission, and no unmarried woman shall be admitted. Without having received his instructions, no woman shall practise midwifery in Madrid.

In his lectures on venereal complaints he shall follow and compress Astruc. From the first of October to the end of November. From four

till five in the evening. To the students of the third year.

The third of operations and *Algebra Chirurgica*. To follow the work by Velasco and Villaverde, operating upon a dead body. From the first of October till the last of February. From nine till ten in the morning. To the students of the fourth and fifth years. Upon *Algebra Chirurgica*, to follow Gorter. From five till six in the evening during April and May. To the students of the third and fourth years.

The fourth of mixed disorders, and clinical lectures. He must particularly treat upon Calentures; following Boerhaave. From the first of March to the end of July. From eleven till twelve in the morning. To the fifth years students.

The Clinical Lectures shall be given in the infirmary of the College twice a week, at hours

that will not interfere with other studies; to all the students, particularly those of the fifth year.

There shall be a Dissector to assist the Anatomical Professor, who, though not a Member of the Board, shall be equally respected. He is to prepare for the Professors lectures, assist in making preparations, and teach dissection to the students. His salary 10,000 reales. If any student behaves improperly at a dissection he may turn him out, but he must immediately inform the Director.

Those sick persons in the General Hospital whose cases may improve the students, shall be removed to the Infirmary of the College, where there shall be separate rooms for the sexes, and must never be less than 40 patients. All patients must come from the General Hospital. Only women that are pregnant to be admitted.

The three Professors of operations, surgical complaints, and mixed disorders, shall attend

in the infirmary of the men every morning at eight, and give practical instructions. The Professor of Midwifery shall likewise give practical lessons.

The Hospital-Board *(Junto de Hospitales)* shall nominate a young Apothecary, who must attend at the morning visit to the Infirmary, and take down prescriptions. He is himself to distribute the medicines, and be answerable for any mistake.

The Hospital-Board shall likewise nominate a Steward *(Cabo)* of the Infirmary, who must attend at the morning visit and take down prescriptions of diet. He must take care that every thing be clean, and keep the Infirmary quiet at the hours of rest.

The Hospital-Board shall also nominate two matrons for the female Infirmary; where one of them must always be present.

On the vacancy of a Fellowship, notice shall be given throughout the kingdom.

Four times as many points of medical or surgical science shall be written out, as there are candidates. Three of these shall be drawn by lot, and the opponent is to chuse one of these three, as a subject on which his rival must, in 24 hours, produce a Latin dissertation. During this time he is secluded in the College Library, where he shall be furnished with an amanuensis and with whatever books he may want; but he shall only leave the Library to eat and sleep, both within the College.

After he has read his dissertation he must answer the objections made to it by two of his competitors. If it be upon a practical subject a body shall be prepared, on which he must demonstrate it, and then answer his two competitors objections.

For the second exercise he must give his opinion on one of the three subjects, which his ri-

vals shall chuse by word of mouth, and in the vernacular tongue, to prepare for this exercise he shall have 24 hours. These two exercises to be performed in public.

The third exercise must be in private with the Judges, who shall assign the candidate any operations they think proper upon a body, till they are satisfied. All these exercises shall be performed on different days. The names of the candidates to be drawn by lot. The first to be opposed by the second and third, and so on.

The three exercises for the Professor of Anatomy and the Dissector shall be upon Myology, Neurology, and Splanchnology.

In order to be matriculated the students must understand Latin, and have studied Logic, Algebra, Geometry and experimental Philosophy for three years. They must produce certificates from the Priest and *Regidores* of their parish, of their purity of blood, baptism, parents marriage, and of their life and manners.

They must also have such supplies from their friends as will support them decently, *without the necessity of their serving either as Barbers*, or servants. If any one is discovered in thus supporting himself after matriculation, his matriculation ſhall be void.

A person who is not matriculated may study; but he cannot demand a certificate of having attended the regular courses.

They cannot be admitted after the end of August every year.

On the first of October an inaugural Lecture ſhall be read.

The studies of the first year ſhall be Anatomy, Physiology, *Higiene*, and Dressings.

Of the second year, the ſurgical ſtudies repeated, Pathology and Therapeutics.

Third, Surgical complaints, *Algebra Chirurgica*, Midwifery, and Venereal complaints.

Fourth, Studies of the third year repeated. Surgical operations.

Fifth, Surgical operations repeated, to conclude with Clinical lectures, Materia Medica and mixed disorders.

Botany and Chemistry to be studied in the last years.

The Students shall be examined every September, and their progress and conduct recorded. This account shall be delivered to them with their certificate at the expiration of their studies.

A gold medal weighing four ounces shall be given every year from the Treasury, as a prize for the students who have completed their surgical studies.

The students may settle and exercise their profession in any part of the kingdom. But if any student *turns Barber*, he forfeits all his privileges.

Twelve *Colegiales internos* shall be chosen among the students, to take care of the Infirmary. They shall receive five reales a day for five years, to be paid monthly.

The three most skilful of these shall act in the absence of the three Professors who attend the Infirmary.

They must rise at five, and study in their own chambers till seven. Till eight prepare all things necessary for the Infirmary. Till nine attend in the Infirmary. Till twelve at the different lectures. The gates of the College shall then be shut, and all the Collegiates dine in common. After dinner they may retire to rest in their own rooms; those who do not chuse to rest themselves must keep silence and not disturb the others. At two the doors shall be opened. Till three they must attend the sick. Till six at lectures. After that hour they must conform to the internal regulations of the College. All this shall be literally observed.

The library shall be open to every person from ten till twelve in the morning, and from two till four in the evening, from November till the end of February. From three till five in the evening in March, April, September, and October. From nine till eleven in the morning, and four till six in the evening, in May, June, July and August.

The Librarian shall deliver the instruments to the Professor for his lectures, who must return them clean.

The Surgeon shall record the history of every diseased part of which he makes a preparation.

The College may have as many bodies as are wanted from the General Hospital; without consulting the Hospital Board.

There shall be a Dispensary under the care of the Professor of Materia Medica.

Any person who behaves decently may be admitted to the Anatomical Lectures.

There shall be a store of the best instruments.

The archives of the College shall be preserved.

The Secretary shall have apartments for his family; two thousand reales annually, and one thousand for an amanuensis.

The Librarian must be one of the eight Fellows, who well understands the Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. His salary shall be two thousand reales, and that of his assistant one thousand.

The Instrument Maker shall have 3300 reales annually. The Porter 2200 annually. The Cook and Refitolero (one who takes care of the refectory) 150 reales monthly.

These salaries shall all be paid from the royal Treasury.

These rules shall literally be observed. If any of them should be found inconvenient, the Board shall advise together, and propose an emendation to the Royal Council.

THE END.

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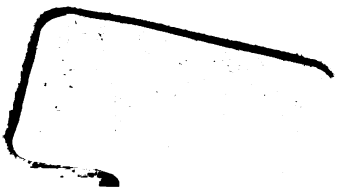
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